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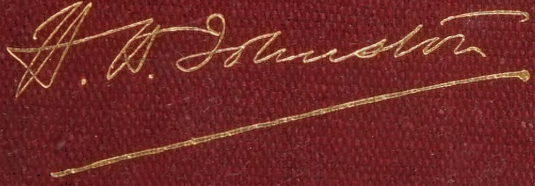

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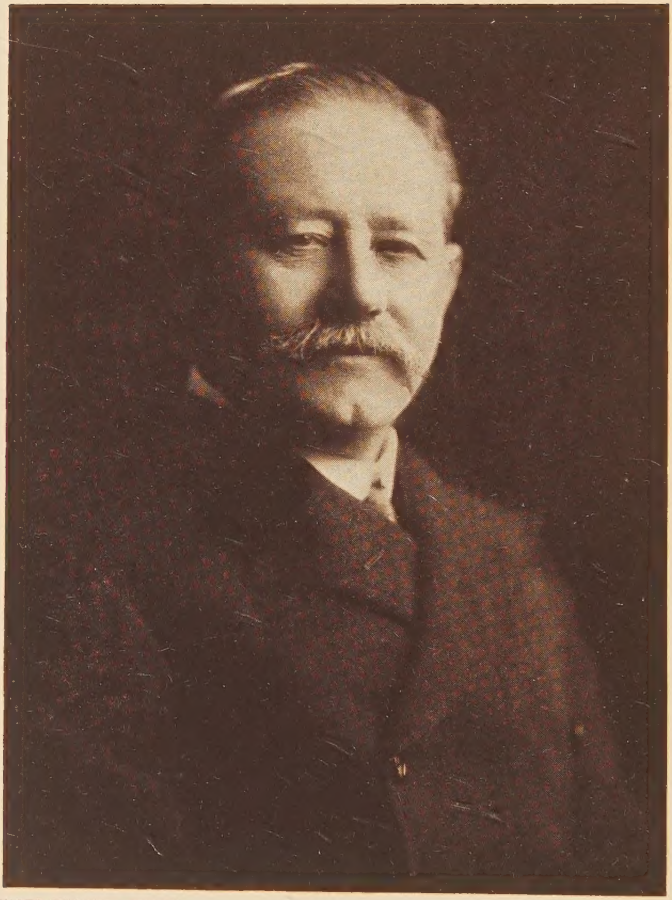

PHOTO SWAINE, LONDON

Sir Harry Johnston

1922

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

BY

SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND PAINTINGS

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
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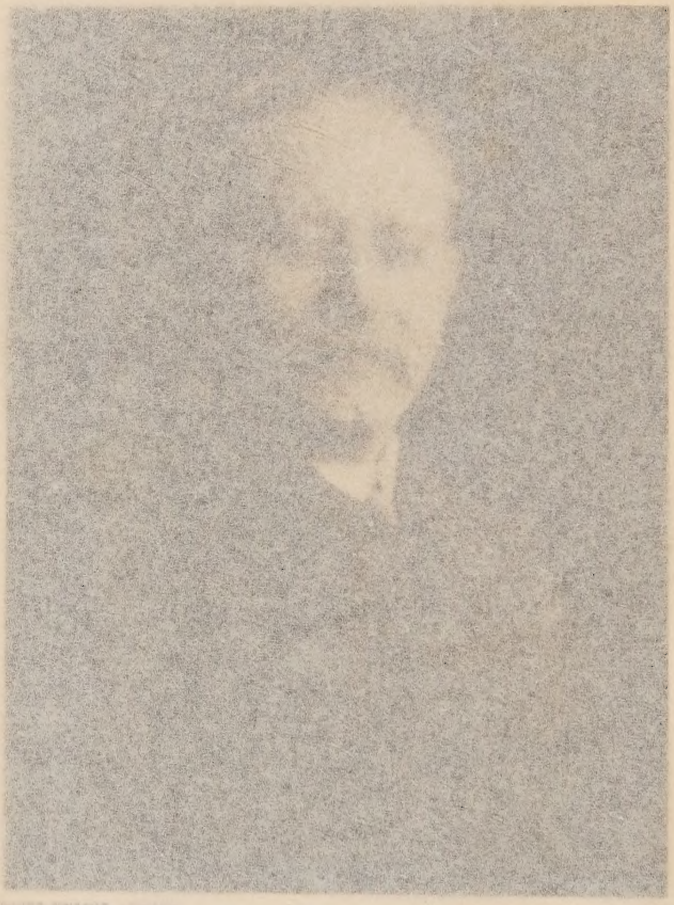

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THE STORY OF MY LIFE

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CHAPTER I

I WAS born in the early Saturday morning of June 12, 1858, the eldest child of my mother, Esther Lætitia (Hamilton), and the third son of my father, John Brookes Johnston; at 4 Newington Terrace, Kennington Park, South London. My father had married his first wife, Annette Cramsie, in 1852. She was the daughter of an Ulster Irishman who had a surname derived, some said, from a French origin—Cramsie, from "Cramoisi." Mr. Cramsie, who had come from a legendary estate known as "Bally Cramsie" (I used to gaze with awe at a hundred-years-old plan thus named, hung up in my step-grandmother's house), became in course of time a publisher and newspaper proprietor in Belfast. His wife, my step-grandmother, was a Miss Crossley; and after her husband's death had moved to Dublin with those of her children who had not married and gone out into the world. My father was introduced to her when he came over to Dublin about 1850. He fell in love with her daughter Annette, and they were married at Dublin on December 8, 1852, when my father was thirty-three years of age.

My grandfather who died in 1865 was John Johnston, for many years a Secretary to the Royal Exchange Assurance Company. My great-grandfather, George Dell Johnston, was born about 1760 and died in 1840; and my great-great-grandfather was John Johnston, a "burgher" of Glasgow, a wool-factor, and at one time a wealthy man who claimed to be descended from an Earl of Annandale.

When the last Marquis of Annandale died in the latter part of the eighteenth century, John Johnston sought to prove his descent from one of the earlier Earls, and consequently his claim not only to that title but to some of the estates. He journeyed to London in the middle of the eighteenth century, and visited Birmingham on his way thither. Here he met a Miss Sarah Scott, co-heiress with her sister of considerable Birmingham property. He married her and applied some of her money in trying to prove his Annandale claim. He was not successful and got at last into money difficulties, from which he was relieved by his son George (then an ensign in the 56th Regiment) who sold some land he had inherited on the outskirts of Glasgow and applied some of the money to his father's relief. He is said in the family legends to have obtained thirty thousand pounds by this sale for what —I learned a hundred and ten years later—was valued in the present age at about a million sterling.

This George Dell Johnston was a handsome man who fought with distinction at the siege of Gibraltar in 1782. A few years later he came home and married a Miss Author, a Yorkshire woman. He is said to have been very like in appearance to his eldest grandson, my father. After his marriage, Captain George Johnston settled at Enfield, to the north of London, but apparently also had some interest or holding in Kensington. He was one of the principal promoters or founders of the Kensington Volunteers, a corps which was represented at the latter end of the nineteenth century by a Middlesex regiment, whose annual regimental prizes I distributed about twenty years ago as a faint, far-off echo of my great-grandfather's interest in these civic soldiers. But in the last part of his life he moved to a house near Kennington Lane, at that time almost in the country to the south of London. In this neighborhood his eldest son, my grandfather, met Louisa Brookes, the daughter of a surgeon, Robert Brookes; married her (in 1817), and in course of time became the parent of eight children, of whom my father—John Brookes Johnston—was the eldest.

My grandfather was wont to discredit himself with the repu-

tation of having been rather a wild young man till he married, in order to enhance his later piety. But the wildness can not have gone much beyond mild gambling with cards and an interest in suburban horse-racing. It certainly did not include excess in alcohol, because, curiously enough for those times—the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth—my Scottish forebears, back, even, traditionally to the Glasgow wool-factor, seem to have had a dislike to alcohol which I have fully inherited. My father till the closing years of his life (when constrained thereto by medical advice) never took wine or spirits, though he kept a good cellar from an instinct of hospitality. My grandfather and his ancestors up to the Glasgow wool-factor were water-drinkers, except on great occasions when they drank wine almost as a religious act. As a family they could not even stomach beer; it produced headaches and other troubles. Personally I liked its taste, though I loathed that of spirits under any label; just as I delighted in the different flavors and degrees of sweetness or nuttiness of the various wines, but I never could drink more than a small quantity without feeling disagreeably affected. This family trait in our own section of the Johnston clan,[1] this inherent dislike of any fermented drink, was almost looked upon as an affliction a hundred to a hundred and fifty

[1] The Johnstons were evidently a most prolific stock. They started, traditionally, with a Norman knight named Jehan or John who offered his services to a king of Scotland in the twelfth century, and was rewarded with lands in Dumfriesshire near the English borders. He built a village there which was called "John's town" (Johnston). His descendants or clansmen to whom a pattern in plaids was assigned, spread far and wide during the succeeding centuries. They extended over Lowland Scotland, entered England in the reign of James I., settled in Southwest Wales—Pembrokeshire—and invaded the north of Ireland under Cromwell and William III. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries people of this name migrated to the southeastern states of the American Union, and a Johnston was one of the leading Southern generals in the American Civil War (have conversed with the son of this general in Alabama and was struck by his facial resemblance to my relations). Johnstons from Ireland and Scotland engaged in the wine trade with France after 1815. There is now quite a colony of French-speaking Johnstons round about Bordeaux, who for two or more generations have been French subjects and have lost the use of English. In the eighteenth century the spelling of the name varied—sometimes in the same individual—as Johnstone. But the Johnsons—poor souls!—were quite distinct.

years ago; and I believe was noted pityingly and rather disparagingly of my great-grandfather in the army, only to be atoned for by his good looks and courage.

He would seem in every way—George Dell Johnston—to have been a pleasant person. But I doubt whether the same could have been said about my grandfather by his contemporaries, though he may have been an upright man of business. He married in 1817 when he was twenty-seven. Some ten years later he was perturbed over religious questions, as were so many of the middle class in the early nineteenth century.

The Napoleonic wars were followed by a period of about twenty years during which there was a great revival of interest in the Christian religion, which in England, throughout the eighteenth century (save for the Wesleyan movement), had faded away into cosy pomps and ceremonies, and in the minds of some great thinkers of Britain, France, Holland, Germany and Italy had ceased to be. Napoleon had restored it officially in France while remaining inwardly a skeptic. In Britain and North Ireland, however, a hundred years ago it had a rebirth. Science was still far too weak to dominate men's minds; and even the greatest thinkers in our land retained an unquestioning faith in the Bible as the Word of God, or at any rate pretended to have done so and confessed their unfaith to no one.

Among the notable personages of the day—1820 to 1860—was Henry Drummond, the cadet of a Scottish noble house, the head of a great Bank, and intermittently and latterly an M.P. of independent position: pedantic, dogmatic, scholarly, witty, pompous, puerile and obstinate. He really created, molded the sect to which my grandfather lent his support.

In the Lowlands of Scotland there had arisen Edward Irving (born in 1792) who in his thirtieth year had been chosen as Presbyterian minister to the Caledonian Church in London, with the Duke of York to hear him in his first London sermon. Although he had a very pronounced squint it does not seem to have provoked ridicule, and is referred to as "a singular obliquity of vision." His appearance is described by contemporaries as

most striking; of an "almost colossal stature, with raven black hair reaching nearly to his shoulders, pale sunken cheeks, an expression of austere pride and conscious sanctity." He seemed a god-like being to my father who first saw him in 1831 and to the end of his own life regarded him as a man of supernormal powers.

Henry Drummond came to hear Irving preach, and the two of them—Drummond being the stronger agent after the first few years—fashioned "the Catholic Apostolic Church," and Drummond took the leading part in composing its Liturgy.

Irving died in December, 1834, at the age of forty-two, apparently from phthisis—"consumption"—"a broken-down, worn-out old man, hoary as with extreme age:" broken-hearted, it would almost seem, at not being allowed to marry Jane Welsh, afterwards Mrs. Carlyle.[1] He was buried in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral, after having, nevertheless, been cast out of the Presbyterian Church for heresies, and in a measure discarded by the adherents of the new Catholic Apostolic Church, born of Irving's sermons.

My grandfather was converted to this new and unnamed sect from the first sermon he heard Irving preach in 1831. And my father as a boy of twelve heard the same discourse and obediently followed the conviction of his parents that herein was a great revelation. His recollection of Irving preaching in 1831-1833 in the large studio of Benjamin West, which became the Newman Street Chapel, was intense all through the sixty-three years that followed. At the age of thirteen and fourteen he saw nothing ridiculous or preposterous in the pompous and uninspired exclamations interrupting Irving's discourses from the lips of Henry Drummond,[2] from the eccentric prophet, Taplin, or

[1] This at any rate was the legend started by Mrs. Oliphant and Mrs. Carlyle, although it is not easily reconciled with the facts that Irving married a young Scotchwoman (Isabella Martin) in 1823 and had by her a family of several children, one of whom (Mrs. Gardiner) I came to know.

[2] For instance, "Look to it—look to it. Ye have been warned! Ah! Sanballat, Sanballat, Sanballat, the Horonite, the Moabite, the Ammonite! Ah! confederate, confederate with the Horonite! Ah! look ye to it, look ye to it!" This was the type of Drummond's "inspired" utterances. (See Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Irving.*)

from the excitable female, Miss E. Cardale, who was so unsubduable as a prophetess in Irving's chapel, with her wordy condemnations of her brother prophet, Mr. Taplin, that she distracted attention from Irving's eloquent discourse, and sometimes reduced him to silence.

My grandfather from the early 'thirties onward divided his interests very sharply. As regards "worldly" affairs there was the Royal Exchange and its insurance business, quite out of touch with the Second Coming of Christ, a theme scarcely even to be discussed in the City; but in regard to spiritual matters there was the implicit belief that at any moment the Redeemer might appear in the sky over England, or some other part of Northwest Europe, and the two hundred and forty-four thousand of the Elect would be caught up to meet Him in their earthly bodies (being absolved from death), and the Millennium would begin with Christ's reign on earth. It was assumed of course that the Catholic Apostolic Church by that time would have increased in number of adherents sufficiently (it never did so) to provide from its most perfected members the number of the Elect. All else of other Christian churches and sects must die and gain "Heaven" through some more or less painful trial—martyrdom under "the Beast," in most cases. The least unfortunate among them would form a body identified with the Two Witnesses of the Book of the Revelation. Gradually the Two Witnesses narrowed into identification with the Church of England; for as the Catholic Apostolic Church "grew up" and surveyed the religious thinkers of Europe it could only find affinity of thought and sentiment in the Established Church of England, Wales, and (in those days) of Ireland. Though its Liturgy, a very scholarly production, completed during the 'forties and 'fifties, had incorporated much of the Greek and Roman ritual and impressed the Low Church examiner as "papistical," the sentiment of the Catholic Apostolic Church tended almost passionately towards the Anglican High Church and not to the Presbyterianism from which Irving had emerged. Soon after Irving's death the sporadic hysteriomaniacs of Southwest Scotland, utter-

ers of unknown tongues, the miraculously-healed of mysterious diseases who had joined the new Church in London, quarreled with its ornate services and hierarchy of clergy and faded away. It was Henry Drummond, whatever might be asserted and interpolated, who had brought this Church or sect into being. He had molded its Liturgy and ceremonial so as to include the most striking and effective prayers, anthems, songs, ceremonies, and services of the Churches of Rome and Greece, and tempered it with the sobriety and propriety of the Church of England.

In April, 1855, my father's first wife, Annette, died of puerperal fever a short time after giving birth to my brother George. In the summer of 1857, my father married Esther Lætitia Hamilton, and I was the first child of their marriage.

My mother's mother was the only child of John Mainwaring and his wife, Mary Flower. My grandmother could never have been described as pretty, though she was in after life both witty and clever. She had too straight and thin-lipped a mouth, yet she attracted suitors and was, when quite young, married by a man reputed to be of considerable wealth who was some twenty years older than herself. Previous to her marriage, she had been noted for her skill in drawing and design and had been a student at the Royal Academy Schools. Her father was seemingly a jeweler who had a place of business in Fleet Street. He claimed to be descended from the only child born to the great actress, Nance Oldfield, by her union with Arthur Maynwaring, early in the eighteenth century.

Arthur Maynwaring, a "Life" of whom I possess from the remains of my grandmother's library, was a member of the Mainwaring family of South Cheshire and North Shropshire. He was what would be called a "civil servant" of the Queen Anne period, with a quavering attachment to the Stuart dynasty. His son, Arthur, was apparently my great-great-great-grandfather; and consequently the mother of this Arthur—Nance or Anne Oldfield, the great actress of the Queen Anne period—was my ancestress in this direction.

Robert Hamilton was the son of a Scottish artist, Alexander Hamilton of Edinburgh, who seems to have attained some fame as a portrait-painter in Scotland in the eighteenth century. His son, Robert, went out early in life as a cadet or clerk at Calcutta for the East India Company. Apparently he did not remain long in this service. Hazy reports accredited or discredited him with acquiring as his share of loot in warfare or by more prosaic means a supply of diamonds and rubies from the coffers of some Indian prince; and with this nucleus of valuable stones he founded the jewelers' firm of Hamilton at Calcutta. John Mainwaring, the jeweler in Fleet Street, became their London agent, or at any rate transacted much business with them. In this way, when Robert Hamilton returned to England at about forty years of age and with a handsome fortune, he met Mary Mainwaring—a student then at the Royal Academy and a miniature painter—and married her. They lived at Brighton (where my mother was born) and at Norwood, where my grandfather purchased an estate known as "Bloomfield" which was still in existence, with about twelve acres of garden and woodland, twenty years ago.

The marriage took place about 1826, and was followed by a family of at least eleven children who lived to maturity. My grandfather died in 1850 or 1851. Mrs. Hamilton was attracted by the tenets of the Catholic Apostolic Church, and thus came to know my father's family when she lived at or near Rochester in the early 'fifties. My father's younger brother married the eldest of her daughters, and my father himself espoused the younger, Esther, my mother. From my earliest consciousness I delighted in my grandmother Hamilton. She was the sort of woman who entranced children with her fairy stories; and she was a remarkable artist in black and white, and famous for her "illustrated envelopes." These probably would be voted nuisances now; but in the early days of frequent correspondence brought about by penny postage, they were thought very original; and in the case of those designed by her were really charming pictures in penmanship. For the last fourteen years of her life she lived near Carisbrook in the Isle of Wight.

Above: Robert Hamilton, the author's maternal grandfather.

Below: The author's paternal grandfather, John Johnston (1863).

Above: Portrait of Arthur Maynwaring, the author's great-great-great-great grandfather (about 1710).

Below: Portrait of the author's father (about 1890).

The first thing I remember in life was at the time of my fourth birthday, the summer of 1862. I was walking complacently down the tree-shaded garden of a house at the top of Camberwell Grove, and scratching legs and wrists which had raised flushed eruptions on them. . . . "Why, child!" exclaimed my nurse, Diana Barber, "you've got the measles again!" So I was borne off and put to bed in broad daylight. Then a short interval of time—for the measles to run their course—and I was staying on an opulent farmstead at Milton, near Lymington in Hampshire. The farmer apparently bred peafowl. There was a great straw rick yard, and a large but kind farmer's boy named Peckham. Peckham was apparently released from some of his farm work during my stay and allowed to carry me about and lure the peacocks up for my admiring examination. It was as though at this early age I had been inducted into a new worship. The next two years of my life were given up mainly to the drawing of peafowl in ink and pencil. I renewed acquaintance with these most intelligent and beautiful birds in Kent, a few years later, and again in Tunis in 1879-80, saw them wild and half-tamed in India in 1895, imported them myself into Central Africa, kept them in the Consulate grounds when I was transferred to Tunis in 1897; and ever since I made a permanent home in Sussex have had them there.

In 1863 my parents moved to another house of my grandfather's—Sutton Lodge, Cowley Road, Brixton. Here there stood a white stucco house different in appearance to the others in the countrylike road. Sutton Lodge was supposed to have existed before there was any Cowley Road, to have been part of some estate "out in the country." Certainly in the 'sixties Brixton ended in that direction, and at the back of the long garden there was a row of tall trees, a ditch and an open space known as "the Field," which produced corn and potatoes and grazing ground, and stretched away without a building to Denmark Hill, Herne Hill and Tulse Hill. In the next house to the right lived my grandparents; in the house to the left my great-uncle Henry and his wife.

I disliked my grandfather from my first realization of him when I was five or six. He by that time—poor soul—was suffering from the effects of a paralytic stroke; and I dare say my vocal and bodily activities got on his nerves as he lay in the invalid chair in his garden. But he died somewhere about 1865.

When I reached the age of six I was sent to a little school hard by, in the same Cowley Road, which was kept by a mother and three daughters of the name of Jones. And here I learned a great deal in a short space of time: to read and write and spell; to add, subtract and divide. At the age of eight I went as their first scholar to a delightful group of ladies, the Misses Selby, who after their father's death had decided to turn a charming house they occupied at Surbiton into a school for little boys. I was their first pupil, and for about six months their only one. Then scholars came in numbers; and when in 1867 I was taken away to be placed much nearer home at a school kept by the Misses Pace in Camberwell Grove I was miserable. The two sisters Pace were thoroughly nice women, and their school had already attained a certain local celebrity: amongst other noteworthy pupils had been Joseph Chamberlain. But the Misses Selby were something quite out of the common as schoolmistresses. There were four of them, and they had traveled, had studied music and painting, had intelligent views on political questions, knew something about botany, and even dared in the hearing at any rate of one pupil tremblingly to discuss the bearings of Darwin's *Origin of Species.*

It is curious, looking on Surbiton as it is to-day, a smug and asphalted suburb, to reflect that in the 'sixties it was a country village. The Selbys' school was on its Norbiton side, and five minutes' walk from the house one was in unspoiled country with a profusion of wild flowers, reedy ponds, rushy commons, flocks of geese, farmsteads, watercress beds, and little hint of Town being within eight or nine miles. I certainly had my initiation into country life here; was taught as much botany as I could retain, much about wild birds, about the Thames, about landscape painting and the French language. Having lived at one

time abroad, the Selbys were competent to teach French and even Italian. By the time I was nine I could speak French passably, and was learning it from the French-written books.[1]

Why I was not allowed to remain at this school, which grew into quite a large establishment before long, I do not know. It was not due to a desire for economy, because my father was now quite a well-to-do man. My grandfather was dead and my father had inherited half what he had to leave and was drawing between two and three thousand pounds a year from the Royal Insurance Company, whose London Secretary he had been since about 1850. He shared to the full my passionate love of the country, very slightly slaked by a view over unbuilt-on Brixton. It was "the Church" which held him to the outskirts of London: the Catholic Apostolic Church in Trinity Square in the Borough of Southwark. He believed unshakably that "the Lord" might come at any time; that at His Second Coming those of the Elect who had held their faith would be caught up into the air to meet Him, would, without dying, be subtly changed into immortal beings, and—apparently—would return to earth with the Son of God, to assist Him in governing the planet for the Millennial Period; after which this poor little world would be destroyed by fire, or at any rate cease to interest the Creator of all things.

If any one not of the Catholic Apostolic Church survives, who knew my father in his later years at home or abroad, who worked with him in the City or came out to visit him at our home in the suburbs, and reads this passage, he may be surprised. He can remember an acute man of business who set right this and that tangle; a fellow-traveler on the continent or in South Africa, Asia Minor, the United States; a member of the Royal Geographical Society, following African exploration shrewdly and with some knowledge of African problems; but they will probably be quite unaware of his having held these hopes of the Second Coming—hopes so inconsistent with the extension of railways, the enormous development of the United States, the

[1] Helen Selby, the last surviving of the four sisters, did not die till the beginning of 1923, somewhere about ninety years of age.

invention of air-distended tires on wheels, of the bicycle and motor, the aeroplane and airship, the giant steamer going at thirty knots an hour: in short the enormous development of Man's knowledge and his conquest of this planet which has taken place since Edward Iving, Henry Drummond, John Bate Cardale and John Tudor met to pray and commune at Albury House.

Much seemed to happen to me between the autumn of the hottest summer on record—1868—and the autumn of 1869, when I was over eleven years old. I had had scarlet fever rather badly in the summer of 1868, and had nearly died afterwards from an internal complication. On return to London in September, 1868, it was enjoined on my parents by the doctor that I should have a year's rest from schooling, a full twelve months to be spent in idleness.

This was one of the happiest times I can remember. A younger sister of my mother had come to live with us, prior to her marriage in 1869 to my father's brother, a pioneer colonist in Vancouver Island. She was a good water-color painter and wanted to have further training as an artist. So she got into relations with the South Lambeth School of Art, and came to know a person remarkable in those days: John Sparkes. My constant plea to accompany her and to spend part of my leisure learning to draw resulted in my coming to know Mr. Sparkes before I was eleven, and retaining him as a friend almost to the end of his life in 1908. In 1869 he was a singularly handsome man of what we liked then to consider the "Saxon" type.

Those were very Anglo-Saxon days in London and perhaps elsewhere in the British Isles. Kingsley had just written *Hereward, the Last of the English;* Freeman had become enthusiastic about the Saxons; and historians generally decried the Kelts. The South Lambeth students, till Mr. Sparkes left them for promotion to South Kensington, liked to think that in him they had a peculiarly Saxon leader. The only thing that perplexed me about him in those early days—and seemed so irreconcilable with my after-impressions—was the assertion of another aunt—a

Cramsie, also an art student—that Sparkes was a Swedenborgian in religion.

Another decisive landmark in the early summer of 1869 was my first visit to Rochester. My mother had received most of her education at Eastgate House in Rochester High Street, in those days and perhaps far back into the eighteenth century a famous girls' school. Some time in the early 'eighties its structure and appearance as a town dwelling of Elizabethan times or the earlier Tudor period, together with Dickens's affection for it (as evidenced by his allusions to it in his early essays, and his idealization of it as "The Nuns' House" in *Edwin Drood*), caused it to be bought and turned to the more appropriate purpose of a Rochester Museum. But for a good many years it had been tenanted or owned by two or three ladies of the Dutch or Flemish name of "ten Broncken-Kaartje." This lengthy surname had long been turned locally into "the Miss Brunkers," and so persisted in that form that I am not quite certain of my transcription of their real name. But it was a justly celebrated school and very like Dickens's description, the resemblance even extending of Miss Twinkleton to the principal Miss "Brunker."

At this school my mother had formed a friendship for Elizabeth L., one of the dearest and most remarkable women I have ever met. She had been a bridesmaid at my mother's wedding in 1857, and when I was two years old I had been taken down on a visit to the L.'s country home at Nashenden, three miles out of Rochester: thereafter had been given a promise that as soon as I was old enough to go on a visit by myself, I should be asked to stay. Accordingly, in July, 1869, came the invitation, and my first train journey all by myself (though "under the care of the guard") to Rochester. She met me at the old station by the bridge, and opposite her and her mother I was driven out in an open carriage to Nashenden. I remember the punctiliousness with which I put on a pair of dark green kid gloves which had been taken off in the train, and much of our conversation as we drove out the three miles along St. Margaret's and the Borstal Road. All was country, unadulterated country then, directly you had passed St. Margaret's Church. . . .

A pony to ride, a mazy flower-garden to thread, with such an abundance and variety of flowering plants as seem to my memory to have forestalled the floral developments of the 'eighties and 'nineties; arbors to take tea in—tea accompanied by bread and honey from the hives hard by; cows to be milked and new milk to be drunk—almost intoxicating and sweet, like new wine; hills to climb, woods to penetrate, straw stacks to ascend and slide down. We had breakfasts of amplitude; dinners in the middle of the day; and tea-suppers at seven. There were wonderful provision cupboards in the farmhouse dining-room, cupboards with which I was reported to have fallen in love at the age of two, cupboards so large that even at eleven I could walk about in them, cupboards holding only slightly in reserve incredible stores of crystallized fruits, rich biscuits, currant cakes, nuts, damson cheeses, and brandied cherries.

Once I fell over the pony's head trying to do something unusual in the stack yard, the pony snapped his rein and ran away to the front door, so that Miss L.'s father for three minutes thought I must be lying somewhere killed or unconscious; three times in six weeks I had brief bilious attacks from over-eating; and once, on the road returning to Rochester, near St. Margaret's Church—when I had somehow become isolated from my dear Miss L.—I was attacked and rather cruelly handled by a troop of country girls returning from school. Those were the only disagreeable incidents I can recall out of rapturous six weeks in which town and country life were intermingled. Sometimes we stayed—mostly from Monday to Friday—at the farm; the rest of the week at the town house in Rochester, a house on the New Road at the top of Star Hill, with a convenient steep side lane that took you down to the stables first and next to the High Street running on toward Chatham. From my bedroom window I had intriguingly interesting views in one direction down the Medway—shipping, war-works, forts, Admiralty buildings—in another across a high garden wall into the intimacies of a family of large ladies, whose names but not whose personalities I have forgotten. In proximity to their somewhat cloistered dwelling

was a large flour-grinding mill, belonging to a Mr. Belsey who afterwards played a noteworthy part in local and Liberal politics. What I chiefly remember of him in those early days is that he was a Nonconformist (though respected as such), had a cheery appearance, but was much given to prayer and praise, interwoven with large teas and breakfasts, and had an immeasurable respect for Mr. Gladstone.

This household in Rochester in 1869 and the following years seemed to me in advance of its age and average. Here, at least, were middle-class people living in the greatest comfort, with an eye to furniture that discriminated between good and bad, an eye to sanitation, a splendidly endowed bathroom, or even, I fancy, two bathrooms, one for males and the other for females; and a library with a range of volumes that stretched from the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth centuries. There were little pairs of steps which could be moved by a child, and up which you climbed to reach the books from the tiers near the ceiling. There were old French books with the quaintest improprieties little understood by a boy of eleven; there were learned tomes of the eighteen-thirties, at the awakening of Science and modern learning; Latin and Greek classics, and translations of the same; novels from 1840 to 1869; some of Darwin's works, Sir Charles Lyell's, and the first strivings after evolution problems; everything that Dickens had published short of *Edwin Drood,* the entirety of Scott, the eight volumes of Buffon on Natural History, nearly all Bohn's series of "classics," even to the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius; and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall.* Some one must have once loved this library, but who it was I never heard. The father of the L.'s, though a remarkable man who left his mark on ungrateful Rochester, gave them their Castle Gardens and freed Castle, was several times Mayor, improved their gas, their roadways, their breweries, their municipal buildings, hospitals and water supply, did not seem much of a reader, a library man. Perhaps he had been so when younger, or he may have inherited the earlier books from his father.

The L.'s were derived from two sources: Jews who settled at Chatham in the late eighteenth century and became connected with shipping and dealing with the War Office and Admiralty in provisions; and several Rochester and East Kent families, old-fashioned Anglicans with a contempt for Nonconformity—solicitors, farmers, and town officials. The family as I knew it was Church of England, only differing as to whether they preferred the Cathedral (this suited the males) or the Evangelical tendency of St. Nicholas (this was preferred by the females). Mr. L., the father, only went to church on great occasions—as mayor or alderman; Mrs. L., the mother, never went, on the excuse of health delicacy; the two sons attended the Cathedral morning service, usually for municipal reasons; and the daughters devoted themselves to St. Nicholas, an ancient church placed with Medieval nonchalance just outside the Cathedral precincts. The family as I first knew it consisted of four daughters and two sons. One daughter—Annie—extraordinarily pretty as I deemed her to be—was already married and producing children; she came, in fact, to stay with her parents that summer, bringing two nurses and two small children and the constitution of an incipient invalid. Not only were her good looks patent to all men, but she had a charming manner, which I gathered from overheard female conversations indicated a certain degree of "falseness." . . . "One thing to your face, another behind your back." That may have been so. But it was at any rate alluring to have so much sweetness and discriminating confidence shown in your presence, even though you were only a little boy in knickerbockers. She differed from her other sisters in exhibiting a flippancy toward religion which at once attracted me; for already at that age I was beginning to dislike all this running-down of our earthly existence, this pretense that we were saving up for something far better in the world beyond the grave. Then—for 1869—I suppose she was witty, as well as being angelically pretty. I thought the little shafts she aimed deliciously funny, the more so as the person aimed at was sometimes dense enough to concur.

Her husband we should have described in these days as "over-

sexed." He was a great big, blond man with a terribly hearty laugh and twinkling blue eyes, a prosperous stock broker, or something of that kind: one of four or five brothers, very Saxon, mostly large and good-looking, in or about the Army, utterly immoral—as I came to know them to be—who all of them made unhappy marriages through their own infidelities. I believe the only one of them who attained anything like old age was the husband of Annie N., but he wasted his substance over a number of other women, and his once lovely wife died separated from him and embittered.

But we were not to foresee that, thirty years before it happened; and in 1869 no one seemed happier or more likely to remain happy than this charmingly pretty young woman. . . .

Amongst other characters in this little comedy was an uncle of the L.'s on their mother's side: Edward Coles, who lived in a big stern-looking house on Star Hill. Coles was a solicitor with an immense local practise. He was a fine-looking man of about sixty, said to have married young, to have lost his wife early, and to have quarreled with his only son on account of an unapproved marriage. The son was banished to the Isle of Wight; and his father—a Dickens character if ever there were one in actual life—lived on in cold seclusion, a widower, but provided with a comely looking housekeeper, a large house very difficult to enter and explore, even to his rather daunted nephews and nieces, a garden enclosed by high brick walls, where there were gooseberry bushes, the fruit of which was the only hospitality I received. He was a tall, handsome, well-preserved elderly man in 1869, enthusiastic on one subject only: shooting with rifle and shotgun.

Next or near to the portal of his grim-looking, much closed dwelling was a door with one name on it in a large metal plate: "Wingent": which for years I assumed to be a coarsened Kentish form of Vincent. And next door to "Wingent" was "Prall." Mr. Prall was a solicitor, the brother of the Town Clerk, and parent of a large family of black-eyed, rosy-cheeked boys and girls.

But the outstanding fact for me in 1869 was that Charles

Dickens lived—when at home—within a drive of Rochester, at Gad's Hill. His house, I confess, seemed to me, even in those days of worship, too "early nineteenth century"; and it was placed too near the main road for dignity. Visitors from America and elsewhere were wont to have their vehicles drawn up just outside the raised front garden, and there sit and gloat and nudge one another if a daughter or a maid servant came out of the dwelling and picked a flower. At one end of this front garden was a wooden châlet raised up among the trees, where Dickens was reported to be writing a new novel at that moment. Great, indeed, therefore was the thrill when one day, toward the close of my long visit, strolling past the Cathedral with Miss L., she pressed my arm, bent and said in a low voice, "*That* is Mr. Dickens, taking notes in the Cathedral porch."

I turned my eyes discreetly and saw a not very tall man in a double-breasted cutaway coat and a tall chimney pot hat, with a grizzled beard look up at us from writing in a note book. I am bound to say the look did not strike me as friendly: he seemed annoyed at being recognized and interrupted in what no doubt were the first notes taken for *Edwin Drood*. We passed on hurriedly; but I burst out excitedly to an assembled luncheon party on my return: "We've seen Charles Dickens, and he was making notes about Rochester Cathedral!" "Quite likely, my dear," said the impassive Mrs. L. "But go and smooth your hair and wash your hands before you come in to lunch."

Mrs. L.'s only interests in middle age seemed to me to lie in such things as "Lily leaves steeped in brandy." This confection and numberless others—remedies, salves, stimulants, purges, carminatives—filled countless jars, gallipots, and glass vessels on the shelves of the two bathrooms and of her own ample bedroom. I never heard of their being administered to any one, and they were placed too high up for easy access and experimental trial on my part. She was a kindly, taciturn, generous old lady, who after her husband's death in 1871 seemed to me to live on for many more years at Buxton and Bath. Her youngest daughter, Sophie, who some years afterwards married my eldest brother,

was still at a "finishing school" in 1869. She had at the age of eighteen got so near the end of educability that she had reached the height "of painting flowers" on white velvet . . . chair-backs, or the opulent covering of elegant sofas. This information humbled one who could only aspire at best to Double Elephant drawing paper.

My first Rochester visit in 1869 may have lasted from July to September only, but it bulks very large in my life's remembrances. It was followed by many others, often twice in the year, till I became knit up with Africa; and the L.'s married, lived elsewhere, grew to be invalids, or died: or surviving in the next generation through marriage alliances with my own and other families, settled in other parts of Kent.

But not only in East Kent did my intense love of country life and scenery find satisfaction. One of my father's sisters had married a Dr. Purcell from Cork, who had become head-master of a government school at Greenwich. They were allotted a government house, rent free, on Maze Hill; but in this same memorable year (1869) Mr. Gladstone had decided that the school had become unnecessary. My uncle was retired on a pension equivalent to full pay, and selected as a place to live at the village of Whitchurch, four miles from Monmouth, and near the Herefordshire Wye. (It has since been much built over and uglified; but in those days, the 'seventies and early 'eighties, it represented the perfection of English country scenery.) The hills near at hand were nine hundred, a thousand, twelve hundred feet high; and the Black Mountains of Brecknock—gloomy with forest and rain clouds—were within sight and had an altitude of some two thousand five hundred feet. The towns within range—Ross, Monmouth, Hereford, Coleford, were full of quaint and lovely bits of architecture; there were ruined abbeys and castles all along the Wye Valley; Chepstow, at the end of a drive of faultless beauty, with Tintern Abbey on the way, was rich in picturesqueness, with its uplifted castle and wide-stretching views toward the sea-like Severn. Until 1881 most of my holidays from school

or college were spent either in East Kent or in Hereford-Gloucester-Monmouthshire.

The dictum of the family doctor in 1868 that I was to be kept from school for twelve months exercised a marked effect on my liberty of action in regard to education. Before this decision was accepted by indulgent parents, I had gone far toward acquiring the French language, so that in the Year of Indulgence—as it seemed to me—I could read with comprehension simple books in French, and in fact passed much of that twelve months reading in libraries and studying painting at the South Lambeth School of Art, or drawing animals at the Zoological Gardens. In the winter of 1869-70 we moved to a large and pleasant house in the South Lambeth Road, close to the Clapham Road, and here the disused rooms for a theoretical coachman were transformed for me into a bedroom adjoining a studio with top lights. Here I had accommodation for home studies in drawing. Somewhere about this year—1870—I began to make the acquaintance of the British Museum and to do so—incongruously enough—through a daughter of Edward Irving.

Edward Irving, whether or not he was love-lorn through failing to marry Mrs. Carlyle, must have had two or more children by the wife he did marry. He left a daughter and at least one son, who became an "angel" of a Catholic Apostolic Church. The daughter married Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, the great historian. They lived in London in some square of the W. C. district at no great distance from the British Museum. They had a family of nice, hearty, friendly boys and girls, and I liked Mrs. Gardiner very much, though she always reminded me on superior lines of Mrs. Jellyby. Her husband I was early led to revere as a great historian, but he seemed to me when I was young, rather like a new type of ogre, a spectacled ogre, with fierce nose, large teeth, and a red beard. He came to the table at lunch time, but retreated soon afterwards to his impregnable study from which issued historical works of such real importance and interest, that even as a schoolboy one could appreciate them.

I never remember Mrs. Gardiner, despite her ancestry, worrying me very much over religion, and her husband was apparently what we should now call an agnostic. Mrs. Gardiner's chief interest seemed to lie in the British Museum, and it was she who first inducted me into its collections, taking me there again and again to visit antiquities and the old Natural History galleries, after an ample though untidy lunch, and back again to an excellent tea of a similarly diffuse nature.

In this same year, I went when I was twelve to the not far distant Stockwell Grammar School to submit to a more stereotyped form of education (as I thought), but in reality to be inducted very thoroughly into such things as really mattered.

Looking back on this four and a half years—1870-1875—I esteem myself fortunate in having followed my two elder brothers at this school. It was situated in the Stockwell Park Road on the east side of the Clapham Road, and had been founded, somewhere about 1850, as a preparatory school to King's College in the Strand. Just prior to my going there a new head-master, a new staff of masters had been appointed, and they were certainly to be distinguished by modernity of views and comparative youth. The head-master was the Rev. Edgar Sanderson who was later on selected to preside over a large Public School in Yorkshire, and whose books on education and geography attained some fame. The master dealing with the classics, the French master, and the artist who taught drawing I particularly remember, because their teaching seemed so unlike the style generally then in vogue. Sanderson, who directed the trend of the school, was particularly eager that we should study Latin, not only or merely as the medium of an excessively boring literature of the Golden Age, but as the eventual parent of Italian, Spanish, French and Portuguese. Viewed in that aspect it became—to me, at any rate—a subject of inexhaustible interest. He inducted us into Gaston Paris's French translation of Diez's *Grammar of the Latin Tongues,* this French version being a little fuller and clearer than the German original of the early 'sixties.

He taught geography and geology from the standpoint of Lyell and Geikie, and British history as J. R. Green was about to reveal it. The master dealing with the classics directed our attention to late Latin writers of the early Christian centuries (Boethius), as well as to Vergil and Plautus. The French master, whom we suspected of being a Communard that had left France for his political opinions in 1871, was at any rate an original and entertaining teacher of French, and like the head-master wished us to understand how it came to be derived from Latin and Frankish German. The teacher of drawing (a noteworthy aquarellist) viewed art from a new standpoint, Realism—though he would be considered old-fashioned now. He insisted on our drawing direct from actuality, painting only what we saw, and inventing nothing. He was a friend of Mr. Sparkes of Lambeth, so that while at Stockwell I continued to be in touch with the trend of teaching at that art school.

What particularly made me happy at this Grammar School was the open-mindedness of most of its masters, of the head-master especially. For instance, he realized fully how much there was to be learned in the way of anatomy at the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in biology at the Zoological Gardens, and made such arrangements of attendance at classes and occasional extra half-holidays as enabled me to work at those places. He sometimes hired a brake, two brakes, filled them with a class, and drove us out into Surrey on geological picnics. He did not punish me because I loathed the study of Euclid and deemed that for me, with my particular outlook, brain-racking algebra was little likely to be of use, while geometry on the other hand was decidedly worth attention. One way and another, my four and a half years at this school constituted a time of unbroken interest and happiness. I liked the masters and the boys. I can not remember a quarrel or difference of opinion with either. But apparently this modernity of education was not—in the suburbs—a paying proposition. Sanderson and the other masters in due time passed on to greater establishments of a modernist trend; a different class of boys—or the parents thereof—required a

Sketch of the author's mother as a girl of nineteen.

type of education which left modern languages in the lurch, the ample site of the school just off the Clapham Road, with its warder's lodge and tall trees, became valuable and the trustees sold it. The school was swept away, I think, before this century began.

I left the Grammar School at the beginning of 1875 when I was over sixteen, and became an evening student at King's College, where I devoted myself more especially to the classes in French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. Much of the daylight was taken up with work at the South Lambeth Art School, where I was hoping to qualify for admission to the Royal Academy Schools as a student in painting.

In 1872 I had applied for a student's ticket to work as an artist in the Zoological Gardens. I do not know whether such facilities are given nowadays, but from the early 'sixties onward till the end of the last century students' tickets were very generously granted by the Society through the Secretary, Dr. Sclater. They admitted the holder every day except Saturday and Sunday. (You could always get in—somehow—on these other days, but were rightly prohibited from erecting easels and obstructing visitors.) My ticket when it was issued came to me just after my fourteenth birthday. I made use of it on Wednesday afternoons, and if some especially interesting or important occasion arose, not in the holiday season, generally obtained permission to absent myself from school.

Soon after I began to frequent the Gardens I attracted the attention of Professor Alfred Garrod, the young prosector of the Zoological Society. He came and spoke to me one afternoon when I was drawing a lion's head, and invited me into his prosectorium. Having made me free of this—wonderland, as it seemed, withdrawn from the accession of the ordinary sightseers—he encouraged me and numerous other youths and young men to come and study there, to dissect, to learn the structure of birds, beasts and reptiles.

In my case I made some small return by drawing illustrations for his books or papers, though I was often paid for these by his

publishers. He introduced me to Professor (Sir William) Flower, then Curator of the Museum at the Royal College of Surgeons, who turned out to be a very distant connection of my own. (I recognized him by his pronunciation of the vowel "o." My Hamilton aunts and uncles all had a peculiar, pursed-lip pronunciation of this vowel. In my mother it was barely noticeable. Professor Flower, in fact, spoke and laughed exactly like these relations. I knew that my great-grandmother on my mother's side—Mrs. John Mainwaring—had been a Miss Flower, and I ascertained that she had been sister or cousin to Professor Flower's grandfather.)

However that might be, the Flowers were exceedingly kind, and my studies at the College of Surgeons' Museum (of which I became in 1902 one of the Trustees) were facilitated. This Museum, founded by the great John Hunter, is one of the wonders of London, and is generously open to the public six days of the week. In the time of my youth, it was not thought quite—er—proper or delicate that men and women students should face the mysteries of our anatomy and that of the higher mammals together; so on Fridays the Museum was more or less reserved for women, who only had one day instead of six in the week to study its contents. Males were not forbidden to enter on the Friday, since I remember coming in one Friday morning and witnessing a curious accident. A large, buxom, pleasant-featured young woman wished to study some point in an exceptionally large and swinish-looking, bottled infant. I did not see—from an upper gallery where I was drawing a chimpanzee's brain—exactly what happened, but somehow in pushing her examination of the enormous bottle too near or too far it overbalanced, the immense stopper came out, the infant after it, and the hysterical, screaming girl was seated on the floor holding the hundred-years-old genie thus released from its confinement, deluged by its preserving spirit, and surrounded by the fragments of the smashed vessel.

I was engaged on this occupation of drawing chimpanzees' brains for some purpose of Professor Garrod's, I think for a

series of articles on biology he was doing for Cassell's *Natural History*. I may have been between seventeen and eighteen at the time. A short, stoutish, pleasant-faced elderly man, with the usual side-whiskers of those days, came once or twice and looked at me. Then he cleared his throat, and introduced himself as "Sir Erasmus Wilson."

"I have heard about you from Professor Flower," he said, "and understand you are an art student. I wonder if I may make a proposal to you? I am giving three or four lectures on the growth of hair on the human skin. You may or may not know that there occur cases—very painful cases, sometimes—of young women . . . more frequently of young men . . . in which the hair-growth of the body is abnormally developed. It is not too much to say that with their clothes off they look, all but the face and the front side of the neck, like the apes. I have at present consulting me a young woman—perhaps she's thirty—a perfectly healthy and normal person otherwise, who is completely covered with hair, save on the throat and chest. I wanted some one like yourself to attend at my consulting room. Her face of course will be concealed from observation. . . . But—I thought —if you made the necessary notes—this is very important—as to the *direction* of the hair-growth. . . . It is almost exactly that of the anthropoid apes.—Then you might draw a figure from some bust or statue and insert the hair from the notes you have taken of our observations?"

I attended, made the notes, drew the greater part of the figure from some statue of Venus—or a reputed Venus—and inserted the hair-growth under Sir Erasmus's supervision, with particular attention to its direction. It was a glossy brown, I remember. At the lecture or lectures there were further exhibited drawings of chimpanzees, and lantern-slides from photographs of the set and direction of their hair-growth; and the similarity between anthropoid ape and human was certainly remarkable. In the case of Sir Erasmus's patient the hair grew thickly on the neck, below the head-hair, and on the back, and on the upper and outer arms was profuse. It continued down the body almost to the ankles,

but was altogether more abundant on the back. In front it did not seem to begin till the lower part of the bust, and was thinner on the inner side of the arms, but luxuriant on the belly and the thighs, absent from the hands and feet.

The surgeon and skin doctor at this period was preparing to write a treatise on the growth of hair on the human body. I do not remember whether he lived to publish his work. But he left me with the impression that cases of body-hairiness (to a remarkable extent, but of course concealed by clothing) occurred frequently among the northern, long-headed Europeans, the long-headed Mediterranean people of North Africa, and here and there in Portugal, southwestern France, amongst the Russian peasantry, and some of the Balkan peoples. A little later in time the "Hairy Ainu" of northern Japan were made known to us; and although there is a good deal of variation amongst them I have seen examples visiting an exhibition in London which certainly showed (though more on the underside or front of the body) a remarkable development of hair growth. This again occurs, sporadically, in West Burma, in southern India and Ceylon, in African Pygmies, and even among certain West African tribes like the Krumen of Liberia. In the later years of my life, especially in the Great War, I have occasionally assisted with the wounded or killed in hospitals, and have come to realize that hairy men of our own race exist far more abundantly than the general public imagines.

In the early days of my drawing at the Zoo, when I was fifteen or sixteen, I used to notice another draughtsman with a face and manner of distinction, usually working without a cap or hat, yet with a bald occiput and a fringe of curly, dark hair round it. There were numerous drawers of animals at that time, some of a humble class and rather rough manners, unexpected geniuses of the "pub" or the National School. With these I worked on my half-holidays on terms that were at any rate polite. They were inclined to be aggressive and noisy, only out of uncertainty as to their position. Most of them proved to be really decent fellows as they grew older, and one or two developed into

geniuses in animal portraiture—it was before the days of perfected and instantaneous photography. But the man who wore no hat, had dreamy eyes, indefinably well-cut clothes, who looked at us as though he did not see us, took my breath away with the boldness of his drawing. His lions and tigers, jaguars and leopards were superb, more, I should think, like what earlier variants of these creatures were in Man's primitive days, when the lions of South Germany, the tigers of North Asia, the leopards of North Africa were a third again as large as they are now.

Garrod effected an introduction, and Mr. J. T. Nettleship (as he turned out to be) made friends with me and used to invite me occasionally to see him at his studio on the verge of Camden Town. On these walls were studies and pictures more wonderful than any he ever exhibited. The reason was that the more finished among them had either been rejected or were manifestly rejectable by the Royal Academy of those days, still entirely orthodox in regard to religion, and not seeing anything lawful or proper in attempts to depict Early Man (a strong predilection of Nettleship's) a hundred thousand years before Bishop Ussher's date for the opening of the Garden of Eden. But to me these bold paintings of a band of Neanderthal Men meeting a troop of faintly-spotted lions, of a struggle between the men of Neolithic civilization and the Cave-dwellers of Paleolithic culture, an attack on the magnificent Irish deer by low-browed Paleolithics with their primitive weapons of the earliest ages of chipped flints, were highly stimulating, if a little alarming. There were also "Scriptural" subjects of a preceding stage in Nettleship's mental development, when the Bible still interested him. There was a wonderful study of a wrestling match between Jacob and the Angel, Jacob being a naked ungainly man, and the Angel an Arabian genie of hideous and solemn aspect. Or a Hebrew prophet, drawn from some lean, coffee-colored Arab picked up at the docks; or an apostle painted from a Levantine Greek of Alexandria more truthfully represented (I thought) the beings of the eastern Mediterranean world two and three

thousand years ago than the European types—Italian, French, Flemish, Rhinelander, from which Scriptural personages were drawn from the Dark Ages down to about 1870.

Another personality who impressed me in my 'teens was Ernest Griset, though I doubt whether I ever spoke to him. But he used to come to the Zoological Gardens to draw, and some keeper told me who he was. His work, though it tended towards the weird, seemed to me strikingly original and in some senses artistic; and though the beast, bird, or reptile he portrayed might have a *narquois* aspect, it was never without some odd fidelity to the original. He did in the 'sixties and 'seventies, for some mean, poorly-paying publisher (no doubt) some very striking "restorations" of extinct animals. I suspect he is long since dead, and he was far too original and unconventional to have any record in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* or the National Portrait Gallery.

CHAPTER II

Between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one I seem to have packed a great variety of experiences, studies, pursuits and acquaintances into my life. My home was a particularly happy one, only touched with an occasional anxiety as to my mother's health. She was still extraordinarily young-looking and charming, though by the end of 1874, then scarcely more than thirty-seven, she had had eleven children; and at the birth of the eleventh had nearly died. Still in 1875 she recovered, and for two previous years had been greatly helped and cheered (for my father in those days had often to go abroad) by the presence in our house of a niece, the daughter of my father's younger brother, the Reverend S. H. Johnston.

This younger brother by a curious inversion had married my mother's elder sister, Jane Hamilton, and had had by her three daughters. He had also lost faith in the Catholic Apostolic Church, and rejoined the Church of England. Yet as a young married man he had been seized with an irrational enthusiasm for the Southern cause in the United States, had gone over there to fight (receiving an officer's commission from Jefferson Davis), been wounded—twice—and then returned to England. After that he took a considerable interest in religion, which led to his studying theology for the purpose of becoming a clergyman. He had somehow attracted the attention of Archbishop Tate who, I believe, eventually ordained him. After some years of curacies and vicariates in England he was nominated to a Chaplaincy in southern India, where he spent about half his long life, with occasional visits to England. Two of his daughters went out to my aunt and uncle in British Columbia, and married there. One of them, after becoming a widow, returned to Europe and established her residence in Bruges, enamored of its beauty. Her

experiences in Belgium during the war (which took her by surprise and held her there) were very much those I attributed to Vivien Rossiter, "Mrs. Warren's Daughter." But the eldest daughter, left behind in England by her parents, came to live with us to help my mother, and grew extremely attached to her. Through us she was introduced to Rochester and the L.'s; and she married my friend Lewis L. in 1877.

By the spring of 1876 I had passed into the Royal Academy as a student of painting; and by this time I had been nearly two years at the evening classes at King's College, working in the main at modern languages—French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. And, as secondary interests, might be mentioned my studies in comparative anatomy in the Prosector's Rooms at the Zoological Gardens, and at the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. My desire to choose painting as a profession was already unconsciously modified by doubts as to whether I should ever develop into a great painter; to be a second-rate artist did not attract me. I achieved facile triumphs in 1876-79 as a Royal Academy student because I was a good draughtsman and had some skill as a painter from actuality—studies from the life, from still life—as a colorist, as an appreciator of the exact values of *chiaro-scuro* in a scene. But as a composer of pictures, as anything more than a predecessor of Photography, I began to doubt whether I should make a name. I was intensely anxious to travel, having already seen a good deal of England. I wanted to test the languages I had learned, see if I could really be comprehended by the people that spoke them.

Far from discouraging me, my father with little pressure promised that as soon as I had passed my eighteenth birthday he would agree to my spending two or three months abroad. I do not remember his making any suggestion as to the route, and the fact that I had thought of Spain and the Balearic Islands as my main objective was due to a book from Mudie's Library, and met with his entire approval. He had several times been to Spain, and his Company had Spanish agents at certain Mediterranean ports who occasionally visited us in London. So, soon

after my eighteenth birthday in 1876, he supplied me with the necessary funds, and I started for Paris by the Newhaven-Dieppe route.

In Paris I drove to the Grand Hotel, undismayed then, as I should not be now; and was given a very nice room, and treated in a motherly way by a kind chambermaid. The Tuileries were still a blackened ruin, inexpressibly sad in contrast with the Rue de Rivoli and the gardens beyond. A few days afterwards I left for Marseilles and had a most comfortable journey thither —no rush or turbulent crowd at the station in *those* days. I shared a compartment of coupé-lits with one other traveler, a charming type of Frenchman, who insisted on my partaking of his prepared dinner off cold roast chicken and a salad taken out of a tin. A night at Marseilles, and then embarkment on a steamer proceeding to Barcelona. At Barcelona two or three days in a stately hotel, and an acquaintance with a kind German Consul, concerned that with so youthful an appearance I should be contemplating a lonely journey all over Spain. However, I was not dismayed at his warnings. The Castilian Spanish I had learned at King's College was not the current language of Catalan Barcelona, and proved—in those days—even less used in Majorca, where the dialect was a form of Catalan approaching very near to the medieval Provençal, the Provençal of the Troubadours, a beautiful form of speech in which the Latin feminines ended, as they should do, in *-a,* and there was none of the mystifying *-o* and *-ou* for feminine which has utterly disfigured the modern Provençal of France. I had learned something of Catalan through my acquaintance with Diez's *Grammar,* so in this respect I did not feel so utterly astray, for at a pinch I could ask for what I required in some amalgam of Romance languages.

But although things at Palma, the capital of Majorca, were most alluring—I remember, even, the weeds with lovely flowers in the old walls, and some of this masonry must have had its stones brought down from Carthaginian times—I was for some forgotten reason impelled to proceed to Soller, thinking I should find it cooler and with more subjects to paint. In these respects

I had not been misinformed: an artist there, then, was just glutted with subjects; but foreign visitors were not expected in the middle of summer, and the Inn at Soller, though scrupulously clean, had very little food for guests. My hostess seemed to have nought to offer me save doubtful eggs cooked with too constant a flavor of garlic; or "calderas." Her "caldera" was an excessively thin broth, a kind of hot water flavored at most with the rind of bacon and a little cheese, onion, salt and pepper, with a round of roll floating in the hot water. I was so hungry that I ate the roll greedily; but the liquid of the "caldera" did not seem worth swallowing. There were seedy oranges, a few crisp peaches, and early apples; and occasionally I got a cup of watery chocolate or a small glass of goat's milk. This poor diet, and the silence, the withdrawal from crowds of gay, lively, talkative people so acutely brought on an attack of home-sickness that after I had been six or seven days at Soller I had almost resolved to leave Majorca and return to Barcelona-Marseilles-Paris-and-London, and confess myself mistaken in my craze for foreign travel. Instead, however, I managed to find an excellent riding donkey, and a lively, intelligent Mallorquin youth as guide. I rode one night up to the summit of the highest mountain, El Puig Mayor, and painted the sunrise from its altitude of five thousand one hundred and fifty feet; and in the evening the sunset steeping its flanks in rose-color, with gray-blue shadows. I passed other days in a delicious dream, riding, walking over the island with no luggage but my painting things, sleeping at old but flealess inns, eating oranges and peaches, occasional roast chickens and bits of mutton, excellent long rolls of white bread, and attended by the handsome, quick-witted youth who was the donkey's groom. Most reluctantly I called again at Soller, picked up my luggage, and re-embarked on a steamer bound for Valencia.

In Valencia I took to smoking, because in those days every male Spaniard you met who was inclined to be civil proffered a cigar, and I did not possess sufficient fluency in Castilian to decline it without giving offense. So for two or three months I smoked as I have never done since, for tobacco exercises no effect

whatever on my nerves, neither good nor ill. I traveled to Madrid and saw its picture galleries; returned to the south again and remained for a few contemplative days in Cordoba, held captive by its Mosque-Cathedral and its Moorish charm. Naked-legged, lousy, flea-bitten, Murillo-like children squatted round me while I sketched; but for once the charm of architecture made me indifferent to the presence of fleas, bugs and lice.

From Cordoba by devious way to Granada. Days and days in the Alhambra drawing; in the gardens of the Generalife painting; other days donkey-riding in the mountains. The Hotel Washington Irving, not entirely flealess, but otherwise comfortable and friendly, was pleasantly Anglicized. Then—omitting half-forgotten experiences—Seville, where I stayed longest.

At the Hotel de París—whither they came sometimes to dine and hear the music—I met two young Spaniards. I think their name was Pastor, with a cynical, worldly-wise, but very kindly uncle. The two youths spoke both English and French, and lived in a beautiful house in Seville of Moorish design, with the customary patio in the middle, luxuriantly bowered in bananas and palms, and with a large, central, stone basin and an upreared fountain. This feature so pleased me that I made a painting of it. I forget what had become of their parents: perhaps they were only traveling, and had left the boys' uncle in charge; perhaps they were dead, and he was their guardian. More charming people it would have been difficult to meet in those days. They taught me more Spanish than I learned from books, and more about Spain and the excited Spanish politics than newspapers could tell me. With them I went to the open-air summer theaters, and heard for the first time Offenbach's *Grand Duches of Gerolstein* in a Spanish translation.

I quitted Seville at last, and made my way to Malaga. Here I took a passage to London on a British steamer, not exceptional for those times, but—I should think—quite unattainable in these hard days. For twelve pounds, first class, one could obtain a leisurely return passage to London from southern Spain, and usually a whole cabin to one's self. There was only room for a

few first class passengers on board this "Fruit-boat," which was carrying to the London market the early autumn fruit of Spain: bananas, grapes, apples, pears, nuts and whatever else could be retarded from the summer or ripened before the autumn gales. The ten or twelve passengers were English people of pleasant manners and a London habitat. One couple with whom I made a special acquaintance came from "The Boltons," and to "The Boltons" I afterwards went not infrequently to dine till Africa separated us. Our journey home from Malaga must have occupied a fortnight, and we would willingly have prolonged it. We called at various Spanish ports on either side of the Straits of Gibraltar, had three days at Lisbon and two days at Vigo before we landed at Plymouth and traveled up to London.

Much strenuous study at the Royal Academy Schools marked the year of 1877. Lord Leighton—in those days not yet President and only "Mr." Leighton—was one of the "visitors" at our evening "Life" class, when we drew strenuously from the nude figure. Ordinarily to these Life classes we came in rough clothes or changed into washable linen jackets to work unconcernedly at drawing with charcoal or chalk, and employing crumb of bread to efface wrong lines or overstressed shadow. But I had heard that Leighton was very regardful of a student's appearance; that unless he was spotlessly clean and nicely dressed he took little interest in his work. So I came to the evening Life class in black clothes—some anticipation of the dinner jacket dress of the next twenty years. And being thus imprisoned in a faultless shirt-front and a black silk tie I could only draw in charcoal very mincingly, gingerly, and be careful not to smudge myself. My drawing therefore was a poor one, and I longed for the "visit" to be over, in order to make my outer self efficient and ugly, and be reckless about dirty hands or a smudged collar. Nearer and nearer came the handsome man, delivering himself of grave yet courteous criticisms or of genial praise. I had soon observed that I was the only "nicely" dressed person present, though my rendering of the model was for the moment inept. At last Leighton bent over my seated form, looked at the drawing, and scanned

carefully my personal appearance. I had to pretend to be absorbed in the artistic task before me, unaware of the presence of this demi-god. A minute later came his question-verdict: "Is this a joke?"

"W-w-hat, sir?"

"Do you generally come to these classes in evening dress?"

"N-n-o, sir . . . I—I——"

"Well——?"

"I—I heard you—were coming, sir——"

I believe the great man said something biting in sarcasm, but in the general laugh from the thirty or forty suitably clad and charcoal-smudged fellow-students it was fortunately drowned. But other R. A. "visitors" were easier to accord with; even jolly, sympathetic, and suggestive, like Millais, or Alma Tadema, H. W. B. Davis, W. Q. Orchardson, P. H. Calderon. . . .

In the spring of 1876, we had moved from the house I had so much liked in the South Lambeth Road—so conveniently near to the Thames and its river steamers, to Vauxhall Bridge and Westminster—to a home of greater seclusion, which stood by itself in a garden of about one acre on Champion Hill, at the top of Grove Lane. It had been decided to transfer the Catholic Apostolic Church from Trinity Square, Southwark, to a new and much more spacious and ornate building at Camberwell Green, which had been designed by the architect John Belcher R. A., a member of this body. My father thought therefore that he and his family should now reside within walking distance of the new church which he hoped we should frequently attend. It was only this lien which restrained him from moving out into the country altogether. There were, it is true, numerous "C. and A." churches in provincial towns, but none—except for Albury—out in the absolute country; and they were most of them ugly buildings hidden away with a certain shamefacedness. The liking for a large garden, greenhouses, aviaries and quiet at night made him avoid a residence in the heart of London, in some Bloomsbury square. His frequent episodes of travel—South

Africa, Russia, Spain, France, Italy, Constantinople, Sweden, Germany, Austria or Asia Minor slaked his passion for fine scenery; he was accustomed every summer to take a furnished house in the country or at the seaside; therefore it seemed to him just to fit the case that his home for the conducting of business in London should be within sight of the open country—as Champion Hill was in those days—yet only twenty minutes' railway journey from the West End or the heart of the City.

My mother died in November, 1877, in giving birth to my youngest brother. She was only forty-one years of age.

For several months afterwards I was stupefied with grief; then I became once more interested in painting and the prospects of foreign travel. I went to France in the half-intention of following friends among the Royal Academy students who thought Paris gave one a more modern education in painting. But although I spoke French fluently and pointedly at that time, I disliked the "atmosphere," noise, and practical jokes of the Paris schools of painting, and the discipline as to style then surrounding Paris teaching. Unconsciously I was already beginning to rebel against the formalities which still encompassed the training of an artist, and was too much interested in other careers and their subjects to be wholly devoted to that of painting. There was, for example, the lure of languages, especially the most interesting group in the world, the Romance tongues: the remembrance of my experiences in the summer of 1876; the passing into Catalonia; Majorca, and its peculiar Provençal dialect; the Castilian of central Spain, and the different dialect of Andalucia; Portuguese and the Gallego spoken at Vigo——

So I migrated with rather vague intentions to Avignon. I found the Hôtel de l'Europe at that place a really "European" hotel, with a history possibly stretching back to the days when Avignon was papal. Here I could—in those happy days—be sumptuously lodged and boarded, and even have studio accommodation in a disused stable, for five francs a day if I stayed

more than a week. I stayed two to three months, and painted several successful pictures (amongst them the study of an old Avignon woman, Angèle Chandolas) which were exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Dudley Gallery in 1879. From this headquarters I traveled into many parts of Provence—Tarascon, Nîmes, Vaucluse, Barbentane, up the Rhône, and down the Rhône, and finally into Savoy, and home by way of Switzerland.

I paused for some reason at Lausanne (the Hotel Gibbon—does it still exist?) before penetrating farther into Switzerland; and was taken ill here—possibly nothing more than a surfeit of grapes. Staying in the same hotel was a comely woman, with several children with whom she spoke in "French" French. Her name—I learned—was "Meuricoffre," and she was the wife of a great Swiss banker at Naples. It has been my way in life to think when slightly indisposed that I am very ill; and when I really *am* ill to believe myself to be dying. I imagine therefore that when incapacitated for a day or so at the Hotel Gibbon with the results of eating too much fruit, I must have looked very melancholy. In any case I had the appearance not of being twenty years of age but more of eighteen. To Madame Meuricoffre's occasional glances I seemed a sick, lonely boy. Her motherly heart was moved to question me, and she did so in Scots English. My inward troubles vanished as I talked to her. She came from a Dumfries family, not without Johnston relationships, and had married this excellent Monsieur Meuricoffre, the Swiss banker, at Naples. In the summers of those days she generally moved to Switzerland with her children if she did not visit Scotland. Towards me she acted like a fairy godmother; inducted me into the never-to-be-exhausted wonders and beauties of Switzerland. I parted from her there ten days later on, obliged to return to England to be present at my eldest brother's wedding with Sophie L. But before separating she gave me her Naples address on a visiting card and told me if *ever* I came there to let her know.

Eighteen years were to go by before I could give effect to this invitation. I may have called frequently at Naples in the interval

of time, as it was on the usual route to or from East Africa and India. But at last, in the early summer of 1896, I had my opportunity. I had landed at Naples in returning from Nyasaland and was not pressed for time. I inquired at my hotel after Madame Meuricoffre—"a Scozzese." She was well-known and lived in a beautiful palazzo on Capo di Monte. I wrote recalling the invitation of Lausanne, and had a speedy reply inviting me to her house to join a family party that evening. A carriage was hired to take me there—a drive seemingly up and down through tortuous narrow streets, and out into the country. The palazzo stood at a considerable elevation and apparently a hired vehicle could not drive up to its entrance. I was put down therefore at the foot of a dream staircase of innumerable stone steps, and my driver told me, as far as I could understand his dialect, that here, at the bottom of those steps, he would be in waiting at ten o'clock to convey me back to the hotel.

I was, of course, in evening dress and wore thin evening "pumps." I ascended in the dusk the three hundred and forty steps, or some such number, but there was the villa all right. I was ushered in to a typical family gathering. In the middle of it was my old friend of eighteen years before, now an exceedingly stately lady of sixty. The large family was all grown up and several of them had married. The husband was a distinguished man of seventy or thereabouts. It was soon clear to me—alas!—that Madame Meuricoffre had only the dimmest remembrance of those Lausanne days; and not wishing to keep me waiting, had decided to receive me at some more-than-ordinary family gathering to celebrate some more-than-ordinary family event. . . . I stayed till ten o'clock—I was very polite and every one else was the same . . . but Madame Meuricoffre could not remember me, or only very dimly. . . . At ten I left, unswervingly; tripped down the three hundred and something steps . . . but . . . no carriage! I walked here and walked there, and inquired in very halting Italian of a lonely guardian of the peace. At last there seemed nothing to do but turn my steps towards Naples, anyhow, any way, and hope to pick up a carozza of sorts.

Above: Maurice de Roumefort.
Below: Dean Butcher of Cairo.

Above: The Comte de Sancy in 1880.
Below: Ernest Ayscough Floyer (1884).

I walked seemingly for miles. I had no umbrella and it was raining, raining at last in torrents. My evening shoes, undermined by Tropical Africa, dissolved and left me. I saw no vehicle of any description, and at last had to force—rather than throw—myself on the mercy of a priest who eventually, at one in the morning, led me to my hotel, very sorefooted.

Madame Meuricoffre if she is still living, must be now about eighty-six. I could wish she were alive, for I still feel grateful for her induction into the most beautiful country in the world: Switzerland.

In the spring of this year (1878) I remember being down at Whitchurch at my uncle's (Dr. Purcell), and talking with his near neighbor, Major Weaver, about my bent as an artist, how I desired only to paint what I saw, to be a severe realist. . . . He evidently did not quite follow my meaning and intentions. Presently he said: "What you ought to do is to study Lord Dudley's collection. Who knows, indeed, but what his lordship might give you a commission to paint some subject; and *that* might lead to your making a fortune?"

Anxious to be put on such a path, and filliped by curiosity—for the Lord Dudley of that day was a much talked-of personage, owing to his beautiful wife and his Raffaelesque way of growing his hair in long curly locks about his ears—I agreed. . . . "But who would give me an introduction to Lord Dudley?"

"*I* will," he replied. "I know him well. He asks me down to shoot sometimes. I——" and here he related the circumstances which had led to the acquaintance—something to do with the Yeomanry of Worcestershire.

I gratefully accepted the letter of introduction, and as soon as I was back in London forwarded it with an accompanying request that I might call and see his galleries. It was soon answered in a kindly note mentioning a morning and an hour for the call. My fellow-students at the R. A. heard the news with interest, and also with scoffing and skepticism, and sketched out the interview and its results in greatly varying phantasmagoria, richly illustrated

in charcoal on paper or white chalk on a disused blackboard. However, I had received a graciously-worded reply—to every one's astonishment—and presented myself one May morning at eleven o'clock at twenty—or was it twenty-two?—Park Lane.

My knock and ring were immediately answered. The door was opened by a hall porter or a footman in livery, whose solemn face lit up at the sight of me with my portfolio of drawings. "He's come!" he called backwards to a sort of groom of the chambers, who looked important enough to be the real master of the house; and the groom of the chambers hailed a stout lady's maid on a first floor gallery, and she came running down with a parcel in her hand.

"Here is the corset," she said panting, "and there is a letter from her ladyship inside. You'll see at *once* it's *far* too tight ——" "But——" I said. . . . "But you *are* Dickins and Jones?" she cried in accents of despair. "No, I am not," I said. "I'm very sorry to disappoint you, but I've called to see Lord Dudley. . . . Here is his letter. . . ."

All three domestics groaned their disappointment. The groom of the chambers then led me to an ante-room, and said he would announce me to his lordship. As I waited I heard the sound of a piano accompaniment above, and an excessively operatic soprano singing a duet with some one who had a rather thin tenor voice. Presently the duet finished. There were murmurs of voices, followed by the sound of skirts swishing down-stairs, and the closing of the hall door. Then the groom of the chambers reappeared and showed me up a magnificent staircase to a great gallery of pictures. Through another door there walked to meet me a tall man—Lord Dudley—very aristocratic in bearing and appearance, with his hair falling in a curly fringe on either side of his face, much as one sees it growing in the portraits of Raffael. Somehow, though it was already derided in the heavy sarcasm of the day, it struck me at the time that it did not look out of keeping with the features or the frock-coat; but there shot through my mind as I advanced to meet him one of the stories told about him in those days: how as a young man in the 'forties

or early 'fifties of that century he and a companion had been caught by the Turks at Constantinople trying to smuggle themselves into the harem of a great personage; and how it had been decided to punish the companion with a terrible mutilation, but Lord Dudley (as far less guilty) merely with the cropping of his ears: and I strove to distinguish the ear-conches through the pendent locks, but could not do so before greeting him, nor was I able to refute the probably quite preposterous story by any after glimpse of his ears.

It must be remembered that in those days tales of this description, ninety out of a hundred being wholly untrue, were told of every prominent man or woman. Most of these notables went to their graves quite unaware that they owed their progeniture to a blacksmith or to the Prince Consort, that they had forged their father's signature to an unfair will, had proposed marriage to Miss Burdett-Coutts, or had attended the Prince of Wales's wedding-breakfast (to win a bet) disguised as a footman or a cook. So it is even more probable that behind Lord Dudley's love-locks lay two normal, unmutilated ears.

His conversation was of great interest as he passed his pictures in review; paused before a Murillo with the story of a genial transaction with Pope Pius IX. in Rome (recently dead, at the time of the telling); or discussed his examples of Velasquez or of French landscape painters such as Delacroix of the 'forties, who began to paint Nature literally and with all the poetry of actuality in the first half of the nineteenth century.

He paused to look at my sketches and studies, but they clearly aroused nothing beyond a polite show of interest, and he imagined the chief object in my calling to be a desire to study the "masterpieces" in his collection. So before we parted he rang for the "groom of the chambers" and told him I was to be admitted on certain days of the week between certain hours and allowed to paint, "and not be interfered with." And although I had neither time nor inclination (in reality) to make these studies—copying pictures has never attracted me in the least—I enjoyed on occasions coming to the gallery and perhaps bringing

with me a fellow-student from the Academy schools who had more reverence for old masters than I had. The *historical* interest of this collection—I remember—was considerable.

I don't think I ever saw Lord Dudley after 1881. I believe he died in 1885 aged about sixty-eight years. I think I only saw him twice to converse with at any length; but then I remember how intensely interesting he was, the things he told me about the France of the Second Empire, about Spain and Italy, where I too had traveled, and about Rome before the Popes had ceased to be Sovereigns.

I reached home from France in the autumn of 1878 just in time to attend my eldest brother's wedding at Rochester, and to say good bye to my father who was starting on one of his long Insurance journeys to Sweden.

A month afterwards in the late autumn of that year we were telegraphing to him to return at once as my brother George was desperately ill. George had come back unwell from architectural business in Norfolk, in the course of which he had stayed at some typhoid-infected inn and drunk of its poisonous water. Most of my family were away; I was the only grown-up member at home for a while; the homeopathic doctor who usually attended us was on a holiday; his inept young assistant would not recognize the fever as typhoid, and gave a diametrically wrong treatment. In my distress I appealed to my friend Garrod at the Zoo. But Garrod, I had discovered on my return, himself was smitten with the disease which killed him the next year. Yet he bestirred himself, and induced his very kind father, Sir Alfred (one of Queen Victoria's doctors) to come to Champion Hill and see my brother. Sir Alfred examined him and stayed some hours, but left with a verdict that the case was hopeless. My father arrived in hot haste from some remote part of Sweden, and only came in time to see George die. He awoke from his delirium stupor, recognized his father, looked with a new gladness round the candle-lit circle of brothers and sisters, looked for a few minutes himself again; then his head fell to one side, the light went out of his eyes, and he was dead.

He had died exactly a year after my mother, and a month or two before the projected date of his own marriage, although only in his twenty-fourth year. He had already established his position as an architect: but it is no use delaying the reader over this episode or trying to enlist his sympathies. There are millions of similar deaths occurring every year, showing—as at any rate it showed me then—that in this incredibly vast universe the overruling "intelligent" power—if there be one—has no conception of what agonies of grief we poor human ants on this tiny planet can suffer from the cessation of life in those we love. The researches of Astronomy can discover no Pity anywhere in the ruthless processes of Nature.

My brother's death embittered and disheartened me, and it was followed in the next year—1879—by the death of Alfred Garrod, the prosector of the Zoological Gardens. I had known Garrod since I was fourteen; and when I left the trammels of school he had done much to direct my very irregular education, without approving of its wilful irregularity. He often urged me to go to Cambridge, and put in three years at that University. But my enthusiasm for drawing and painting, an increasing interest in travel, and dislike of the Classics and Mathematics, which in those days were so largely concerned with the preliminary examination for entry into the Universities, deterred me. Alfred Garrod was in many ways the most remarkable, the most charming and lovable human being I have met in the course of my life. He was the antithesis of a prig. He enjoyed so many things . . . Italian opera—he had a subscription stall at Covent Garden and used to lend it to me when he could not go—picture galleries, even ministerial receptions. I portrayed him as nearly as I could as "Professor A. H. Lacreevy" in my first novel, *The Gay-Dombeys*. The letter dated "June, 1878," beginning on page forty-one of that book, is a not-much-altered version of a letter he wrote me at that time, just after his first warning of phthisis. The description given of his first attendance at a great ministerial party, and his glimpse of the then Princess of Wales is almost precisely as he related it.

He was only thirty-three at the time of his death, and in all respects where I was in any way competent to form an opinion, in advance of his age. He said the sort of things that genial men of science say now. He had views about the mosquito which were the beginning of the discoveries of Sir Ronald Ross, and which set me reflecting and theorizing on the Congo long before Ross's suspicions and theories were adumbrated. Garrod's views on the classification of birds seemed very upsetting in the 'seventies, but they have become the orthodox system of to-day. His influence over other people was very great: in W. A. Forbes, his successor at the Zoo and in bird classification, he had almost created a successor. (Forbes, like Garrod, was a brilliant thinker, foredoomed to die at an early age. He worked and studied under Garrod in his youth, distinguished himself at Cambridge, succeeded Garrod on his death as Prosector, formed a deep friendship with myself, sought to join me on the Congo in 1882, was diverted however to the Niger, and died at Shonga near Rabba on January 14, 1883.)

Garrod suddenly broke a blood vessel in June, 1878. Up till that time he imagined he would live to seventy or eighty, and would carry on the work of Darwin. But by the middle of 1878 he abruptly realized that he was a doomed man, destined, in all probability, to die of phthisis in a year or so. The last fifteen months of his life were a struggle to finish and publish—in some cases prematurely—his researches in anatomy. He remained conscious and in full mental activity almost up to the hour of his death, though he lost the use of his voice a few weeks before it occurred on October 17, 1879.

In the autumn of that year it is necessary to say that being rather imaginative and very depressed about Garrod, I had become nervous about my own health. The trouble began in the summer of 1877—a tendency to feel faint—though I had never yet fainted—and a susceptibility to contract severe bronchial attacks, a trouble that still pursues me. My cough interested the doctors more than my alleged faintness, though it was the last-mentioned symptom which most upset me; for the attacks would

come on at a theater, an evening party, in church, or at the King's College evening classes, so that at last I dreaded going away from home. How much was fancy or exaggeration I can not say. The doctors, though sympathetic, could find nothing wrong. Perhaps it was indigestion. The weakness either lessened materially or completely disappeared if I traveled abroad. So to shake off the tendency towards invalidism I determined to make a long journey and arranged, with my father's approval, to go to North Africa for the winter of 1879-80. We decided on Tunis—then a Turkish Protectorate—as the center of this endeavor; partly because the new British Agent and Consul General was an old acquaintance of my father at Smyrna, whence he had been promoted to Tunis on the departure of Sir Richard Wood.[1]

My journeys in Spain had filled me with a desire to study Saracenic architecture. As soon as I could get admission to the British Museum Library, after my twenty-first birthday, I proceeded to read up the subject, and realized then from the French researches in the decade of the 'sixties, under the patronage of Napoleon III., that the basis of this architectural style, the "horseshoe arch," was not an invention of Islam, but originated in the Christian or Byzantine architecture of southern Syria at least a hundred years before the irruption of Muhammad. This design possibly had a dual origin. Arches *à cintre outrepassé* certainly could still be seen in the ruins of southern Syria, which dated

[1] This remarkable man, Sir Richard Wood, must have lived in full bodily activity an exceedingly long time. When he left the Tunis Agency at the end of 1878, it was on account of "age"—and he was said to be 81, and the year of his birth was guessed at 1798! In 1878 there were no arrangements in force for the pensioning of Consuls, so that for sheer anxiety as to their subsistence Consular officers would remain at work after they were eighty. In the 'sixties there were British consuls at important places in France of 80 and 81 years old.

Sir Richard, however, after the Berlin Conference was over in 1878 (when Lord Salisbury was averred to have "given" France Tunis in compensaton for our acquirement of Cyprus), expressed a wish to retire, and as the authorities could not force him to remain at work he was permitted to withdraw, and as there were no arrangements in force for pensioning consular servants he retired at the age of 72 (as it afterwards transpired —for he was born in 1806), and then lived twenty-two years, drawing full pay of over £2,000 a year. He paid us a visit at Marsa in 1899, then, at the age of 93 on his way to the Holy Land, and died in 1900, aged 94.

from pre-Islamic times—500 to 600 A.C.; and in Mekka itself and elsewhere in Arabia, before and during Muhammad's life, a mysterious phallic symbol had arisen, the hollow phallus of the Mihrab. (This emblem had been transported to the island of Jerba in southern Tunis and the adjoining mainland within a hundred years of Muhammad's death. There—as I saw them in 1897—these Muhammadan shrines were hollow cells for prayer or for the offering of provisions to the spirits of the dead, and were surmounted by a huge phallus. And this same emblem crowned most of the mosque minarets. Very likely the whole feature in Syrian architecture had arisen farther back still under Phœnician influence. But it had crept into architecture before and apart from Muhammad's religion.[1])

Curiously enough, it was in Tunis—almost—that true Saracenic Art and Architecture first showed themselves with any distinctness; in Egypt next; and then in Spain. The buildings erected in the early days of "Saracenic," Islamic domination in Palestine and Syria were more Byzantine in style. One explanation is that the primal impetuosity of the Muhammadan movement seems to have leaped the thousand miles that separate Egypt from Tunis, with little occupancy of the Tripolitaine (greatly ravaged as this had been by obscure but terrible revolts of the Jews against the Roman or Byzantine Empire). The Muhammadan Arabs traversing North Africa first concentrated at Kairwan, the sacred city founded by them in the seventh century, and until about 1100 A.C. the capital of Tunisia. At Kairwan and elsewhere in South Tunis, the "Mahrab" or "Mihrab," the very center of the Mosque and sacred praying place first showed itself. It was—or is still, if, since my departure, the French have not destroyed the ancient buildings—simply a halved phallus, surmounted by the image of one that was entire, and which gradually grew into the summit of the mosque, on the one hand, and the Mahrab or most sacred core of the mosque on

[1] I contributed an illustrated article on this subject to the *Geographical Journal* (organ of the R. Geo. Soc.) for 1898.

the other. But for the discovery of horseshoe arches and other "Saracenic" features in the ruined buildings of Syria dating from pre-Islamic centuries, one might almost have thought that the horseshoe arch was born in Tunisia from a lingering Carthaginian influence which in the south of that country had survived the Roman and Byzantine periods.

In any case Tunis seemed a very suitable country in which to study the Moorish art that rose to such heights of beauty in Spain. Tunis was warm in winter; and cheap in its average cost of living. So to Tunis I went, early in December, 1879.

CHAPTER III

THE journey to this part of North Africa was probably no lengthier then, by rail across France and steamer from Marseilles, than it is to-day, since the War spoiled all continental travel. Nothing particularly occupied my attention till I had recovered from preliminary sea-sickness and winter cold and was pacing the steamer deck under the more genial airs of the mid-Mediterranean. Then I became aware that among my fellow passengers there were two Frenchmen of interest. One was the Comte de Sancy—the French representative of a committee of three, British, Italian and French, who controlled and managed the Tunisian public debt; for Tunis, since 1869, was virtually bankrupt and its finances were internationally controlled. And the other was the Vicomte Maurice de Roumefort, a young attaché in the French diplomatic service, who was going to Tunis to work under Mons. Roustan, the French Minister and Consul General. Roumefort was about a year older than I; tall, handsome and of engaging manners, with an attractive English pointer dog, "Tom"; de Sancy was a man of about fifty-one—rather corpulent, and rather "ordinary" in appearance, with a scrubby, short, and badly-cut beard and whiskers, making him look either as though he had not shaved for a fortnight or had cut back his face garniture with excessive ruthlessness. How I got to know them I do not remember; perhaps it was "Tom" who brought us together; but all at once we were talking. . . . Roumefort had just finished his service in the army, was going to take up diplomacy, to be an attaché under Roustan . . . the Comte de Sancy was a personage of the Second Empire—had succeeded to a very old title in some mysterious way—largely through the influence of Louis Napoleon in 1849. He had thenceforth, especially from 1852, been one of the followers of Napoleon and the

Second Empire, had made a rich marriage and inherited a considerable fortune, had amicably separated from his childless wife before squandering more than half her dowry, and at length had been rescued from bankruptcy by attracting (about 1867) the attention of the Foreign Minister of Tunis, Khaireddin Pasha, who had brought him to Tunis to breed race horses. Later on, de Sancy had been appointed the French representative of the Financial control imposed on the bankrupt Beylik of Tunis in 1869.

So: we reached Tunis, or in those days Goletta, on the edge of the narrow spit which lay between the Lake of Tunis and the sea. Goletta was near the site of Carthage, near also to the Marsa, an ancient port (as its name indicates) three or four miles to the west of Carthage. Thence, from Goletta—La Goulette of to-day—to the town of Tunis (about twelve miles) by a cranky little English railway. Then an hotel, which though comfortable and French in its good diet, swarmed with fleas. . . .

The Comte de Sancy, we found, lived inexpensively in a sumptuous summer-house or "pavillon" consisting of a sitting-room, a bedroom, a lavatory, and a well-furnished kitchen at the bottom of a long garden belonging to a new French house on the Marina.

This "Marina" was the new boulevard outside the gates on the road leading to the Port of Tunis and the lake shore. We vaguely knew that his tenure of this "pavillon" depended on some old lady who lived in the big mansion through which we passed to reach the garden and the palatial summer-house. I never remember seeing her all the eight months I spent in Tunis. In Paris, Sancy—I came to know in 1881—was "tres convenablement logé" in a handsome "appartement" in a good quarter of the town; but in Tunis I suspect that his own dwelling was the rather ramshackle house out in the country about twelve miles from the capital in the middle of the Concession for breeding horses.

De Sancy apparently was twenty-one in 1849 when Louis Napoleon came to his rescue and secured for him the Sancy estates or money. In 1879, therefore, he can not have been more than fifty or fifty-one. He had certainly by that time become entirely respectable.

The desire to be otherwise had, according to his own description of himself, quitted him some years before, "où il s'était entièrement rangé." According to his stories he had been the lover of most of the remarkable European ladies of Tunisian history between 1867 and 1875; certainly of two of them. I rather fancy these two very remarkable women—an American and an Italian—are now dead. If not, and they should chance to read these lines—I have known them both—let them take "love" as meaning no more than friendship, attraction and assistance. One of them spent her after-life prominent in London Society, a friend of King Edward's and a mother of handsome, well-brought-up children. The other was the wife of a Tunisian Christian Minister, and worked strenuously to bring about the French Protectorate. This last personage, Madame E—— M——, was in 1879-80 a very handsome woman, the mother of good-looking children. Long, long afterwards I came to know her again when I was Consul General in Tunis. . . .

In appearance de Sancy was not remarkable: a man of middle height, rather corpulent. You would not have been astonished if you had been told he was English, especially when he was well dressed in a somewhat English style. He knew very little of the English language, yet a great deal about England, an immense deal about politics. His conversation was such that with any intelligence you could never weary of it. On the subject of the Second Empire he was "intarissable," he had moved a good deal in diplomacy, his stories were always interesting, and usually witty. He was in addition one of the kindest, most good-natured men I have ever met. Though perpetually bankrupt, so to speak (I think the term was meant in a relative sense), either his diplomatic salary in Tunis, an allowance in respect to his administered estate, or a combination between the two must have furnished him enough to live on. But he was always eager to know "how I stood," and although I assured him that I had a sufficiency of means from the pictures I had sold, that I had a commission to write occasional articles for the *Globe* which were promptly paid for, and further that my father was always there

to supply me with means if other sources failed, he frequently proffered assistance towards the cost of expeditions into the interior. Disliking to become indebted to any one and not really requiring assistance I used to decline. It was only at the end of my stay that I accepted twenty pounds from him, in case, on my journey home, I felt (which I did not) impelled to make a stay in Paris. Such a project would not have been easy considering I had saddled myself with the transport across France of a gazelle, a number of birds large and small, and other pets I had accumulated during my stay in Tunis. So on my return there remained to be executed the retransference of Sancy's twenty pounds. This he would not receive in money but directed it should be spent in the transmission to him in Paris of game-birds—pheasants and grouse—which I used to send off from Cannon Street station. This process went on till 1882 (when I went away to West Africa) and became a means of keeping in touch with Sancy till 1885. After my return from Nigeria in 1888, there were no answers to my letters and I heard he had died somewhere about then.

Before we had been a week in Tunis Roumefort and I had accepted Sancy's invitation to "faire popote ensemble." Living at the only decent hotel (then) in Tunis was not dear; but it was worse than dear; it was noisy and cramped in space. I who wanted to paint above all, to have quiet and space for my models, after a few days' ranging over the town, established myself with Madame Elisa in an Arab street—Sidi Morjani (?)—which crept away from the Europeanized semi-circle inside the great shoreward gate of the Moorish town. (All this region had been swept away seventeen years afterwards, when I returned to Tunis as Consul General.) Roumefort had taken a lodging in a house kept by some Italians. Madame Elisa's domain seemed to him too Moorish and unwholesome.

As a matter of fact it was less flea-smitten and even cleaner than the European house of his selection. Indeed, nowhere could it be called dirty. It was a Moorish house with suites of apartments on the first story built round an inner square like a

Spanish patio. The neighbors' buildings on either side, I admit, suggested squalor and emitted distressing smells, and the outer aspect of the narrow, cobbled street was gloomy, dirty and depressing. But the inside of the dwelling was more cheerful. I had a box-room or vestibule, a sitting-room, large enough for a studio, and a fairly comfortable bedroom. Beyond the bedroom was a little empty apartment which I used as a bathroom. Here light and air were admitted by a hole in the wall, and beyond this upward-turning hole one could see nothing, nothing but the sky. It seemed to me to look out on immensity, so that for several weeks I continued to use it as a waste-paper basket from which I flung rubbish to the winds. This proceeding however was stopped when I found that immediately below was the open-air yard or garden of a respectable Jewish family, who were frequently distressed during their meals to receive—as it were from nowhere—old newspapers, empty boxes of cigarettes or bonbons, discarded mail matter, or other rubbish.

The street Sidi Morjani seemed to be a narrow, tortuous thoroughfare to the bazaars of Tunis, and the very remarkable Mosque of the Olive Tree, portions of which—it is said—were erected as early as the end of the seventh century. The narrow, stone-paved lane of the Elisa dwelling broadened southwards as it neared the mosque, and there were Jewish shops on either side. Then came some mass of dark building, and from the broad tunnel under this you had your first view of the Mosque of Zeituna (the "Olive Tree"). This consisted of a flight of three-sided stone steps, leading up to a long roofed arcade, and opposite the steps, at the right end of the arcade was a mighty horseshoe door leading into the mosque. On the ground level, to the left of the flight of shallow steps, was a very picturesque horseshoe doorway and a façade of black-and-white marbles. Against this closed doorway often stood a gaily caparisoned mule or horse, and a brightly-costumed Arab groom in a brilliant turban, a sleeveless jacket, and Turkish trousers.

The Olive Tree Mosque probably remains much as I saw it forty-two years ago, for it is the Moslem "Cathedral" of Tunis,

Leaving the Mosque.
Painted by the author in Tunis in 1880.

and has attached to it a world-famous library. Its Cufic and Arabic MSS. are said to date back to the eighth and ninth centuries. The remainder of the great building is, or was, screened from inspection by the bazaars on the right and other buildings on the left. The aspect of the high gallery, tiled roof, black-and-white marble outer wall, the steps swarming with beautifully costumed Moors, the caparisoned steeds waiting below the gallery for their riders filled my eyes the second or third day after my arrival as the subject of which I was in search: "The Doorway of the Mosque." Would Tunisian fanaticism allow me to sit in the roadway and paint this?

Tunisian fanaticism would not. At least, felt obliged to scowl and threaten, to fling an occasional stone or brandish a stick and insert itself between me and my point of view. And there was also the unstoppable traffic of the street—the laden camels, the trotting donkeys, the mules and horses. I decided therefore (inconveniently enough) that although this should be my subject—"The Doorway of the Mosque," or "Leaving the Mosque," —it must be done piece-meal, apart. I should have to make stealthy studies, hurried sketches of the background, the building; and paint my models in some kind of studio, on private premises.

To this object the whole of my eight months' stay in Tunis was primarily devoted, though occasionally for three weeks at a time I might leave the Mosque alone. A foolish ambition prompted me to make it a large picture. I began the canvas in my own rooms then moved it to M. de Sancy's garden, and then to the premises of Muhammad-ash-Sharif, a distinguished Tunisian whom I met in January or February, 1880, at the palace of a Tunisian minister.

Muhammad-ash-Sharif, I record in my diary as being the Grand Sharif, the chief religious personage, of Tunis. Sometimes I contradict or question this statement, but I think on the whole I was right. He was a handsome, distinguished, courteous man of great kindness. At the head of the Muhammadan religion in Tunis (or something of the kind) he had great influence

and rose superior to the prejudices of those days, when any ordinary Arab or Moor believed it exceedingly wicked—"making a graven image"—to paint a picture of any creature. He actually posed for me on the steps of the mosque, and had my immense "toile" carried to the dark street tunnel by his servants. But I was too self-conscious, too disturbed by the gathering crowd to paint, so that my picture of him had after all to be completed on his own premises.

Nevertheless though this very large canvas and its occasional public appearances and vicissitudes filled the town of Tunis during 1880 with material for criticism, conjectures and on the whole friendly interest, it never appeared in the Royal Academy or anywhere else as I had painted it. When I returned to London and showed it at my studio to fellow-students and critics, some suggested this, others proposed that; I abased my own sense of propriety and changed the background of the Olive Tree Mosque —most fatuously—for a touched-up Saracenic building I had studied in Spain. The separate studies I had made for this picture were all or nearly all, exhibited and sold in London; the picture itself never, though an adaptation of it appeared in the *Graphic* in 1889.

Of course I had not been more than a few days in Tunis without paying my respects to the British Agent and Consul General, Mr. Thomas Reade. He had only recently come there from Smyrna, where my father had met him; indeed it was the knowledge that he was at Tunis which had contributed to secure my father's consent to my plans. He invited me to dine with him on Christmas Day, 1879.

There, at the town Consulate of Tunis, near the Bab al Bahr, which seventeen years afterwards was to be "my" Consulate General, I made the Reades' acquaintance. Mr. Reade, a tall, heavily-built man, was moderately genial and sufficiently kindly. I saw much of him in 1880 and a little more in 1881 (when he came to England), but my journey to the Congo broke our acquaintance. Reade, if I remember rightly, continued to be Agent and Consul General until 1883, but then retired never

having been able to forgive the French for entering Tunis in 1881 and henceforth directing its foreign affairs.

It is a curious thing that though visitors to the country like myself in 1880 were conscious that such a French movement was preparing, had indeed been discussed between Lord Salisbury and the French Ambassador at Berlin in 1878, to Mr. Reade it was incredible and unforeseen—as apparently to Lord Granville; and I think I am not much exaggerating in saying that the French Protectorate over this country broke Mr. Reade's heart. He was always kindly and considerate towards myself, but was annoyed by the terms in my letters on Tunis written during 1880 to the *Globe* newspaper, in which I mentioned as an imminent event the coming French Protectorate. Yet in 1881 other letters or articles of mine so far met with his approval that he asked the Bey to send me the Order of the Nizam. I think his intervention did in a way lessen the French intention of annexation and moderated it to a protectorate.

If Mr. Reade at first seemed cold and distant in manner, Mrs. Reade was different in every way. Every susceptible young or middle-aged man must have fallen in love with her theoretically. She was one of the most beautiful and charming women I ever met; *railleuse* in a kindly way, motherly—a little—if you were young and needed it, advisatory when you wanted advice. Partly Spanish in origin (I was told), she came from Gibraltar; and seemed to know all the Mediterranean. I believe she survived until quite recently, and down to the beginning of the Great War was living with a daughter at Tangier.

The next person of importance whose acquaintance I was to make was Monsieur Roustan, French Minister and Consul General at Tunis. Roustan was said to be—I can not assert it was truly so—grandson of Roustan, the celebrated "mamelouk" who had attended to Napoleon the Great, and had so long watched over his safety that one associated him with perpetually sleeping on doormats in a quasi-Turkish uniform. But this ancestry may have been a fantastic invention due to an accidental similarity of name. The Roustan I met in January, 1880, was just a southern

type of Frenchman, a distinguished-looking, rather reserved and quiet diplomatist. He had dignity of manner but there was no nonsense or waste of time about him. France had, after 1878, intimated her special position in Tunisia by making Mons. Roustan a diplomatic Minister, superior to an Agent and Consul General. Consequently he ranked first among the representatives of Foreign Powers. The other nations still recognized Turkey as the suzerain of Tunis, a position intensified after the Crimean War, but always in existence since that unhappy period in the middle of the sixteenth century when Christian Europe allowed a Turkish pirate to conquer Tunis from an Arab dynasty, the Hafsis, who had done much to revive the civilization and art of this once wonderful land. (As a matter of fact, the modern dynasty of Tunis is descended from a Muhammadanized Cretan Greek who became a Turkish military officer in Tunis—a Bey or Colonel—and about 1706 made himself master of the province in place of the Turkish Deys.)

When I first arrived in Tunis the country was still recognized, limply, as a Turkish dependency; but in the closing years of the Second Empire its administration had gone bankrupt; Turkey was not allowed to intervene, and a joint British-French-Italian Commission was erected to manage its finances. The borderland between Algeria and Tunis became a no-man's land, given up to robber tribes like the Khmirs (Kroumirs); but France from 1878 rapidly built a great railway across the Regency (as it was styled) from Tunis to Suk Ahras and Bône.

I heard at the close of 1879, when leaving for Tunis, that Great Britain had consented to a French Protectorate. The story was based on Lord Salisbury's conversation with Mons. Waddington at the Berlin Conference. But soon after my arrival, when I referred to this in a discussion with Mr. Reade, he indignantly denied that any such thing had taken place. Tunis, obviously, could not stand much longer alone; Italy was scarcely powerful enough to take it over, though such was the national wish. We must effect therefore some better defined status which would save it from decay; for it must be remembered that it was already

observant to a reflective European that Tunis in 1879-80 was in a state of decay; the population was diminishing, the Desert was advancing, the ruin—I think justly attributed to the Turk, as well as to the hostile processes of Nature—was apparently setting in to destroy North Africa, to place it all within the Sahara.

The Bey[1] of those days (Muhammad-as-Saduk) was a despicable, effeminate creature. He had once had a powerful Minister, or Wazir, Khaireddin-Pasha, who had ruled Tunis during much of the 'fifties and 'sixties. Khaireddin was said to have been in his youth a Circassian slave, sold to the Bey's family. The Bey Hamuda in the 'thirties gave him his freedom, and his education in France. He became either Wazir or a sort of foreign minister to Tunis through the 'sixties, and was often in France for that purpose. At the end of the 'sixties he took objection to the favorite of the day, whom Muhammad-as-Saduk had made prime minister; and transferred himself to Turkey where Abdul Hamid made him his Grand Vizier. Khaireddin had done a good deal both to conciliate the France of the Second Empire and to ward off a French Protectorate of Tunis. In the early 'seventies, however, soon after the suppression of the rebellion in Algeria, Monsieur Roustan had been sent to Tunis, and the first minister of that country, Ben Ismaïn (said to have been a Jewish boot-black at Goletta who took the Bey's fancy) had been won over to the French cause.

Lord Salisbury had given his consent to an assertion of special French interests in Tunis, or had expressed British neutrality at the Berlin Conference in 1878; and the only opposition to be faced came from Italy. Mons. Roustan set to work, put the Tunisian wazir in his pocket, and was assisted by a Coptic minister of the Bey—Monsieur Elias Mussali—and by the latter's Italian wife; by the Comte de Sancy, and the French railway engineers building the great railway across Tunis; and by nearly

[1] I was told in Tunis in 1880 that the statement seen in most books that the Beys had conquered the Deys and that the latter civilian official had disappeared about the middle of the eighteenth century was untrue. The "Deys" became subordinate to the Bey, but they persisted as the Ferik or civil Governor of Tunis, who in 1880 seemed to be the chief judicial officer.

all the intelligent Jews and a few of the Maltese merchants of Tunis. A French Protectorate in fact seemed the only alternative to what nobody wanted, outside Constantinople; an affirmation of Turkish power. The three hundred years of indirect Turkish rule over the Regency had brought the country nearer each succeeding century to depopulation and the increasing spread of the Desert. Here, as in western Asia, Turkish interference combined with the Islamic religion appeared to have a devastating influence. In 1869 and until about 1874 it seemed as though the British Government might make an effort to protect Tunis and reform it in connection with Malta. But a growing anxiety about Egypt, perhaps also an increasing desire for friendship with France and an ignorance of Italian power had inclined the balance of intelligent British opinion in the direction of Lord Salisbury's gesture toward Mons. Waddington. Egypt and the Suez Canal in 1878 were justly regarded as far better worth our intervention.

How these circumstances, apparent after 1878 to any careful enquirer in London or to any reader of London newspapers no better equipped than myself at twenty-one, remained unperceived by Mr. Reade (too much taken up with Asia Minor, no doubt) I found it difficult to understand in the opening months of 1880. Or rather I came to understand in the course of time the real explanation.

There had been established at Malta, soon after 1870, a very clever English barrister, Alexander Meyrick Broadley, the son of a clergyman in western Dorsetshire. Broadley was said to have qualified first for the British civil service in India, but he preferred Malta or returned to Malta; and from Malta after a year or two he saw better opportunities at the bar of the Consular Court in Tunis. When Mr. Reade was appointed, Broadley went to him and inducted him into the Tunisian situation; at any rate, from the Maltese and the British point of view. Broadley had acquired both Italian and French, though he always spoke French with an indestructible British accent. He was very strong as a Freemason, yet very orthodox as to his religious beliefs

(because of his father's standing), very witty, very much inclined to be peevish if his arguments were derided, a curious mixture of daring and evasion. He was the worst enemy the French had in overcoming European opinion as to their protectorate of Tunis; yet he was or he soon became a barrister competent to practise in the French courts, at the French bar. He went in 1882—called by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt—to defend Arabi Pasha at a Court-Martial. He certainly got his sentence greatly modified and obtained immense support, and, I should think, high fees from the Egyptian princesses and notabilities who almost looked on him as the defender of the Egyptian cause.[1]

In Egypt he opposed anything like an open declaration of British claims to interfere with the Turco-Egyptian sovereignty; in Tunis—as I have already said—the effect of his defense of Tunisian nationality probably weighed with the French in minimizing their demands to a mere redressing of the native government under their supervision instead of that of Turkey. The rest of his extraordinary history has been sufficiently set forth in our newspapers. He wrote at one time much for the English press and the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* A good deal that was new concerning his work in Egypt was published a few years before the War by Lord Sanderson in connection with Sir Edward Malet's Life. I saw very little of him after I left Tunis and Tunisian affairs in 1881; but it is curious how the memory of his talk lingers—extremely witty, sometimes rude and harsh, querulous and unreasonable, occasionally bordering on the sentimental and pious. But in some respects the person he most resembled was Cecil Rhodes; I always connect the two in my remembrance though I am not aware they ever met.

To revert to Roustan: competent or not to do so, I formed a high opinion of him, and was frequently at his palace—for it was that—on the Marina. There seemed to me little mystery or disguise about what he was attempting to bring into existence: a French Protectorate. The only observer who would not believe

[1] His supposed "Anti-British" attitude here served to reconcile him with French opinion.

what he heard was Mr. Reade. Roustan at any rate encouraged me, when he found I was writing a series of articles on Tunis for the *Globe,* to see as much as possible of the Regency. This was not very conducive to the painting of a big picture, and was perhaps one of the reasons why the picture was a failure; but it was highly interesting and led at any rate to the execution of many studies and sketches which sold well and paid my expenses. The south of Tunis was at that time closed to me or to any other traveler not prepared to pay for a large escort; but the northern half was open, owing to the wide-spread influence of the French and of their railway construction.

So accordingly, after several minor excursions, I set out on April 7, 1880, to travel as far as the unfinished railway carried one towards Algeria—nearly to the frontier, but with about forty miles to traverse on horseback before Algerian territory was actually reached. This border region was then known to the French as "le pays des Ouchtettas." The Ushtettas, apparently, were a warrior tribe which included the afterwards famous clan of the Khmirs—the "Kroumirs" of 1881. Probably they were mainly of Berber stock, but in later years—1897-8—the "Kroumirs" of northwestern Tunis seemed to me from the French photographs and description of them to be a tribe of very "Neanderthaloid" appearance; with much developed brows, large flat noses, deep-set eyes, and in the males much hair about face and body. The few of them I saw—about forty prisoners arrested by the Tunisian army—resembled then the photographs of many years afterwards. Certainly it became apparent to me in 1880, as in after years, that the language term "Berber" covers several very distinct physical types; some closely akin to southern Europeans; others well-featured but dark in skin color; and yet others again like these northern border tribes of Tunis-Algeria similar to the Veddahs and a little to the black Australians in facial features.

From the end of the railway (then) at Ghardimau, Mons. Goguel, a railway engineer, showed me the pink Numidian marbles near his camp, and later with some interruptions gradu-

ally took me a ride of forty miles to the French camp on the border line. We evidently ascended to a height of four thousand feet. The scenery—heavily wooded, with cork-oak, chestnuts, hollies, elms, and pines—seemed to me entrancingly beautiful. It was in places very dense forest, and appeared to be full of game. I saw specimens—from day to day—of a fine lion and lioness, killed close to our camp, a magnificent leopard (of whom I made a picture which sold in the summer at the Dudley Gallery), of the red deer of North Africa, wild boar, porcupine, two kinds of gazelle, jackals, and striped hyenas.

Life in the military camp was delightful. We slept in large huts called "gourbis" made by the Algerian soldiers; and ate in a similarly-made mess-house. The French troops were commanded by a Commandant Séris, a Lieutenant Collenne, and other officers whose names I did not record. One and all were as kind, as amusing, resourceful, intelligent, and gay as I have generally found French officers to be. But my host in reality was Allégro, the Tunisian Consul at Bône, who was deeply engaged in the plans for making Tunis a French Protectorate.

This was certainly one of the most remarkable men I ever met; and my acquaintance with him extended (with a great break) till 1899. Though I came to know him so well I can not remember with certainty his first name (probably Joseph): I believe in 1880 you could not say "Christian" name, for I think then he was vaguely Muhammadan. He was the child of a Tunisian princess, a member of the Bey's family, who had fallen in love with a remarkable Italian adventuer, Colonel Giuseppe Allégro. Allégro the father fled from Italy for some reason and was treated very kindly by a Bey of Tunis. Somehow or other he got to see a princess of the Bey's family and she fell in love with him. They fled together to Bône and took refuge with the French who made Allégro an officer in their army where he rose to the rank of Colonel. Eventually a reconciliation was effected with the Bey; and their child—the Allégro I knew—was brought up a good deal in the Bey's palaces. He was sent to France for further education and in fact became a highly educated man. In appear-

ance he was handsome and might have passed as a Frenchman. Eventually he was appointed Tunisian Consul at Bône (a town on the coast of eastern Algeria); but was much at Tunis and much consulted by the Tunisian Government. He was a good deal in the society of the Comte de Sancy, and meeting me there invited me to make this reconnaissance of eastern Algeria and the borderland of Tunisia. It may be that he and Mons. Roustan, realizing that I was sending a series of descriptive letters to the *Globe,* wished me to see the Tunisian borders for myself and testify to the unsettled nature of the country. At any rate at this time—1880—the French made no disguise of their intention to give scope to Lord Salisbury's recognition of their pre-eminent claim to control the affairs of this portion of North Africa.

The camp where I mainly resided was known as Fedj Kelba. It was situated near a northwestern affluent of the Majerda, on a high and densely wooded plateau with higher mountains of the Aurès mass rising to about seven thousand feet. It seemed a superb country, strangely little inhabited, the last refuge of the lion, which in those days was seemingly quite common. Allégro had a tame, half-grown lion cub at his house in Bône; one heard the lions roaring at night time not far away, and I actually saw the male and female lion already referred to. They were killed —prosaically enough—by poisoned bait. The French had accumulated a great herd of cattle captured from the "Ouchtettas," and their presence at the camp attracted the lions and leopards. In the course of a few more years the lion in these regions and elsewhere in North Africa became completely extinct. The leopard still lingers, here, in western Algeria, and Morocco. Those I have seen—dead or stuffed—in Morocco-Algeria struck me as being exceptionally large, compared to the two or three varieties seen in India, Malaysia, and tropical Africa. Their rosettes are larger, more jaguar-like, and some of the males attain the dimensions of a large jaguar.[1]

[1] Even in those distant days of 1880, I was interested in and intrigued over the distribution of mammals in North Africa. In the case of the Barbary red deer—*Cervus elaphus barbarus*—it was obviously only a larger form of the small Red deer of Corsica and Sardinia. But Sardinia does

My stay at this beautiful mountain camp and long rides to where the Tunisian army had its headquarters extended to the end of April. Then I returned rather reluctantly to the town of Tunis.

not seem to have had land connection with North Africa in the Pliocene and Pleistocene, and seemingly the Red deer of North Africa has not been found living or fossil *west* of the Constantine region of eastern Algeria, has never been heard of in western Algeria, Morocco, or Tripoli. In these regions in the Pliocene I believe there were other species or genera of deer, but of an older type than *Cervus elaphus,* and extinct almost before the human period in North Africa. I have sometimes wondered whether the Tunisian-Algerian Red deer may not have been introduced *by human agency,* by the Carthaginians or Romans?

In the northern coastlands of Morocco-West Algeria there is a species of monkey, the Barbary Ape (*Macacus inuus*), also found on Gibraltar. This does not penetrate *eastward* of Algiers. It belongs to a genus not otherwise represented in Africa, but once continuous in range between Spain, France, South England, Greece, Tartary, and easternmost Asia.

But in general the mammalian fauna of North Africa was amazingly rich down to about thirty thousand years ago, when the Sahara began to dry up and the land bridge between Tunis, Italy and Malta broke down. Professor Pomel who worked at the Recent and the Pleistocene fauna of Algeria discovered there, well within the human period, remains of giraffes, nilghais and several species of large and small antelopes, a gigantic buffalo with horns fourteen feet long, a camel, a zebra, an African species and a relative of the Indian species of elephant, a rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and of course the lion and leopard. The African elephant seems to have lingered in southwestern Algeria and Morocco till the invasion of the first Arabs in the seventh century.

In 1882 Professor A. Pomel, a very distinguished French biologist, began from the University of Algiers working at the recently extinct mammalian fauna of Algeria, and revealed the fact that although the vegetation of Africa north of the Sahara was distinctly European, the mammalian fauna of thirty thousand to one or two hundred thousand years ago was largely allied to that of Tropical Africa. It had fled from southern Europe—via Spain-Morocco in one direction, and mainly from Italy to Tunis by the land bridge which seemingly did not break down till twenty or thirty thousand years ago—and passed on south, west, east to trans-Saharan Africa. A few forms were there like the nilghai, the Indian elephant, the great taurine ox, which never reached tropical Africa; and most of them preferred an eastern course into Nubia and the Egyptian Sudan. Owing to my intercourse with Garrod I was peculiarly keen to study this question. It is curious, reading my notes and letters of 1880, to see that these researches quite shocked some of the older French military officers—above all, their wives—who thought them anti-religious. Even Broadley, who was very orthodox on account of his father, was led into rude interruptions of any speech which traversed the belief that the Earth was only six or seven thousand years old, and reproved the Reades for allowing me to talk of what probably occurred during the Glacial periods, several hundred thousand years ago, and then to call these ages "*Recent* times"!

Here is a sketch taken from my 1880 diary of the Bey's prime minister, Mustafa ben Ismaïn, who took a leading part in negotiating and effecting the Treaty of 1881 which accepted French protection:—

"Moustapha ben Ismaïn is a young-looking man, at first seeming barely thirty. On detailed examination however he appears much older and is probably on the verge of middle age. He has a certain disagreeable, 'cruel' expression in his features, despite the sugary smile which wreathes his face in talking with a European in bad French. Otherwise, seen casually, he might be termed a handsome man. He is deemed to be of Jewish origin, but there is little to suggest that in his features. His complexion is a clear, pale olive, heightened by a faint red tinge in his cheeks when he becomes animated in conversation. His eyes are really superb: great, sleepy Moorish eyes with long lashes, and surmounted by thick black eyebrows. Sleepy his glance appears to us, but I can well imagine it becoming wicked and cruel as it lighted on some hapless slave who had offended him. His nose and mouth are beautifully shaped and his gleaming teeth and black moustache are effective items. . . . He is almost painfully aware of the fact that he has been chosen for his good looks; and is nervous about the advance of age. . . . The little Jew, Volterra, who knows most of his secrets, always declares to Sancy that he makes an extensive use of Parisian cosmetics in order to preserve the clearness of his complexion.

"He affects a European costume and mode of living, except when he officially attends the Bey at the Bardo, in which case he is obliged to assume the more tasteful Arab dress. . . . His new town palace, instead of being as it is with his colleague, General Bakush (minister for Foreign Affairs) a gem of Arab architecture, is a meretricious—even horrible—medley of flimsy French style in building and coarse, tawdry Italian painting. . . . I think it is the ugliest house in Tunis. . . ."

The legitimate wife of Ben Ismaïn was an adopted daughter of the childless Bey, who lived with the Bey's wife. The Wazir used to pay her formal visits, but apparently his real wives were

a collection of French and Italian ladies of the demi-monde whom he had brought back with him from France and Italy on his occasional travels. He was said in 1880 (no doubt with the usual exaggeration of the Levant) to be the richest man in the Regency, to have "drawers on drawers of unset diamonds, piles of emeralds and a fortune in rubies." What became of him I never heard though I spent two very interesting years in Tunis between 1897 and 1899.

The Tunisian minister for foreign affairs in 1880, General Bakush, impressed me much more favorably. . . . "The ablest man in the Regency. . . . Speaks French like a Frenchman. . . . Thoroughly conversant with foreign politics. . . . His beautiful palace at Ariana is a fine type of what an eastern dwelling should be, with its picturesque courts and splendid gardens, groves of oranges and cypress, stables filled with fine horses and handsome mules. . . ." Bakush (who spelled his name Bakkouch in those days) had an Under-Secretary in his department, a Christian Copt in origin—General Elias Mussali. He was a French-protected subject and the husband of a charming wife, Italian by birth.

Mme. Elias I came to know well, and renewed my acquaintance with her many years afterwards—1898, 1899—when I was myself British Consul General in Tunis. She was then an elderly woman and a widow. Truly or not, she had been charged by the violent Rochefort press with having been the principal agency through which Mons. Roustan obtained the protectorate over Tunis.—She was accused of complaisant action with the Tunisian consul at Bône—Allégro—in having prepared the way for the French schemes. But the real fact was that Lord Salisbury "gave" France Tunis in 1878. With his consent obtained there was no serious opposition to the movement in the northern half of the Regency. It was in the southern half—the part that almost claimed semi-independence in 1880—that fighting had to take place in 1881 before the French Protectorate could be established down to the limits of Tripoli.

Here are some passages written in 1880 describing the Jews

of Tunis City—or of other Tunisian towns in the northeast of the Regency. They seem to me worth printing, though they were already out of date at the end of the nineteenth century, when I renewed my acquaintance with this country, and nowadays are merely of historic interest.

"The Jews within the town of Tunis are said to number 30,000. They are the money-changers, servants, interpreters, go-betweens, guides, cheats and panders of Tunis. Wherever there is a market for their wares or a field for their enterprise there they are to be found. One feels oneself able to bear many discomforts and frights in the country towns far away from the capital because there are no Jews there. Otherwise in Tunis and its suburbs they are everywhere present and under all circumstances the same: in the audience chamber and highest councils of the Bey, in the consulates of all the European Powers, and in the lowest and vilest slums of Tunis. Nothing comes amiss to the Jew; he crawls through all trades. You may see him everywhere: hurried, agitated, thrusting out his dirty hand; greedy, quarreling, indefatigable, asking for justice and pleading for mercy. He is equally despised by Christians and by Maslamin; only he is indispensable to both.

"The Tunisian Jews claim to have lived in this part of the African coast from before the birth of Christianity, to have come here in the time of the Ptolemies. They have no strongly marked racial features or originality of their own, few prejudices and no pride. Their prosperity is owing to the facility with which they assume the manners and customs, the languages, virtues and vices of other races. In the whole of my stay here I have only met five types of 'superior,' gentlemanly Jew; and they seem to have been of Spanish or Gibraltar, Austrian or Turkish origin, and were merchants living in the southern towns on a European footing.

"In Tunis itself their aptitude for intrigue and underhand policy, coupled with their ubiquity and activity, render them very useful to the Foreign Consuls-general, who employ them to do their dirty work with the Tunisian Government. There

is here in Tunis and its environs at the present time a Jew of Tuscan origin named Volterra who may well serve as a type for description. He is short and stoutly built, but by no means ill-looking—is dressed sometimes after the Tunisian Jewish fashion in a short coat and baggy breeches of the prescribed gray-blue color, and generally wears a black fez. Owing to his ascendancy over the First Minister, Mustafa ben Ismaïn—to whom he acts in the capacity of jester, adviser, interpreter and recruiter of Jewish dancing-women—he is much courted and employed by certain important personages, chiefly on the French side. They have introduced him to me, and have requested him to help me to get models and obtain admission to private houses to study their architecture. The tips I could give him would not be worth his notice; nor does he help me for any other purpose than to oblige those who asked him to assist me. . . . Though of Italian origin he has accepted the higher emoluments of a rival power and zealously works for the advancement of its interests and—where they come into conflict—the defeat of Italy's designs. . . . The Italians revile his character. Whenever he is suspected of duplicity in regard to French designs, the French menace him with a prosecution before the Italian Consulate; but so long as he remains faithful the sun of French favor shines on him. I occasionally see his stout little person in European costume, glittering with foreign orders, in the background of official entertainments."

Elsewhere I wrote rather a contrary description: "In spite of all the emoluments and presents showered on him, this curious little Jew does not grow rich. He is a gambler at heart and as fast as he makes one fortune he loses it in 'opérations financières.' But during all his fluctuations between millionaire (in piastres) and pauper with dishonored paper, his mode of living is just the same. I went to see him after some successful coup on a foreign bourse; but his house was a picture of squalid misery: ragged children with dirty faces and running noses, only intermitting their dismal howling and perpetual squabbling to follow me with wondering eyes as I mounted the narrow staircase. The

reception room seemed bare of anything save dirt. A few tawdry prints of Garibaldi, Napoleon III. and Mustafa ben Ismaïn hung unframed on the walls; and the solitary piece of furniture was a low divan at one end of the room, covered with a loud chintz.

"Thereon sat the little man, the favorite's favorite, reported to be worth thousands in either notes or specie; clad in a soiled dressing gown, and smoking cheap cigarettes. Shortly afterwards there was a fall in Tunisian stock and Volterra was said to be ruined; but his mode of living was if anything somewhat improved. His wife on my next visit opened the door to me decked with a magnificent ruby necklace that her husband had just given her.

"After one of his successful strokes of luck he invited us (Roumefort and me) to a grand evening entertainment at which he had announced that 'all the European consuls-general would be present.' We went out of curiosity, for Volterra gave the most profuse descriptions of the preparations for the fête. The afore-mentioned reception room was crowded when we entered by Jews of both sexes and of all conditions; but we looked in vain for the representatives of foreign powers; and the only so-called personage of distinction was a dubious, second-class Tunisian 'minister,' reported to be smitten with the charms of Mme. Volterra; which lady, by the bye, was seated in all the glory of paint and powder and in a European silk dress at the center of the divan. Having paid our devoirs we glanced at the buffet where—we had been told—a splendid banquet awaited us. Viands there were, but of untempting description: cold fried fish, reeking with oil, pickled olives, doubtful anchovies, mixed biscuits, Barcelona nuts, and a compound of oily pancake and honey. These were flanked with various bottles marked 'Champagne, première qualité,' 'Vermouth' and 'Absinthe.' . . . As the saloon was insufficient to accommodate the numerous guests, two bedrooms adjoining it were given up to mirth and revelry. I saw excited Jews even clambering on to the swaying tops of the four-poster beds in order to obtain a better view of what was going on. The entertainment was designated 'una

serata armonica,' and consisted of music and dancing. The music was a collection of vulgar and hackneyed European airs, played by indifferent Jewish musicians; and the dances were performed by two fat Jewesses and one lanky man. They were both stupid and obscene, though the worst of the obscenity was the attitudes and gestures of the fat women; for the man seemed a hunted and embarrassed figure. . . ."

The Jewish quarter of Tunis seemed to be scattered over a belt of the great town between the old seaward European quarter and the true Moorish city, though of course the main thoroughfares ran through it. I was told it was distinctly marked out by law, and Jews were forbidden to reside elsewhere, unless they were subjects of foreign powers. It was in those days easy to know when you had entered the Ghetto, for the contrast between it and the Arab town was forcibly marked. The latter in contrast was clean and dignified, and really the Jewish streets in some places seemed a horrible sewer. The slits between the blocks of dirty houses which were called "streets" were choked with accumulated filth and often rendered impassable by pools of foul, stagnant water that drained from the heaps of manure and garbage lining the slimy walls on either side. No attempt was made to enable one to traverse these gulfs without sinking up to the ankle in mire. Even a few stepping stones might have done something; but no! the Jews were content to pass every morning through these sloughs of despond and therefore Christians must do the same. Here one was brought up against the rotting carcass of a dog round which the flies were buzzing; farther on, under a gloomy archway, one might come across a group of houses which by falling forward across the street on either side had been saved by the contact of their roofs from collapsing. They were still inhabited though all their upper floors were on a slant. Dirty children were playing with the remains of a dead rat in the runnel of the street. At the slanting doors of the houses stood disheveled, bold-faced women who exchanged loud gossip with their neighbors, or clinked about the roadway in pattens. At a house still standing erect, beyond where the

sky was again visible, the women were bellowing with inarticulate cries over the death of an inmate. Or the uproar might have been caused by a quarrel. Two Jewish husbands might be fighting like cats, tooth and nail; whilst their women folk were adjuring, assisting, defending, or attempting to separate them. By the wayside stood hawkers of cheap jewelry and sweetmeats proclaiming the excellence of their wares. As regards the sweetmeats their praise would not be out of place, for these Tunisian Jews in those days made wonderfully good confectionery; though if a European had seen where it was made and where sold, he might have been afraid to touch it.

Their taste in furniture and architecture was non-existent. Plenty of gilding and imitation jewelry, gaudy colors—bright violet, prussian blue, orange and scarlet; loud French wall-papers, cheap and tawdry Italian furniture. . . .

The dress of the women had, however, a very archaic appearance and preserved about it more originality and taste. It was said to be of extreme antiquity, to have descended to these days from the time of the Roman Empire. The body from the hips to the ankles was tightly and stiffly clothed in breeches and gaiters, having the legs quite free. From the back of the head arose a stiff horn, and to its peak was fastened a white, silky burnūs which was brought round the cheeks and fastened under the chin. It covered much of the upper surface of the body, but of course the face which was framed by this white vestment was fully exposed and frequently very beautiful; almost invariably so, between the ages of fourteen and twenty. The complexion was singularly fair, and the natural pink and white was enhanced by painting and powder. Their eyes were splendid.

The Jewesses of Tunis had no predominance of nose nor did they assume in old age that vulture physiognomy which in some countries makes them ugly or tragic. Age was only distinguished from youth by increasing obesity. After thirty they tended to become coarse, unwieldy and fat; but between the beginning of womanhood and thirty they seemed to me monoton-

ously beautiful. The men were frequently good looking too, and very seldom suggested a Semitic origin.[1]

Their behavior as husbands, once the very ceremonious marriage is concluded was generally reported as irreproachable. Even though Madame Volterra may have for business purposes consented to futile caresses on the part of the "second-class Tunisian minister" I doubt very much whether—for any inducement—she consented to an act of adultery. Yet, similarly with certain Berber or Arabized Berber tribes in North Africa, there was great liberty of conduct, unashamed prostitution among the marriageable girls when they were in their teens. Once espoused they were—as far as one could learn in 1880—faithful wives and obviously devoted mothers. The love of children among the Tunisian Jews of that time was carried to an absurd degree. And though the children were to the superficial observer peevish, passionate and rude in manners, one had to admit they were attractive, the girls extraordinarily pretty, with little, dainty, deft ways of rendering household assistance to their mothers. These rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, prettily-clad little girls looked strangely out of keeping with the incredible filth of the Jewish streets and dwellings.

A Tunisian Jewish cemetery was, however, one of the saddest, most despairing places I ever visited: the negation of hope: death indeed. All the graves were covered with great flat slabs of marble on which were engraved the names and date of death of the deceased, and verses from the Old Testament or the Talmud. All the grave-stones were precisely alike in shape, size, and material. If the deceased was a pauper the cost of his interment was met by the community. The languages in which the inscriptions were indited were several: Arabic, Hebrew,

[1] If the fore-fatherhood of Shem is intended to cover the peoples speaking "Semitic" languages, it can not at the same time be attributed to several races of Jews or to most of the Arabs; in that the Samaritan Jews, those of Tunis and North Africa generally, even of Abyssinia, seldom present the "Armenoid" appearance of the European Jew and the Assyrian with the curved nose.

French, Italian and Spanish. No flowers or any other adornment of the grave was permitted.

It must be remembered that in 1880, the Jews descended from the Spanish refugees of the sixteenth century were still numerous and of rather an aristocratic, reserved, select type. They, too, were a handsome set, with little of the typical "Armenoid" Israelite about them.

When I returned to Tunis in May, 1880, I desired to finish my large picture of the Mosque of the Olive Tree. At this I painted intermittently till the end of June, when it was more or less completed; but I became weary of the task. The great difficulty was to get models, and having got them, to induce them to come day after day till the work on them was finished. I was ill for part of this time with Malta fever; and as most of my friends were leaving for Europe in July, I was very glad to go home too, though profoundly interested by my eight months' stay in North Africa. It had altered the bent of my life. I have still enjoyed making studies and sketches of beasts, birds, and men, of landscapes and buildings: studies that took up a few hours or a few days. But the elaborate composition of pictures like my huge representation of the Olive Tree Mosque and its crowd of worshipers wearied me and did not seem worth the time spent on them. I was instinctively a photographer but not a composer; a painter of pictures best rendered by the camera and the lens.

The events of that spring had turned my thoughts towards the politics of Africa, towards diplomacy, the enlargement of the British Empire. The extent to which I had mastered French had opened to me a whole new world of thought. I had also arrived in Tunis similarly acquainted with Italian and Spanish. It was no doubt a comparatively paltry achievement, equaled by many a young Englishman who goes out to South America, Egypt or Spain; but what a difference it made, if only in the enlargement of reading! Then, during these eight months I had learned a considerable amount of Arabic; I had some knowledge of Portuguese and German. . . . Europe seemed posing for

a great attack on Africa, a great plunge into Asia. The Turkish Government of Tunis was hopelessly decayed. . . . Was that of Morocco, of Egypt, of Turkey any better? My visit to eastern Algeria, brief as it had been, had shown me the vast difference between a region that had been governed for a few years by France; and Tunis, under Turkish rule since the sixteenth century. France would take Tunis in a few months or another year—I was convinced: Italy would be bound to intervene in Tripoli; Spain, England or France in Morocco, England or France or both together in Egypt, in Syria, in Mesopotamia. What was to happen south of the Sahara? Zanzibar? West Africa? The Congo Basin? South Central Africa?

I was not physically very strong in those times. Probably when stationary in Tunis or in England I ate too much, for many years. But when I traveled and even underwent considerable hardships (other than cold) I was well. I had come to Tunis originally for health as much as for any other reason. In a measure I had been rewarded. But after my return to England in July, 1880, health troubles again assailed me. . . .

Nevertheless an intense desire to be self-supporting, not to seem to have failed, kept me at work with brush and chalk and Indian ink at my studio in Chelsea. I painted landscapes in Devonshire and the Wye Valley to compete for Royal Academy medals among the Academy students, but only obtained a "proxime accessit" or an honorable mention; I exhibited and sold most of my smaller Tunis studies; I painted in the (then) beautiful pine woods of Bournemouth, on the downs of south Dorsetshire, and at the wonderful swannery of Abbotsbury; or in Kent round about Rochester. But in London, either at Champion Hill or at my studio in Chelsea I was seldom well. How much was imagination, how much genuine malady, I can not say. I had an exceedingly comfortable home and was much attached to my brothers and sisters. We used to get up with our cousins elaborate theatricals; for my father, with his inconsistency, though he disapproved of the London theaters—except when they transferred their companies to the Crystal Palace—was in reality very

fond of witnessing stage performances. I wrote some of the pieces we acted, and used to send them after this trial to the German Reeds, whence they were invariably returned with cold phrases of rejection.

CHAPTER IV

Maurice de Roumefort had gone home from Tunis in May, 1880, owing to the illness and death of his mother; and after her death, being the eldest son of his father, he had decided to settle down in France on the family estate near St. Jean d'Angély. He asked me, early in the summer of 1881, to come and spend a fortnight with his people. I was going to Paris with my eldest brother and his wife, so I accepted, and went on at the beginning of July to St. Jean d'Angély (in the direction of Rochefort) whence one had to drive seven miles to my friend's home at Vervant. Vervant was a delightful place—an extensive château, the stables of which were the vestiges of the old house which dated from the fourteenth century and had once been in the possession of the English. The modern château had been rebuilt about thirty years before 1881, or even later. But it seemed to me—in 1881—in very good taste, and in congruity with the vestiges of the old building. Indeed at that time it might have been, in most respects of taste, convenience and sanitation, ranked as an achievement in French domestic architecture. Through its flat park, studded with superb poplars and groups of tall oaks, ashes, elms, and aspens flowed, tranquilly and deeply, the little Boutonne River, to be merged with the Charente near its mouth. Though the country was perfectly flat it seemed to me of rare beauty, a landscape of eighteenth century French fairy tales. Cognac and Saintes were not very far away.

I came to this lovely, sleepy place for an ostensible fortnight and I stayed three months. De Roumefort's father—the Vicomte—was charming, merry, hospitable—a Frenchman without a fault. He occasionally shed a tear in impulsive sorrow of remembrance of his wife, who had died the year before and whom every one asserted to have been a perfect woman. His

At p 364 is a very 75 map of mine. The interest in a book of travel lies very much in the reader tracing my course on the map.

stately old mother, eighty years old, the Comtesse de Roumefort, kept house for him. His elder brother the Comte lived at one of the towns near by. He was or had been mayor of it, but—though possessed of a beautiful home—was said to be much poorer than his younger brother, the master of Vervant. The Comte de Roumefort was also a widower. I fancy he had no son, but he possessed a daughter—Jeanne—whom I shall not easily forget.

She seemed to me—then—unique; about thirty years old, nice-looking, destined—I know not why—to maidenhood, *libre penseuse,* yet on the best of terms with the curé, amazingly clever and well-read, knowing English, musical, absolutely outspoken on all subjects. I should have said a perfect woman, and so modern in her outlook that as I look back it amazes me to think I have not seen her since the autumn of 1881. She appeared to be absolutely good, but she would talk on any subject—like a man. All her relations loved her, but she always said—if pressed—that she was too poor to marry. She has stood out in my remembrance as one of the most remarkable women I have met in my life. And yet I never heard or saw any more of her after that three months' acquaintance.

For two months out of the three we led a water life at Vervant. On the days when no excursion, no party was in contemplation, we—the men—came down from our bed-chambers, after our early breakfasts, clothed simply in a Tunisian *gandura,* socks and shoes. A gandura was an ample garment with short, broad sleeves and a hole through which to pass the head. It came down to the ankles, had no seam, was perfectly decent yet scarcely touched the lower part of the body, and was the coolest vesture I have ever donned. The river was about two hundred yards from the house and was thickly shrouded by magnificent trees. Once at the riverside we could remove the gandura and hang it to a tree and swim up and down the stream, punt, fish or paddle a canoe. You could travel a mile up and a mile down stream without meeting a house or anything more frightening than an occasional *garde-chasse* or shepherd. Of course all this time

the temperature was that of a real, hot, French summer—constantly about 80° and rising often to 95°, or whatever was its equivalent in centigrade. I had my easel, canvases and paint box in the ample boat-house. Being diligent by nature I could not spend more than an hour or two in idleness; so I would resume my gandura and fez and work at one or other of my studies of water, water lilies, reflections, swans, poplars, willows and aspens.

I painted in all one large picture of the Boutonne and its sun-lit trees, and their long reflections in the still, deep water; and three smaller canvases of poplars, of the full moon rising above the herbage, and of a harvest field. Three of these were shown at the Royal Academy and the Dudley Gallery of 1882, when I was away in Africa.

I introduced to these delightful Roumeforts the idea of afternoon tea, at five. Sometimes we went in at half-past four and dressed for this; on very hot days the dear old grandmother would come out to the tea-table on the shaded lawn and give us our tea out of doors. We always habited ourselves with conventional propriety for dinner at seven, and to these dinners often came the pleasant neighbors, the noblesse of the old régime or an amplitude of bourgeois vine-growers. I was sometimes taken for a day's or a day-and-a-night's stay with this and that family in the neighborhood; or for a night in "town"—Bordeaux, Saintes, Rochefort.

The Vicomte de Roumefort and his two boys were very religious, very convinced Catholics; a condition which was not incompatible in the eyes of the younger men (or I should think, the father) with great freedom in regard to their relations with women. The two boys were approximately twenty-three and twenty-one. Maurice, my particular friend, the former attaché at Tunis, was very orthodox about fasting on Fridays and in Lent, though he kept as his mistress a rather respectable young actress in a neighboring town—when she was not touring (she was really quite a nice creature).

Maurice's natural history, as affected by some Roman Catholic

directions as to fasting, staggered me by its defiance of truth. A teal and several other kinds of water bird were computed as "fish," and the young man positively believed that teal *were* fish. His menu of Fridays consequently was sufficiently varied not to entail much mortification. The younger boy (Jean) was passing through his year—or whatever was the period—of volunteer service in the army. He was a great, hearty creature who occasionally got "permission" and came home for a week-end and returned very doleful: a noisy clamorous young man, seemingly, and yet gifted, like most Frenchmen of his class, with charming manners.

The father was more modern-minded than the sons, less pietistic. What surprised him—and me too—was my relations with the Curé of the village and my coming with my hosts to the Sunday morning service in the old church (said to date from the fourteenth century, when Vervant was a stronghold of the English). My religious faith in those days was pretty much what it is now: *nil.* But I felt particularly drawn not only to the Curé of Vervant, but oddly enough to most of the clergy in this part of France. Some gave up their spare time to poultry-breeding or to literary pursuits; one or two were retired missionaries who had served in Africa or China. But not one that I met failed to be interesting, in one outlook or another.

I also found another class very different to the character devised for them in current fiction: the noblesse of western France. The Roumeforts claimed to have been "noble" from some remote period, possibly from the times of English occupation under the House of Lancaster. They were seemingly related to all the titled people of the Saintonge, the Bordelais and Dordogne; and we moved from one château to another, visiting their cousins and second cousins. The life lived at these houses struck me at first with being "English" as regards sports and pastimes, dress, outlook on the world, and conversation. The women were delightful. Some in their frankness and education were like Jeanne de Roumefort. The men were just what men ought to be: brave, polite, good riders, good shots, genial companions, and

—it seemed to me—unusually well educated. Most of them had served in the army or were now serving; many had traveled; a much larger proportion of both men and women spoke or could read English than was the case with the middle class of those days.

On the other hand I was much amused to meet among the wine merchants, the owners of vineyards in Médoc or the Bordelais, Johnstons descended from incomers of the eighteenth century who could speak no English.

I left the west of France with regret and promises to return, which owing to the pressure of circumstances, could only be very slightly fulfilled. I came there, in fact, in the summer of 1883, after my return from the Congo. Maurice de Roumefort had only just been married. I visited him and his wife in Périgord, in the chestnut woods, among the wolf-hunters, and moved on with them to their house in Limoges. His grandmother was at Vervant very ill, and I was recalled to London in connection with my next African expedition. Owing to absorption in Africa I have never seen the Roumeforts again. . . . Thirty-nine, forty-one years ago! . . .

I must go back in time to 1880 to deal with another friend of my youth: William Alexander Forbes,[1] the successor of Garrod at the Prosector's Room, Zoological Gardens. I had known him slightly in the last year of Garrod's life, but not with any intimacy till after my return from Tunis in 1880. We became great friends in the autumn of that year. He, like me, had a passion for travel. While I was in France he dashed out to Brazil to spend nine weeks studying its bird life. He had edited the book dealing with Garrod's papers, researches and short, brilliant life. When I returned from France in October, 1881, Forbes and I discussed a project of going to study in Central Asia—Khiva, Bokhara, Persia. I wanted to find out about the Saracenic architecture of those regions; Forbes wished to study their fauna. We both knew it could only be done through Russian

[1] I assisted to illustrate his papers and Journal which were published in a single volume of 478 pages very ably drawn up and edited by F. E. Beddard M. A. in 1885.

good-will, so we set to work to learn Russian. We obtained a tutor—half Russian, half English—and got him to come in the evenings to my studio in Chelsea.

We proceeded just far enough with Russian to appreciate its enormous difficulties. The Cyrillic alphabet derived from the Byzantine Greek expresses its sounds very imperfectly; and in addition the language during the last five centuries has progressed and developed and now does not correspond implicitly in its pronunciation with its spelling; it has followed a path akin to English divergence from the rendering in letters, though not reaching to anything like English eccentricity, French perversity, or the sheer unreason—most signal of all—of the Irish language. We were just beginning to weary of the effort to remember when *o* was to be pronounced *a,* and when the two symbols for *e* were to be rendered *ĕ, iō, yĕ* or *ē,* when large and complicated letters were to be written but not pronounced; when something occurred which wholly diverted my thoughts from Central Asia to West or Central Africa.

The young Earl of Mayo of those days had sent Mr. Forbes a proposal that he or some one like him should join Lord Mayo in an exploring journey in Angola—Portuguese Southwest Africa. The project had apparently been started through Lord Mayo who had already traveled in Abyssinia—meeting representatives of the Trek Boers in England. There were, I think, two of these men. One of them was a fine-looking fellow named Jordan, afterwards killed in some quarrel between the Boers and the warlike tribes related to the Ovambo.

Lord Mayo, then an officer in the Guards aged about thirty—proposed crossing the southern part of Angola (Mossâmedes) to the unknown southern basin of the Congo; at any rate as far as the upper course of the Kunene River. The Trek Boers had brought from this region strange stories of big game—afterwards greatly verified—of unexplored rivers and lakes, and of the presence of a beautiful elevated country beyond the coast belt where it was healthy and there was no tsetse fly. Lord Mayo intended to conclude an arrangement (after reaching this inland

plateau) with the Trek Boers which might lead to very extensive exploration of the Zambezi-Congo water-parting. He wanted an English companion, and if the latter would pay his traveling expenses to and from Mossâmedes on the Angola coast, he, Lord Mayo, would meet the cost of travel in the interior.

Forbes much wanted to go; but Sclater and his father were opposed to the project. "How would *you* like to go?" he suddenly asked me one day in November, 1881, as we were walking away to lunch at the Zoological Gardens.

I suddenly decided the journey was what I had long wanted to undertake: an exploration of Tropical Africa. Saracenic architecture could be put on one side, but my interest in the study of human races, mammals and birds would of course be greatly stimulated. My father after seeing Lord Mayo accorded his approval of the project, and was prepared to assist me in its cost to the extent of £200 when I had exhausted such funds as had already accumulated from the sale of my pictures and drawings.

Lord Mayo's mother, the Countess of Mayo (then an important person in Queen Victoria's household) took a great interest in the expedition. She was a very practical woman, "with no nonsense about her," who lived when at home in a house belonging to the Government in Greenwich park, not very far from where my uncle, Dr. Purcell (who died just about the time I was leaving in 1882), had resided in the 'sixties. She was so sensible and business-like, in a way so "simple," that I took a great liking to her. I talked to her much about Tunis, especially the north of Tunis (I did not then know the south), its possibilities, and my own deep interest in the country. When we had started for Southwest Africa she went out to Tunis and purchased an estate for her youngest son Terence near Bizerta—with rare prescience; for the French had not then taken in Bizerta's importance. Terence went there in the early 'eighties, developed it remarkably, learned Arabic to an extent accomplished by few Englishmen, got on with the French and still more with the natives, and married a very nice fellow countrywoman.

(In 1897 I got him promoted from Consular Agent to Vice

Consul. He did much more than was publicly known to deal with the embarrassing situation between the French and ourselves in 1897-9. For one thing, his mother in '83 or '84 had consciously or unconsciously bought up the most strategically important land commanding Bizerta harbor and outlet and presented it to her son. Unless the French had expropriated him it was impossible to build forts in the right position to command and control the narrow outlet from Bizerta harbor. Why they did not take these measures—as we expected they were going to—I can not say. Possibly they found it was too late, or that Bizerta for their fleet was likely to prove a Santiago—just after Santiago had been captured and the Spanish fleet destroyed by the Americans. Practically nothing of this silent duel between smiling Terence Bourke and his shrewd old mother, on the one hand, and the French republic, on the other, became known at the time. Bourke spoke perfect French, and when the nightmare passed away—I hope for ever—of a war *à outrance* between France and Britain, no one was more delighted than he. He died—alas! —in May, 1923, after these lines were written.)

Lady Mayo's second son, Maurice, was a distinguished naval officer whom I did not come to know till sometime afterwards. He was much in the Mediterranean and came within an ace of being killed—except that he was a good swimmer—when Admiral Tryon's ship, the *Victoria,* ran into the man-of-war commanded by Maurice Bourke off the Syrian coast.

Algernon, the third son (who died early in 1922), was in 1881 on the staff of the *Times.* He was there, I remember, on that startling occasion in late 1881 or early '82 when a printer, annoyed at something which had occurred, managed to insert a paragraph into a speech of Sir William Harcourt which made that statesman suddenly express—in the language of the street —the grossest desires. I was visiting Algie Bourke early that morning, with some material I had been writing about Tunis. He asked me what I thought of Sir William's speech. "Oh," I said, "I never have the time or inclination to read political speeches." "Well, I should advise you to run your eye down

Above: The town of Zanzibar in 1884, with Arab daus in foreground.
Below: In Sir John Kirk's gardens at Mbweni, Zanzibar Island.

this one, for I think it will make some stir, and you'll never see *this* version again."

It was arranged in this expedition that I was to study the languages and to make natural history collections. So in November and December, 1881, I spent much time at the British Museum Library initiating myself into the Bantu languages. I read Bleek's two volumes on the Bantu, in which he only reached the prefixes and nouns (he had died in 1875); and Monteiro's book on the regions we were to travel through. But the problem of the Bantu languages arrested my attention peculiarly and I conceived, as long ago as then, the idea of following up the work of Wilhelm Bleek, Edward Steere, and Sigismund Koelle and finishing it—if possible. As I write these lines it pleases me to think that this ambition as least has been fulfilled, forty years afterwards, when so many others have been abandoned or taken out of my hands.

Bleek and Koelle, almost conjointly in the 'fifties, began dimly to perceive and enunciate the Bantu problem: the possibility of a whole third of Africa being occupied by but *one* family of languages (except for the dying Hottentot-Bushman); whereas in the rest of Tropical Africa distinct, unrelated families of speech might be numbered by *hundreds,* some of them only limited in areas to a few villages, the space of an English county, or a province no larger than Belgium. Bleek was a man of such remarkable intuition in philology that in the 'fifties and early 'sixties he had grasped the fact of the existence of the Semi-Bantu languages, of West African speech; groups which contained prefix-governed languages allied to the Bantu. I don't think he ventured on the name "Semi-Bantu"; that possibly originated with myself; but he—and less definitely, Koelle—called these tongues something equivalent. In Central Africa, however, Bleek working from a Cape Town basis only realized and described about fifty-six Bantu languages, between the Mombasa coast on the east and the Cameroons and Fernando Póo on the west, and thence along the coasts southwards to Cape Colony.

The tongues of the interior practically remained unknown till after Bleek's death.

Lord Mayo asked me to write or to contribute to the composition of a pamphlet describing the purport and subjects of study of his expedition. There is a copy of this in the Library of the British Museum. It was printed at the commencement of 1882.

This realization of the Bantu question quite diverted my attention from other problems, and was to become one of the chief causes of my interest in Africa.

We started from Liverpool in April, 1882, on an uncomfortable and primitive old steamer, the *Benguella,* which underwent the usual bad weather—remitted only between June and September—in the Bay of Biscay. I believe in crossing the bay the wind and sea together were so frightful that we nearly came to utter grief; and arriving at Madeira we were blissfully detained there for repairs. We halted outside Sierra Leone long enough for me to sketch the gloomy landscape of primitive lighthouse, gigantic trees, and the forested, cloud-swathed mountain-tops which had arrested the Mediterranean man's attention as early as the voyage of Hanno five or six hundred years before Christ. We picked up Kruboys off the Liberian coast but did not otherwise stop till we reached Bonny, on one of the many river mouths which form the Niger Delta. This was the first landing for me in Tropical Africa. I realized the squalor of the Niger coast, the moisture, the intensely Negro character of the vigorous people; but the splendor of the vegetation impressed me.

Somewhere about here we encountered a gunboat, the *Rambler,* belonging to the West African squadron of our Navy which in those days combined the survey of the West African and east South American coasts in one Commodore's command. The officer commanding the *Rambler* was the Honble. Algernon Littleton, in after years Captain and Admiral.

We journeyed next to Old Calabar, which struck me with its beauty, its magnificent vegetation, because here, on the right-hand side of its river (an affluent of the Cross River), one was on the edge of the Niger Delta, almost outside it: here the mass

of highland which rises south and east of the Benue reaches the coast in mountains and volcanoes of considerable height (such as the Cameroons). This indeed is the beginning of the western edge of Central Africa; and along the eastern side of the Cross River and its delta it contrasts abruptly crystalline rocks and water-worn stones with the alluvial mud of the Niger mouths, which stretches for several hundred miles westward to the verge of Dahomé.

We next visited the Cameroons River, a region which was preparing through its Duala chiefs a petition to the British Government to annex it. The *Rambler* kept us company and at the Cameroons I transferred myself on board to quarters which by their contrast with the sordid *Benguella* seemed to me palatial. Lord Mayo was fully conscious of the discomforts, the shocking bad food and cooking on the *Benguella,* but bore these conditions with philosophy since complaints were futile. But he realized that the lack of digestible food was affecting my fitness for African exploration and did what he could to effect my transference to the *Rambler.* Here, in a very short time, I became perfectly well. My journey from the Cameroons down to Mossâmedes was blissful. I slept in a cot-hammock, slung in the spacious saloon. Everything about me (it was a surveying ship) was deliciously clean. The food was good and nicely served. The weather was the idyllic autumn of Southwest Africa. We called at all the interesting places on the north side of the Congo mouth, and kept in touch with the *Benguella* at the chief ports, until at last I was landed at Mossâmedes.

Mossâmedes, we learned, had been founded by the Baraõ (Baron) de Mossâmedes in the early part of the nineteenth century. He was the Portuguese Colonial Minister of the time, and he evidently realized that Mossâmedes, though sandy and desert-like, possessed a healthy climate and might become a "white" city in course of time. As we saw it in 1882 it was an ugly place but a good port and anchorage for ships: ugly because the ground was blank sand and the Portuguese houses looked so artificial, like the results of a game in "bricks" played by giants. The

natives of the country were not abundant on the sea-coast because for some distance farther north it was desertic. About forty miles north of Mossâmedes the sandy desert, gradually narrowing till it was only a mile broad, came to an end. In the latitude of Mossâmedes—15° S.—it might have measured thirty or forty miles across—sand, spotted here and there with stones and with clumps of the extraordinary Welwitschia plant.[1]

We were for reasons I have forgotten commended to the hospitality (in default of an inn) of a Portuguese medical officer, Dr. L—— e F——. He was old then—sixty-five? seventy?—so he can scarcely be alive now, forty years afterwards, to read my account of him. I think therefore I may be frank without indiscretion. Outwardly he was an elderly, upright, rather well-seeming Portuguese, of considerable learning in medicine, able to speak French as well as Portuguese. But his history and his enormous household were nearly unprecedented.

He was reported about forty years before to have arrived from Portugal with a Portuguese wife and a little son. This little son (the wife being long dead) had grown up into a stalwart military or naval officer—I use this alternate phrase because though his title was "Major" and his standing seemingly military he was generally costumed in what I took to be naval uniform. This officer had a separate household and only visited his father on Sundays. But apparently thirty or more years previously when his Portuguese wife had died, Dr. L—— e F—— had taken to himself a Negro mistress. There she was: a woman of brown-black skin, nicely dressed in the fashion of the year before last, about fifty years of age, directress of the household.

The next in seniority of wives was her eldest daughter, a mulatress of thirty years old (at a guess), mother of quite a large family by her father, Dr. L—— e F——. The four other daughters, sisters of the mulatress, had become in turn the wives

[1] *Welwitschia mirabilis,* a member of a sparse order of plants on the borderland of the conifers, cycads and flowering plants. It was discovered in the 'fifties by Dr. Welwitsch near Mossâmedes. Its range extends down to the Orange River, along the southwest coast. It develops two huge leathery dicotyledonous leaves on either side of a low, foot-high trunk on the edge of which (like a basin of cork) grow the seed-vessels.

of their father and had had children by him. And now we gathered by this glimpse and that admission that he was in his honeymoon with his eldest grandchild, a pleasant-looking quadroon of about fifteen years of age.

The boys as they grew up became officials, officers in the police force; but most of the girls remained in their father-grandfather's household. The house was comparatively large. There was no disorder. Lord Mayo, his servant and I all had separate, nicely-tended bedrooms, quite clean. There was only a crowd over the two big meals of the day: breakfast at eleven and dinner at sunset. The voices of the girls and women were pleasant-sounding and their manners were irreproachable.

I was too much exercised over drawing *Welwitschia* plants, Andombe and Akoroka natives to have attended much to the maddening difficulties of transport which Lord Mayo and Kelly (his servant) had to overcome.[1] I understood that the Trek

[1] While waiting for the Boer ox-drawn wagons, it occurred to Lord Mayo that we would make a preliminary journey to the mid-course of the Koroka River, about fifty miles south of Mossâmedes. We got the use of one Boer wagon for our luggage and provisions and walked alongside it. I thought the scenery weirdly interesting *when we got there.* The desert coast on the way thither was like a dead world. We saw no natives, no beasts, and very few birds; and in vegetation only an occasional sprawling *Welwitschia.* But the valley of the Koroka River was rather a striking landscape, with drab, flat-topped hills surmounting it. Looking down on it from a height of a few hundred feet I could descry moving slowly among the rank grass and bushes immense herds of buffalo. I took them at first to be the domestic cattle of the A-koroka people.

But the most remarkable episode on the journey was this. Half way there, in the sandy desert, among one or two clumps of *Welwitschia,* we descried the body of an European explorer lying on the ground insensible, sun-smitten seemingly. Lord Mayo stopped our cart, examined the prone European, descried no sign of luggage, companions, expedition. He put him in the cart and went on a little farther to the place where we were to stay for the night. After an hour or two the man woke up, looked around, not much astonished, and introduced himself as "Captain Hans Vischer(?)" He told us he was on his way—as we were—for the Koroka, and after that for the Kunene, and thence for a German mission station beyond. He offered no explanation that I was aware of concerning himself, his being quite alone, or anything else. Two or more years afterwards when in East Africa I was reading newspaper accounts of the German claim to Southwest Africa, I saw that some of the treaties had been made by this man whom we had found lying insensible on the sand, without companions or help—seemingly—twenty miles south of Mossâmedes.

Boers had rather failed us in not coming in time from the interior plateau down to the coast, being timid of the effect of the low-lying desert country on their oxen. However I don't remember much that was disagreeable—or indeed anything. The interior was perfectly safe. Fifty or sixty miles away was a notable range, the Shela Mountains, really the fantastic edge of the interior plateau. I fancy the only direction in which there was real disappointment was in the Boers not risking horses on the coast belt, in case they encountered the tsetse fly.

But when the difficulties about our loads had been somehow overcome I started for the interior, riding a mule or walking through the sand, feeling uncommonly well and intensely interested. In three or four days I reached the Shela Mountains. I had somehow got separated from the others and from my luggage, except a small traveling bag which I carried. At about forty miles inland I made for the house of a Portuguese planter, advised to do so by the Boers. He received me with charming hospitality, with the manners of Europe and in the French language. Entry into his house and especially his drawing-room staggered me: it was civilization. The furniture was in good taste. On the tables was a great variety of literature, including reviews and newspapers, French and Portuguese, of scarcely more than two months old. As we sat at a well-cooked dinner that night, served deftly and silently by a Negro or two in a white uniform, I said, as a thought spoken aloud: "Mais pourquoi êtes-vous venu en Afrique?"

"I?" he replied in the same language, "I was exiled here because I killed my uncle."

I could only think of the inept reply "Est-ce possible?" But when dinner was over and we had retired to the drawing-room and a smoke he told me in separate instalments how it had come about. A brother and sister left by their parents to be brought up by a wicked uncle; on the boy's becoming nineteen or twenty, the uncle in one of their angry conversations about money and what he has done with their parents' fortune, aims a blow at the young man who returns it with a red-eyed outburst of wrath

and strength. The uncle is killed, and the heart-broken young man—because of his intense attachment to his younger sister—is exiled to the interior of Mossâmedes. "Perhaps when I have lived here twenty years—I have now been ten—they will let me return?"

I climbed alone the steep road to the Shela Mountains, through which a railway now passes. Reaching the foot of that range the desert had given place to running water and rich vegetation. Half way up to four thousand feet the vegetation became beautiful. Night overtook me and I had not regained our caravan. So I lay down on the very hard road and tried to sleep with my bag as a pillow. I soon afterwards came to know that the country was infested with lions. Indeed I probably heard them roaring that night. But I slept in patches of an hour, half an hour, two hours unattacked; and when morning broke I first shot a francolin with my gun, plucked it and roasted it over a fire kindled by myself, and ate it well roasted but with no condiment but hunger. An hour's walk along the untidy track brought me to the sound of human voices and I saw Lord Mayo walking towards me.

We reached Humpata the next day. It was the most northern then of the Boer settlements. The country looked utterly different to the desert coast belt. Though it was the beginning of the dry season an occasional shower freshened up the ground and helped to keep the grass green and the flowers in bloom. The heat did not rise above 80° in the daytime and went down to 40° at night; so that we enjoyed the bounteous wood fires of the Boers. The Trek Boers had already built themselves substantial, two-storied dwelling-houses of bricks, with thatched roofs. Their buxom women were efficient housewives: bakers, washerwomen, makers of excellent soup, of good bread from wheat crops sown and harvested by the settlers who had been there since about 1878.

To represent the Portuguese Government—which had been a little taken aback at this invasion of Angola by Boer families, an official had been established in the Boer settlements of Huila

and Humpata. In the latter place Portugal was represented by a very nice young man who had married a pretty Boeress. I never heard in all subsequent developments of any political trouble arising between the Trek Boers and the Portuguese, no difficulties about territorial rights. The invaders from the south were not all of Transvaal origin; there were several settlers of English blood who had migrated thither from the Cape. I rather think our friend and guide, Jordan, was a Cape Colonist. He always sided with the Boers in regard to the natives and a few years later was killed in one of the numerous native outbreaks which occurred near the Kunene River, where various tribes allied to the Herero in race and language (such as the Kuanyama and the Ovambo), fought strenuously with the Boer invaders and killed many of them.

One of the incomers into southern Angola at this period was Mr. W. J. B. Chapman, son of the great mid-nineteenth century explorer, James Chapman. Mr. William Chapman on entering Angola trekked steadily towards the wonderfully beautiful mountain country of Luimbale, near Bihé. I believe I never saw him, or realized him then; but he noted my coming with Lord Mayo, and many years later entered into correspondence with me when I was giving a sketch of his father's exploring work; and learning of my long-sustained enthusiasm for the study of the Bantu languages he supplied me both for the first and second volumes of my work on that subject with invaluable information. His sons fought for us in the Great War. They and he were examples of far-flung patriotism.

For several months we led an idyllic existence in a beautiful climate, wandering slowly down the valley of the Kakulovari affluent of the Kunene till we reached the broad plain through which that great river flowed. We must have struck its course at a point where it was in a very indeterminate mood, saying to itself *"Shall* I flow southward to the Etosha Lake and eventually be carried into the mysterious system of rivers which overflow to and fill up Lake Ngami? Or shall I turn off here, pierce a way through the rocky barrier of the plateau, and make for the Atlantic Ocean through the desert?"

Unfortunately the Kunene decided on this latter course some hundreds or some few thousands of years ago. But it still sends in times of great rains a contribution of its overflow towards the Etosha, and tempts geographers with the great scheme of saving its waters from waste in the Atlantic to irrigate the desert between northwestern Bechuanaland and the Kalahari.

The shooting became better and better. We had not the amazing, staggering abundance of beasts that I was privileged to see later in East Africa; but the elephants, giraffes, rhinoceroses, zebras, buffalo, roan antelopes, palas, water-buck, and ostriches were sufficiently abundant—even with the prior killing of the Boers for four previous years—to entrance my virgin imagination as a would-be hunter and naturalist.

Near the junction of the Kakulovari with the Kunene there was a large Portuguese trading station (Humbe) belonging to a genial, hospitable Portuguese trader-and-slave-dealer known as Celorico. Celorico bought the slaves that were the result of the raids all round about of the warlike Kuanyama people, one of whose chiefs lived at Humbe. There was also a station at or near Humbe of the Roman Catholic Mission of the Sacred Heart of Mary. This seemed in those days to be chiefly directed by French fathers, men of great worth and knowledge. Duparquet, I think, was the name of one of their leading missioners. He and most of his colleagues were bold explorers of Southwest Africa and already beginning to illustrate the languages of this district of South Angola and the Ovambo country.

I rather fancy from dim remembrance that not long after the Mayo Expedition left this region terrible wars ensued between the Trek Boers, the warlike natives of the Herero stock, and the Portuguese. Whose fault was the cause of these uprisings I do not remember. I should say they were mainly caused by the irruption of the Trek Boers. The Portuguese tried to intervene to save the former from extermination and themselves lost many men and had to send several expeditions. Most of the South Africans (rather than "Boers") whom I knew in this region

lost their lives between 1884 and 1890. The rest—thoroughly respectable "adventurers" like W. J. B. Chapman—survived and made homes in the hinterland of southern Angola.

This region during the last twenty-two years has grown more and more into prominence through discoveries in regard to its mammalian fauna. It has seemed as though Angola is somewhat sharply divided into two faunistic regions, with the River Kwanza as a dividing line. South of the main Kwanza and west of the basin of the Kwango (the westernmost tributary of the Congo) the country is in the main an open parkland with high mountains. Here have penetrated at least two distinct species of zebra, the lion, the big South African buffalo, most of the striking antelopes of South Africa. Here—in southern Angola—the Sable antelope attains its most superb development, with gigantic horns.

North of the Kwanza the flora becomes more allied to that of West Africa, the Oil palm is abundant, the gray parrot exists and perhaps attains its maximum development in becoming in some examples not merely the possessor of a scarlet tail but of light gray plumage increasingly flecked with scarlet on its way to becoming scarlet all over. But the southern half of Angola belongs more to South and Southeast Africa in its affinities. Its natives speak the Southwest Africa group of Bantu languages, a subdivision of remarkable interest which unfortunately I only studied slightly in that distant year of 1882.[1]

At Humbe on the Kunene (Ku-nene—"the great river") I said good bye to Lord Mayo. Another friend was expected to come out and join him, and I had been tempted to part company by the chance of a visit to the Congo, then a land of scarcely solved mystery, being gradually opened up by Stanley.

In the spring of 1882, on the way down the coast in *H.M.S. Rambler,* we had called at Banana Point (mouth of the Congo) and at St. Paul de Loanda (capital of Angola). At Banana we had learned that Stanley, seemingly very ill, had just departed

[1] It has been fully dealt with in the first and second volumes of my *Comparative Study,* thanks to the assistance of Mr. Chapman.

for Europe. At Loanda I had found a real friend in the British Consul, Mr. Augustus Cohen.[1] Mr. Cohen claimed to know Stanley well and promised me a letter of introduction to him if he returned, and if I, on finishing the South Angola exploration, wished to try my luck in the Congo Basin.

However, I had a subsidiary purpose on the way: to see something of Angola first. There was in those days a remarkable man named Robert Scott Newton, a Scotsman, who had made himself indispensable to the Angola Government by keeping a well-furnished store at the capital, St. Paul de Loanda, by running a line of steamers up and down the Kwanza River—as far as it was navigable from the sea—and doing various other things to develop the country. He was British Vice Consul, and Acting Consul when the Consul was away. He enabled me to make a very interesting voyage up the Kwanza in his comfortable steamers and to draw the scenery and question the natives as to their languages. I made other and shorter journeys inland from St. Paul de Loanda and along the northern coast.

[1] Mr. Cohen came from a Scottish family (in spite of his apparently Jewish name) much connected with Jamaica and the West Indies.

CHAPTER V

See maps at 264

EQUIPPED with Consul Cohen's letter of introduction to Stanley, I was landed at the one Congo entrance-port, Banana, and became a habitant of the Dutch house at that place.

Here I was well lodged and well fed (at a very moderate charge). A great deal of dignity was maintained over this large establishment of a dozen Dutch clerks, one or two doctors, a steamer captain or mate now and again, and a considerable contingent of visitors, mostly in those days Germans, Englishmen, Belgians out for the "Comité d'Études du Haut Congo," as the nascent Congo Free State was called. The lord of the establishment was Mr. A. de Bloeme, the head Dutch Agent, British Vice Consul for the Congo mouth, and several other things beside. He was always exceedingly, rather alarmingly polite to me, but could be "aweful" in his discipline over the dozen Dutch clerks. When any one of these had been naughty he was not allowed to be present at the stately meal in the great dining-room. If you instituted cautious and timid enquiries in whispers you learned of his fault and the reparation he was making by denying himself to the world.

I often thought how different, how "continental" was this discipline to the much more "equality" proceedings at the English factories. Which course paid better in the long run—the severe discipline of the Dutch factories, here and elsewhere on the Lower Congo, or the free-and-easy terms prevailing at the English Houses (such as those of Hatton and Cookson), I could not say. One argument for discipline with the Dutch was "health." I could not however, in comparing the freedom of the English with the strict control of the Dutch, see that one House was markedly healthier than the other.

With the Dutch it was not thought wrong to take to oneself

a native mistress. On the contrary, at Banana Point and wherever else I visited their compounds the clerks and their superiors nearly always kept a native woman. The women were well-dressed and happy. Their male half-caste children were educated first in Africa then in Holland, and either came back to the Congo or else to the Gold Coast as clerks. What happened to the female half-castes, I can not say; but I dare say they were provided for somehow.

De Bloeme had a native wife or mistress, of whom one caught a rare glimpse from time to time. She had given him quite a large family of half-caste children in the education of whom he showed considerable interest. Some years afterwards I heard ill-health had obliged him to retire to Holland, but I believe the last years of his Congo consort were made quite happy and respectable. In this the Dutch, though in race and language so like us, differed materially from our English way of looking at things: they were what the men of Hatton and Cookson, John Holt, and other Liverpool trading firms used to call "continental." They imported Negro women into their African homes without either hesitation or false shame; as also did the French or Portuguese. Not so the English, from Liverpool, Bristol, London or Manchester. These last were most of them married at home, in England, and their lapses from continence in Africa, if they occurred, were furtive. If they became the fathers of children, one was told that they tendered shame-facedly some sort of "compensation" to the mother and then tried to ignore the matter as much as possible. Whereas the Dutch, French, Portuguese father brought up his half-caste child with care and kindness, and if it were a boy sent it either to some superior mission school for an education, or even to Europe.

Staying with de Bloeme at this time (November, 1882) were the members of the German section of the Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo, or some German branch of the fatuously mistermed "Internationale" society for exploring the Congo: Dr. Pechuel-Loesche and his companions. It was supposed by them that

Stanley was not coming back, was dying, had been dismissed by the King of the Belgians. The Comité d'Etudes was passing over to Germany. Germany "was going to have the Congo;" she was also going to take Damaraland, where German missions had been at work. Did I think of going up the Congo? If so, they would regretfully inform me it was not now possible; circumstances had obliged them as influential members of the staff at Vivi to forbid the entrance of any more Europeans into the new zone.

I held my peace, especially as I realized that de Bloeme was in league with these men and would take measures to prevent my going up the river. After some cogitation and secret discussions with one of our Baptist missionaries who had come down the river to embark for Europe I affected to give up any idea of going to Stanley's headquarters, and proposed instead to take a steamer passage to the south bank of the estuarine Congo and stay at a Portuguese factory. Mr. de Bloeme put me on a small Dutch steamer with strict injunctions to the captain to land me at a Portuguese house about twenty miles from the sea. It was supposed that a large Portuguese steamer would pick me up there and take me on to Europe or back to London.

So I was landed at Kisanji, at the house of one of those strangely kind Portuguese agents whom it was so often my fate to meet in Africa. He was a man of some taste and reading, and was rejoiced to find that I thought his surroundings beautiful. The other Portuguese trading agents could only see that his factory though neat and clean of itself, was surrounded by "capim" (grass) whereas *he* had thought it would have been juster to call them "flowers."

It would indeed. The shoreward access in the sketches I made during my ten days' stay revealed a great beach of alluvial mud, strewn both with half-buried trunks of dead trees and with crocodiles which resembled them so closely both in color and ruggedness of outline that I refrained from walking over the mud. But on the other sides, the south and east, the aspect of the forest was that of a vegetable Venice. In the cleared spaces stood great clumps of that superb terrestrial orchis, the ***Lissochilus giganteus,***

with flower spikes two to three feet long, rising six to ten feet above the ground level. Farther away from the buildings oil palms, raphias and a species of Phoenix prefaced the dense forest beyond the water channels.

The orchids with their light-green, spear-like leaves, their tall, swaying flower-stalks grew in groups of forty and fifty together, often reflected in the shallow pools of stagnant water round their bases and filling up the foreground of the high, purple-green forest with a blaze of peach-blossom color—though to others among the Portuguese settlers on the river bank—no doubt color-blind—these blossoms were merely "grass."

On the banks of the shaded lagoons were tall bushes of the Mussaenda shrub with startling white velvet bracts—leaves of white velvet—round their inconspicuous yellow flowers. There were also pandanus or screw-pine; oil palms with an extraordinary parasitic growth of exquisite ferns wreathing their trunks; and mangrove trees poised on their many feet and telling out against the shining sky with their lace-like tracery of leaves. In these quiet stretches of still water were the feeding grounds of myriad forms of life: of blue land-crabs, whose burrows riddled the black soil, of always alert and agitated walking-fish—the mud-fish (*Periophthalmus*)—flapping and flopping through the ooze and climbing the lower branches of the water-side trees; of tiny amethystine, red-beaked kingfishers; of kingfishers that were black-and-white, or large, gray, speckled, and chestnut brown; of white egrets, of the brown, stork-like *Scopus umbretta;* of spur-winged geese and of the uncertainly-classified "fishing vulture"—*Gypohierax,* a bird-of-prey of creamy-white head, back, front, wing-coverts and tail, and black pinions—possibly related to the *Haliaetus* sea-eagles.

A rustling in the tree-leaves and a six feet long Varanus lizard with whip-like tail would slip from the branches into the water; or on some trampled bank a crocodile might be lying asleep in the warm sunshine, with a fixed smirk hanging about his grim muzzle. These lagoons were places seething with life that was ever stirring, striving, and active; and if one arrived suddenly,

slipping and splashing in the watery footholds, the resulting silence was rather the frightened expectant hush of a thousand apprehensive creatures.

Beyond the pools of water rose an almost impenetrable barrier of forest, nearly impossible to penetrate by land, but pierced by many little arms or natural canals of the Congo until the firm dry land behind was reached. As one passed in a native canoe through the watery alleys of this vegetable Venice—the majestic trees firmly interlaced above and overarching the creek, shrouding all in pale green gloom—the glimpses and vistas through the forest revealed many beautiful and strange forms of animal life. Barbets with red foreheads, gray heads, blush-tinted breasts and underparts, blackish-green wings and back, were sitting in stupid meditation on the twigs, giving a harsh mechanical squeak when the near approach of the canoe disturbed their reverie. Little African woodpeckers were creeping up the branches, deftly turning round towards the unseen side when they observed me; large green mantises or "praying insects" were chasing flies with their great pouncing forelegs, and were themselves eyed by blue roller birds which snapped them up as they moved and threw off their resemblance to leaves and twigs.

Farther into the forest, the creek stopped, the soil became solid and dry, a native path was discernible leading through the now more park-like and formal clumps of trees to a distant village, whence came the crowing of cocks and the occasional shouts of people. But the birds did not lessen because we were now approaching the abode of men. Out of the bosky trees little troops of black-and-white hornbills suddenly started and flapped their loose irregular flight to another refuge. Violet plantain-eaters gleamed out in their beauty from time to time; golden cuckoos, yellow-vented bulbuls, green fruit pigeons, gray parrots, parrots that were gray and blue and yellow shouldered, green love birds, and a multitude of little wax-bills; a medley of diverse birds enlivened this walk through the forest along the black, peat path. In the village which I thus reached, buried in the forest and as yet unharassed by European ambitions, there were many indi-

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

H. M. Stanley in the days (1879-1885) when he was laying the foundations of the Congo Free State.

cations of the neighboring fauna now perchance to be seen no more. These riverine natives along the north and south banks of the estuarine Congo found it a profitable employment in those days to capture and tame all kinds of mammal, bird, and reptile which they then brought across to the Dutch and English steamers, or to the merchants at Banana. Here in this village near Kisanji were young mandrills with their little leaden-blue faces gazing at one wistfully from the doorway of some native hut. In neatly made, wicker-work cages, constructed from the light pithy wood of the baobab, many birds were awaiting the departure of their captors for Banana and the Europe-bound steamer. Here was a green parrot—some species of the large genus *Pœocephalus*—green, with a few red splashes on the wings, not unlike—indeed allied to the Amazon parrots of the West Indies and South America. Numberless little "cordons-bleus," wax-bills, and weaver-birds were twittering in their really pretty cages. A poor little Galago lemur sat huddled and stupid in his wicker prison, stunned by the bright daylight to which he was exposed. . . . I yielded to the clamorous natives and bought for a silver shilling a cage of the rare red-fronted, dawn-breasted barbets I have just described. They did not remain long alive, but I skinned them and sent them home to the Zoological Society, little knowing that my friend Forbes was himself already in Africa on much the same quests as mine.

My Congo journey lasted some eight months. It has already been described in my first book, *The River Congo,*[1] so it is not necessary to repeat its text here at any length. I will content myself with a summary and with other statements not therein given.

I actually forget how I got away from the place of so much beauty and interest—Kisanji. I think my Portuguese host sent a man out in a canoe to attract the attention of a small steamer flying the British flag and taking house-building material up to the British Baptist Mission at Underhill (near Matadi). But I

[1] Published by Sampson Low, Rivington & Co., 1884, and republished in 1894.

got away somehow, in some "bottom" over which the Dutch House had no control.

We called among other places at Boma, where I met the wife of the missionary George Grenfell. She was a very remarkable woman, a West Indian Negress (Miss Edgerley) who had come to the Cameroons with her parents and brother to work for the Baptist Missionary Society. Her brother was long afterwards a builder and carpenter at Victoria, Cameroons, and assisted to put up my Consulate on Mondole Island. The Edgerleys were a remarkable family. They were well-educated West Indian Negroes, but probably with white intermixture. Miss Edgerley taught in the Saker missionary schools on the Cameroons River, and after the death of the first Mrs. Grenfell in 1879 she was married by the missionary. On this occasion at Boma I remember how well she talked French at the Dutch House. (She spoke also Portuguese, Ki-shi-koñgo and Duala.)

We were asked up to dine here and I met the noteworthy Dutch Agent then at Boma, Mr. Greshoff. He was a remarkably handsome man of very good education and courtly manners. He spoke English like an Englishman, Portuguese and French that seemed to be faultless, and of course his native language and German. But on this occasion he elected that French should be the language of the House at dinner; I suppose because of the international standing of his guests. Whether he did it to show the linguistic powers of Mrs. Grenfell or to place her at a disadvantage, I can not say. Towards me he seemed, under a veil of smiles and compliments, to exhibit so much enmity for having succeeded in ascending the river so far that I clung to Mrs. Grenfell in order to get away safely. The Dutch at that juncture seemed to be certain Stanley was not coming back, and that Germany and Holland would get a joint control of the Upper Congo.

The steamer landed me at Underhill and the Baptist Mission put me up. I was warned not to show myself at Vivi (then the headquarters of the Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo) or I should certainly be stopped and sent back, but advised if I wanted to see anything of the Congo of the Cataracts to travel inland by

the south bank. I therefore collected a few porters of a very unreliable type and walked about forty miles into the cataract region. The rains however were awful, the porters were timid and sick, and the natives from village to village were so rapacious in their demands that I paid about a pound a mile for my poor journey. There was at last nothing for it but to return to Underhill and give up my project. I should soon have no more than a reserve of eighty pounds which might be only enough money to see me home to England.

Two days after my return to Underhill a strange rumor from the natives filled the air: "Bula Matadi"—Stanley—was returning! We heard this story at our early breakfast. Somewhere about noon a small steamer was seen in front of the immense cliff at "Hell's Gate," and on the steamer—which only moved at the rate of about two miles an hour against the swirling current—I first saw Stanley; in a large helmet, seated on a chair looking intently towards Vivi.

Two days afterwards I resolved to stake everything on a bold chance. I had my letter of introduction from Augustus Cohen. I would go and present it, and if Stanley "turned me down," I would take the next British steamer to the sea and home. Stanley, however, seemed to have had some letter himself from the Consul when he reached Banana, for to my surprise one of his steamers, the *Belgique,* stopped at Underhill, invited me to come aboard and go across to Vivi to see the great man. I did so, and —as related in my book—my difficulties were solved; for though I returned to Underhill and made one or two small journeys up the river on that side it was with the understanding of returning to Vivi and starting for the Upper River at the beginning of January, 1883.

Stanley enabled me to go as far as Bolobó on the Upper River, two or three hundred miles beyond Stanley Pool. If I had had the time to wait he would eventually have taken me on with him the whole course of the uninterrupted Congo, as far as Stanley Falls. But I had only my irreducible reserve of £80 after I had given the well-earned douceurs to the three Zanzibaris he had

placed with me. So I said good bye to him at Kinshasa on Stanley Pool and returned to England via Portuguese West Africa, carrying with me letters to his publishers and to Edwin Arnold of the *Daily Telegraph.*

I deemed it best to go south at first, to St. Paul de Loanda, to get news of Lord Mayo, to pick up any luggage I might have left there, with Mr. Cohen the British Consul, and thence to embark in what was then an excellent line of Portuguese steamers plying between Angola and Lisbon.

My journey home as a matter of fact was one of the most interesting voyages I ever made. It is many many years since I traveled on a Portuguese boat; they may have degenerated: I can only say that as far back as 1883 they were reckoned good means of travel in West Africa. The food was far better, far more nicely cooked and served than in the English vessels. There was a Scottish engineer: otherwise the staff was Portuguese. On this particular boat (which was very clean) I visited first the mouth of the Congo—again; then the unacknowledged Portuguese port of Cabinda, north of the Congo (Portuguese in 1884); next the island of São Thomé and that of Principe; then the exceedingly interesting capital of Portuguese Guinea (Bolama); and finally the Cape Verde Islands and Madeira before we landed at Lisbon in July, 1883.

At São Thomé we stayed several days, and I rode nearly all over the island with a Portuguese doctor who had special charge of the laborers in the quinine, coffee and cacao plantations. He was a remarkable man—I have ungratefully forgotten his name (Sampayo?)—and had many ideas about malarial fever and sleeping sickness that seemed in advance of his time. Like myself, he had begun to associate the outbreak of malarial fever with mosquito bites. I had arrived when in Congoland—and I was possibly inspired by Comber and Bentley, the great Baptist missionaries who put many ideas into my head—at the conclusion that mosquitos had something to do with the introduction of "malaria" into one's system; and avoided their punctures most sedulously. Consequently I really escaped attacks of malaria to

a remarkable degree during these first sixteen months in West Africa. The doctor in São Thomé had arrived at the same conclusions.

But in São Thomé malarial fever was a secondary consideration. The problem was how to obtain labor not merely for the experiment of planting quinine—I forget whether quinine was any success—but for the cultivation of coffee, sugar, and cacao. Cacao was just at the beginning of its amazing success. Originally, of course, it is a product of Tropical Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela and Trinidad. It was introduced into the West African coast-lands originally by the despised, never-sufficiently-appreciated Baptist missionaries, who dropped pods—so to speak—at the Gold Coast, Fernando Póo and the Cameroons. Somehow it reached São Thomé in the 'seventies (or earlier) and by 1883 was beginning to show itself a great success.

This equatorial island of course is arch-beautiful, idyllically so. The mountains have not the ten thousand feet altitudes of Fernando Póo, but they reach to between six and seven thousand feet—the whole island is elevated—and assume the quaintest sugar-loaf forms, here and in Principe. In Principe they are less lofty, but they are stranger even in shape, unbelievably so. Both islands are volcanic. Neither had any indigenous inhabitants before the Portuguese discovered them. Their Negro peoples are derived from slaves landed there in the centuries between 1500 and 1875. These were drawn from Dahomé, the Niger mouths, Cameroons and Congo. The Congo element has prevailed over the other non-Bantu peoples, and I believe now they speak several languages of their own, derived from a mixture of Portuguese, Ki-shi-kongo and Kakongo.

From about 1878, from the dawn of cacao success, the Portuguese had been introducing into São Thomé many recruits for labor from Angola and the western Congo. I dare say there was pressure, an unfairness over this; that it was a disguised slave trade. But once these people reached São Thomé I can aver they were well-treated, though I dare say—in those days—their wages were meager and their chances of regaining freedom in their old

home very slight. The initial fact was that originally they had been prisoners of war or "criminals"—you could have been in those days a "criminal" in native Africa without having done wrong under any European code—and that they escaped a far worse fate in coming to São Thomé.

The homes made by the Portuguese at four and five thousand feet were delightful and in 1883 seemed to me very civilized. In fact among the young women it was *I* that was the barbarian, the person to be accounted for! Several of the best-looking were from the northern, Oporto part of Portugal where a large section of the people is of Gothic descent (Swevian) and gifted with golden hair—"Louros," as they are termed. I overheard one of these saying to my doctor-guide that she preferred that I be *not* introduced, as probably like most English people I had large feet.

But the men—many of them also fair and golden haired—were jolly, and rode about with me till we became a roving party of a dozen or more visiting most of the plantations.

Principe Island struck me as being very interesting in its amazing vegetation, but its aspect was gloomy. Nearly all the old civilization, attendant—shocking to relate—on the slave trade, had died out. One saw architectural relics of palaces and villas half shrouded in creepers and brilliant displays of wild flowers, and half hidden by umbrageous trees. I noticed markedly the "gray" parrots of Principe. The form here—introduced several hundred years ago by the Portuguese, it is said—has changed in aspect and become the dominant bird of the island, so numerous and aggressive that they drive away hawks and eagles. They have changed in color to a dark, almost purplish gray, and the scarlet tail has become a crimson purple.

I fancy our steamer stopped a couple of miles out at sea opposite "São João d'Ajudá"—St. John of Ajuda, an almost legendary and unreal fort built by the Portuguese on the Whydah (Hwida) coast of Dahomé. At that time interest in this supposed relic of Portuguese claims had been enhanced, as the Brazilians were engaged in a slave trade with Dahomé, and seemed likely to give a fillip of reality to Portuguese assertions that Dahomé was

under Portuguese protection. Great Britain, I believe, espoused the Portuguese claims in an Agreement which was about to be negotiated. But no one came off and we steamed on to far-away Portuguese Guinea. This was a most interesting and mysterious district which I much wanted to see, and which I have always regretted not having thoroughly explored somewhere about that period when things were quiet, and wild natives had not begun to repel explorers. Portuguese Guinea was then, as it is now, one of the least known parts of West Africa. It consists of the low, densely forested islands and estuaries of the Rio Grande or Tomani, known also in its broad estuarine course as the Jeba. To the north of this is another river, the Kasheo. But in the main the country is the basin of the Rio Grande and its many affluents, and the big indentation in the coast-line caused by its broad mouth is nearly filled with the large and small islands known as the Bisagos archipelago. The northern frontier of this richly forested district lies about a hundred miles south of British Gambia. It resembles Liberia a little in being the refuge of strange and remarkable mammals and birds, already destroyed or driven out of the contiguous and more open territories. Not only that, but it contains some of the most interesting and least known of the Negro peoples of Africa; though I suspect they are far more civilized now than they were at the time of my visit in 1883.

In those days, when one reached the capital, Bolama, a rather nicely-built town with red-tiled houses on an island in the huge delta of the Jeba or Rio Grande, one saw a strange medley of people coming to the market. There were very light-skinned Fulas in voluminous Moorish costumes, with yellow complexions and long ringlets of hair depending from their heads. The men were nearly always good-looking; the women a little more negroid, but very delicately built with pretty hands and feet. I suspect I have never seen this remarkable type—the Ful—of such pure strain as at Bolama. A large proportion of the Nigerian Fulbe are so much mixed with Hausa and other Negro blood that they have grown bulky and coarse of build and their skins darker, their facial features much more like the Negro type, and their

hair more woolly. In striking contrast to these abundantly clad, light-skinned Fula were the naked Negroes of the coast regions and some of the islands. The people of Orango and the outer Bisago Islands were more sophisticated, more clothed; but the Semi-Bantu tribes (as I came to understand they were)—the Bola, Shadal, Pepel, Manjako, Pajade and Biafada—were black-skinned and mostly naked, the women usually quite naked, while the men attempted no concealment of the sexual parts but gaily decorated them with little colored tapes or ribbons.

But they were quiet and well-conducted, though I was told that in their own land to the northwest the Manjako were very warlike and averse to the intrusion of Europeans. Another much-dreaded people, not speaking a Semi-Bantu tongue (apparently) were the Balante, on the Kasheo River in the north. The Balante were given a very bad character for immorality by the Portuguese; and strange to say when in 1915 I encountered representatives of this tribe in France (soldiers serving in the Senegalese regiments) the same reputation hung about them.

Koelle, the great missionary-linguist of Sierra Leone (afterwards a parish priest in Cambridgeshire) had published his studies of the languages of Portuguese Guinea in the early 'fifties, which was how I came to guess at the remarkable interest of these singular, naked, coast tribes. The sprucely uniformed soldiers whom I met in France during the Great War told me their fellow-countrymen had learned in later times to adopt a more conventional extent of clothing than tapes and ribbons. This region however has remained very little known to the present day. Here is still found the wonderful Eland with gigantic horns and of black and gold color, striped with white, which reappears in the Bahr-al-ghazal district of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

From Portuguese Guinea the steamer passed on to the Cape Verde Islands, an archipelago belonging to the Portuguese since the fifteenth century. These are situated between 15° and 17° of N. Latitude, about five to six hundred miles from the Senegal coast. Our steamer only stopped at the much frequented São Vicente Island, south of the larger, more fertile Sant' Antão,

where the mountains rise to a height of over seven thousand feet. As we journeyed thither through the archipelago we had an unusually fine view of the occasionally active volcano in Fogo Island, which rises to an altitude of over ten thousand feet. Ordinarily there is a good deal of haze about the islands, but in this month of July they seemed clear and easily visible, and most of them had high mountains. Ever since they were first discovered nearly five hundred years ago there seems to have been a slowly decreasing rainfall. Still, in 1883 there was a good deal of vegetation very unevenly distributed, the northern versants being almost desert and the southern rich in tropical cultivated vegetation, in date palms, coconut palms, tamarind trees, bananas in some valleys, a good deal of coffee of excellent quality, and a number of introductions from Africa and the Canary Islands—such as the baobab, dragon tree (*Dracaena*)—and the Australian eucalyptus.

The largish island of Sant' Antão, just opposite the harbor of Mindello at the little island of São Vicente (where our steamer anchored for a couple of days), rises to altitudes of over seven thousand feet and looks imposing. The aspect opposite São Vicente is sterile desert in appearance, but its rocks and mountain slopes are of striking aspect with their bold coloration of black lava, red clay and creamy white pumice stone. On the sky-line heights and to the southwest we could see the dark or light green of cultivations; and a two hours' ride on donkeys showed the western and northern slopes which were really rich in vegetable growth.

The town of Mindello in São Vicente was an important station for the Brazilian cable, landed here from Lisbon. It had a population of very mixed characteristics—not a few English—and the English language was everywhere understood. Its shops when we landed seemed to be one extensive bazaar of Brazilian oddities. I might have picked up cheaply some treasures in butterflies and plants had I possessed the money to spend. But my remaining funds were to be carefully economized in case when I landed at Lisbon I next had to proceed to Brussels.

This proved to be the case. The steamer was boarded, as

soon as we were passed by the health authorities, by the Lisbon correspondent of the *Standard,* who asked for information about the state of the Congo; and there was a telegraphic enquiry from the private secretary of King Leopold to ask whether I was on board. After three days' rest at Lisbon and the necessary purchase of new clothes I traveled direct to Brussels.

I was met at the station by Colonel Strauch, then general manager of the Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo, who conducted me to rooms he had engaged for me at whatever was then the best hotel in Brussels. It would be hopelessly out of date now: I have even forgotten its name: but I still remember the German style of furniture, the lack of ventilation, the high beds with not over-much bedclothes and in lieu thereof an irritating featherbed to place over you; and furniture covered with scarlet plush. I had been rather seedy after landing at Lisbon; here at Brussels I began to feel downright ill. Yet there was this visit hanging over me which I could not forego. The morning after my arrival I was met at ten o'clock by Colonel Strauch and driven out to the palace at Laeken, taken up a great flight of stairs: two or three minutes' delay and a whispered conversation between Strauch and the Count Jean d'Oultremont, and I was ushered into a library where I saw an extremely tall man with a long beard. This was the King.

I think he was in a military uniform. He rose and shook hands; and spoke French with some precision so that not a word of his questions was lost. For an hour at least he cross-questioned me about the Congo, occasionally noting down an answer in an extremely angular handwriting, as though it were written with a fine stick. After about an hour had passed my indisposition became almost unbearable, so at length I rose and stammered out that I had an attack of fever—would he excuse me? Perhaps allow me to see him again and furnish more information? I was then seized with such a pronounced shivering attack that I was spared further explanation. The King—I must say—was curiously kind and "human." He led me into the ante-room, touched a bell, then passed with me

on to the landing of the great staircase. Here—for it was July and very hot—was an open window. I staggered to the opening, leaned over the sill and was violently sick. The King stood by me and seemed to be saying that it was a very interesting example of what malarial fever was like. Presently Count Jean d'Oultremont was talking to the King—or rather being told what was the matter with me and how I was to be seen back to the hotel and put to bed, and Doctor Some-body-or-other be invited to examine me. Then the King turned to me and said as soon as I was well I must come and see him in Brussels and finish the conversation.

So I was escorted back and put to bed, and a very distinguished and kindly physician presently looked in and prescribed various medicines. Two days afterwards I was quite well and was summoned to the palace at Brussels to finish my account of Stanley's work and my own impressions of the Upper Congo. Then we went to lunch, and in the ante-room I was introduced to Sir Frederick Goldsmid, Mr. Delmar Morgan, and a third person, who I learned were proceeding to the Congo on a mission from the King; in fact Sir Frederick was—I gathered—to become the Governor of the region: an announcement which a little surprised me as it seemed to override Stanley's position.

The only thing I remember about the *menu* of the lunch was the prominent position taken in the dessert by Huntley and Palmer's mixed biscuits. The whole of the meal of course was *sans reproche,* and to me, fresh from the poor fare of West Africa, seemed doubly delicious. But if there was one alleviation of bad diet in West Africa it had been Huntley and Palmer's mixed biscuits. In fact the Baptist missionaries and I nearly lived on them for a week at Stanley Pool, when there was a stoppage of other supplies. But here in Brussels (served, too, on wonderful gold plates with the British Royal Arms, an appanage of the first King of the Belgians, who had been the husband of the Princess Royal) they were singled out by the King for special notice and commendation. The Englishmen present ate them with simulated enthusiasm and discrim-

ination, the King pointing out here and there reasons for his commendation.

I left Brussels with a request from the King and Colonel Strauch to interview and select a few young Englishmen for service in the Congo regions; this and other things that I heard encouraged me to believe that Stanley's projects of a "British" Congo interior would be eventually carried out; though I was puzzled to understand why the King of the Belgians should spend hundreds of thousands of pounds on such a quixotic idea.

In the early autumn which followed a committee appointed at the British Association meeting offered me the post of leader of a scientific expedition to Mt. Kilimanjaro. The principal mover in the matter was Dr. Sclater of the Zoological Society. I had known him since I was fourteen when I bought from the Society a pair of Vulpine Phalangers. He used to ride to the Zoological Gardens from Hanover Square on an old hunting horse, and at the tender age mentioned, just after I had received a student's card of free entrance, I had timorously tackled him and asked the price of a redundant pair of these furry marsupials. Through the years that followed, though I frequented the Zoo and anatomized in the Prosector's rooms, he never seemed to recognize me. But when I wrote to Forbes from the Congo, he had the sad task of opening my letters and replying to them; and then commenced a long friendship which lasted down to the time of his death, just before the Great War. When I returned from the Congo and Brussels he proposed, together with Professor H. Mosely, to recommend me for this Kilimanjaro expedition in Equatorial East Africa. It was to be jointly financed by the Royal Society and the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

After a little hesitancy I accepted, especially when I realized that the details of the expedition would be directed by Sir John Kirk, the Agent and Consul General at Zanzibar, and that the journey would in some way bring me under the cognizance of the Foreign Office. Ever since the days of Tunis I had gradually

formed a wish to enter the Consular Service, especially in some part of Africa; so that I might be able to combine Government work providing a sufficient salary to live on with research into African fauna, anthropology and languages. Mr. Cohen at Loanda had strongly advised me to try for a Consular appointment in Africa, especially as I had shown myself thoroughly acquainted with French and Portuguese and averred that in addition I could speak Spanish and Italian. The King of the Belgians had suggested when I paid a short visit to Brussels in September, 1883, that I might draw up plans for a journey he would finance from Stanley Pool to the Upper Benue, but I thought he underestimated the cost, and preferred the project of Kilimanjaro.

Preparations for this journey as anticipated brought me into relations with the Foreign Office in the autumn of 1883.

Sir Charles Dilke—though I think he had already been transferred to the Presidency of the Board of Trade—was much at the Foreign Office then, and particularly interested in the projected Congo Treaty with Portugal. My actual introducer to the Foreign Office officials was Lord Aberdare, the President of the Royal Geographical Society. My father had long been a member of that society, but I suppose my Congo journey on which I read a paper in the autumn of 1883, was my real presentment to Lord Aberdare, as well as my introduction into the fellowship of the Society, which occurred about then. But our pleasantest association was an ability to talk French, not so common a feat then, among geographers, as to-day. The occasion of my reading a paper on the western Congo was remarkable for being that of De Lesseps's first appearance at the Royal Geographical since the opening of the Suez Canal. He was present on the platform when I (with inward shakings) delivered my address; and he spoke afterwards on the subject of the Canal. I thus made his acquaintance and went to see him the next day in Portland Place where he was the guest of an English traveler in Egypt, Mr. T. Douglas Murray.[1]

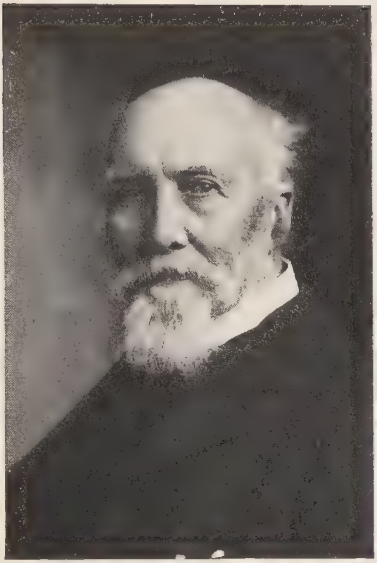
[1] T. Douglas Murray, who died somewhere about 1911, was an exceedingly

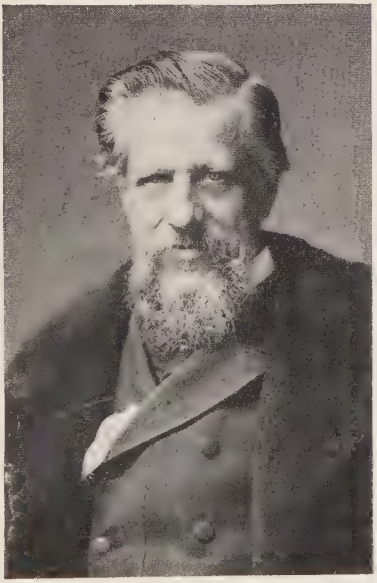
Lord Aberdare's letter was to Austin Lee, at that time a clerk in the Foreign Office who was private secretary to Lord (Edmund) Fitzmaurice, the Parliamentary Under Secretary of State in succession to Dilke. But in one afternoon it had served as a means of getting to know a group of men whom I thought remarkable for their knowledge of many things and their accomplishments outside Foreign Office affairs. There was T. Villiers Lister, who was already an Under Secretary; H. Percy Anderson, head of the new African Department; Frank Bertie—afterwards Lord Bertie of Thame, Ambassador at Paris through the War; Sir Edward Hertslet the great librarian; Sir Francis Alston the Chief Clerk; and Henry Austin Lee already referred to.

Lister was a cousin of the Lord Ribblesdale of the period. He was a tall and singularly handsome man who had entered the Foreign Office about 1853, and had been sent as somebody's private secretary to the Paris conferences following on the Crimean War . . . where being very good-looking he was called "L'Ange de la Paix." Sir William Harcourt had married *en premières noces* his sister—if I remember things correctly—and his mother (Lady Theresa Lister, afterwards Lady Theresa Cornewall-Lewis) had been a sister of the Lord Clarendon who was Foreign Affairs Secretary for long periods in the 'fifties and 'sixties down to his death in 1870.

Lister married twice; for the second time in 1877, the sister of Lord Belhaven, and had a family in all of some twelve children, five, I think, by his first wife. Lady Lister, the second wife, was one of the most delightful women I ever knew; a great musician, a perfect step-mother (I should think), an excellent manager in every way; a good linquist in foreign tongues, even a good bicyclist and an expert player of ever so many games. She was so good, so kind that she deserved to

pleasant man interested in many things, and the author of several books about them: *Jeanne d' Arc, Psychology, Sir Samuel Baker and the Sudan, De Lesseps,* and *South Africa.* Our friendship lasted from this first luncheon party in November, 1883, till the end of his life. He had curious adventures in Egypt over a mummy which resulted in the loss of his right hand.





Above: A sketch portrait of Alfred Henry Garrod by Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.

Below: A portrait of Sir Percy Anderson, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

Above: Sir John Kirk, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. (Photo by Elliott & Fry).

Below: Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.S.I.

live for ever; as indeed might be said of her husband. But soon after his retirement from the Foreign Office at the end of the last century, he—an accomplished painter whose work was good enough for professional exhibitions—went suddenly blind and died in 1902; and she, still in the prime of life, died a year or two afterwards: one of those losses, in her case—he of course was about seventy—which have closed my mind against any belief in an intelligent and sympathetic Providence.

Henry Percy Anderson in 1883 had also married a second time: the widow of the fifth Lord Boston, my wife's mother. He himself was the son of the Reverend Robert Anderson of Brighton, who had married a daughter of Lord Teignmouth.

He had entered the Foreign Office in 1852, and had been much in the United States during the Civil War. Not long before my acquaintance with him at the Foreign Office he had been placed in charge of the new African Department, which about 1882 had grown out of an older section of the Office, the "Slave Trade" Department, in existence probably from the 'thirties of the last century. Anderson had had two children by his first wife—Florence and Rowland.

Frank Bertie—"the Honble. Francis Leveson" he was fully styled—was a jolly, bluff, hunting-man; rather good looking, very kind-hearted, supposed to use "frightful" language when annoyed; but in reality he was very seldom really upset and his oaths and adjectives were only employed for effect and very pleasantly interjected. He had married a daughter of the Lord Cowley who was Ambassador at Paris down to June, 1867. He came in course of time (after Percy Anderson's death) to take charge of African affairs at the Foreign Office, but I probably knew him best during the long term of his service as Ambassador at Paris, down to the year of his retirement at the close of the War.

Sir Edward Hertslet was the great Librarian who reigned so long at the Foreign Office, and succeeded E. Norris (who was one of the early students of African languages). Hertslet, I should think, had never made an enemy. He was not only

very clever but very benign, and performed a really great work in bringing order and method into our cataloguing of treaties. He took up the subject of the history of the political Map of Africa and published two volumes thereanent which I am lucky enough still to possess. (The second volume was, I think, "recalled" in the 'nineties to have a published treaty amended and generally to be a little altered to please a dictatorial German Emperor; but I, in Africa, overlooked the despatch recalling the first version.)

Sir Francis Alston was the Chief Clerk. He had filled that position (which controls the finances of the Foreign Office) for many years—since 1866, I believe. He had married the daughter of the British Consul at Copenhagen (Bridges Taylor), and his wife and her sisters had grown up companions of Queen Alexandra. He was a tall, handsome man in 1883, of great kindliness. I dined at their house in Eccleston Square in the winter of that year and there for the first time met my future mother-in-law, Lady Boston.

Henry Austin Lee, who survived the War and a time of strenuous anxiety all through the War at the Embassy in Paris was in 1883 a lithe, rather good-looking young man of great brilliance. He was the son of a former postmaster-general in Ceylon, and had distinguished himself very much at Oxford, and entered the Foreign Office in 1870. In 1883 he had become Private Secretary to Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. . . .

There were of course numerous other personalities of moment to a trembling outsider in this autumn-winter of 1883: there was Thomas (afterwards Lord) Sanderson, who in those days was Private Secretary to Earl Granville; there was Clement Hill, Chief Clerk in the African Department, a distant cousin of Percy Anderson; Philip Currie, destined soon after 1883 to succeed Sir Julian Pauncefote as Principal Under Secretary of State. I was dimly aware of their existence at that time but did not come to know them till a few years later.

Though my introduction to Austin Lee was ostensibly given in order that I might prepare myself for the Kilimanjaro Expedition and the acquaintance with Sir John Kirk, my coming to

the Foreign Office in November, 1883, was deemed particularly opportune in view of the negotiations which were going on with Portugal relative to a possible Treaty settling many disputed points and policies in Africa, and the endeavor to meet and prepare for settlement the new problems raised by Stanley's work on the Congo. There were the French ambitions in that direction; and the puzzling interest displayed in the Congo Question by the King of the Belgians. The ambitions of France were obviously antagonistic to British interests in Africa—then. Our entry into Egypt and the French withdrawal; Gambetta's death; had all served to make French policy in Africa profoundly anti-British. The King of the Belgians was a new factor. What did he want? Why was he spending thousands and thousands of pounds on the Inner Congo? Stanley had been born a British subject, and the truculence of his youth against his mother country had obviously abated. He had proved himself extremely kind to me and had sent me several letters to be communicated to the Foreign Office. I certainly derived the impression from our intercourse that Stanley intended the Inner Congo Basin to come under British Protection. What rôle in this respect he mentally assigned to King Leopold, I can not say.

The Foreign Office, however, had decided in view of French *empiètements* to come to terms with Portugal, recognize Portuguese domain as extending up to the south bank of the Lower Congo and inland as far as Noki (near Matadi), and obtain in general for the Congo Basin a kind of British supervision and control. Sir Charles Dilke therefore in this autumn of 1883 was devising a Treaty with Portugal which proposed to settle *à l'amiable* all matters of dissidence between that country and Great Britain. A subsidiary arrangement negotiated by Sir Robert Morier was to lead to the purchase by Great Britain of Delagoa Bay; the Portuguese claim to extend from Angola to the southern bank of the Congo was to be admitted; Portuguese rights to the coast of Dahomé were to be recognized; on the other hand Nyasaland was not to come under Portuguese suzerainty; and the Congo Basin was to be controlled jointly by Great Britain and Portugal. Given all the circumstances of

the case this arrangement seemed to me—then—the best solution of a grave difficulty. It would, when carried out, have installed Great Britain as the shaper of the destinies of Congoland. But though the Treaty was signed, it was rejected by the House of Commons at the instigation of an ignorant man—Jacob Bright—mainly on the plea that Portugal was a Roman Catholic Power! Jacob Bright seemed to overlook the fact that Leopold II., for whose interests he fought, was rather more Catholic than the very easy-going monarch of Portugal or any Portuguese minister likely to arise to power.

My main mission to Kilimanjaro was to study the fauna and flora of the mountain. It was for that purpose that a thousand pounds was jointly subscribed by the British Association and the Royal Society. The sympathies and co-operation of the Royal Geographical Society were, however, desired, and to gain these it was necessary that I should be trained sufficiently in surveying and the fixing of latitudes and longitudes. These were directions in which I never showed any natural interest or aptitude.

The Foreign Office deigned to display considerable interest in the projected journey, but that was purely for political purposes. It was to be under the direction of Sir John Kirk, the British Agent and Consul General at Zanzibar, and it seemed to be assumed by the African Department at the Foreign Office, several months before my departure, that the expedition could be deflected to political purposes, should there be an increase in the mysterious "scientific" expeditions which both France and Germany were beginning to send or to cause to go to East Africa: France on the Somaliland coast, south of Cape Guardafui; and Germany from the latitude of Lamu down to the Ruvuma River.

To enlist therefore the sympathy of the Royal Geographical Society, whose secretary in those days was the remarkable Henry Walter Bates, I had not only to show myself competent to describe a new country, but to place it on the map by observations of latitude and longitude. The teacher of these arts at the old headquarters of the Society in Savile Row was Mr. John

Coles, formerly a Naval Officer and a great traveler. Coles charged me next to nothing for his tuition; but he wished me to be thorough; not merely to get a latitude within a mile and a longitude within five miles, but further to do terribly accurate things with a theodolite. He lived on the outskirts of Mitcham; in 1883-4, almost the country.

Evening after evening, afternoon after afternoon I spent with him, and with the sun, stars and moon. I took observations for half an hour of the moon to result in a "lunar" fixing of Mitcham; the outcome of which was quite creditable, for the position of Mitcham was placed at a mile or two east of Woolwich. Another time by the same means I showed Mitcham to be near Windsor. All this, I contended, was sufficient for East African purposes; and so—with a sigh—Coles gave me the requisite amount of support to obtain my instruments at the cost of the Royal Geographical Society. . . . Six months afterwards I thought of Mitcham Common when I was trying with the theodolite to fix the position of my first camp outside the forest zone on Kilimanjaro.

(Just as I had everything set up, screwed tight, in place, adjusted, leveled, and ready for observation to take latitude and longitude of the sun, a horde of Kibosho savages—enemies of the Moshi people who were my hosts—raised their heads and spears above the bushes of heather. They were so transfixed with astonishment at the sight of the theodolite that they hesitated to advance or fight. I, therefore—my followers having fled or hidden themselves—had to take this delicate instrument to pieces avoiding jams and obstructions, get the containing box to lock, and withdraw into the concealing forest as if unconscious of the observation of the possible foe.)

The theodolite was ultimately returned unharmed to Savile Row; but one way and another these divagations from natural history collecting and anthropology in the direction of geographical survey were not worth the efforts, the anxieties, the journeys they cost. I had become far too much interested in the political future of Equatorial East Africa.

CHAPTER VI

But I nearly missed going to East Africa after all. The slight contract I obtained with Lord Granville at the Foreign Office in the early winter of 1883, put into his head the idea that I might be more useful at that time in Egypt. I spoke French and Italian and I had a fair knowledge of Arabic. He suggested, therefore, through an Under Secretary, that I might expedite my departure and spend a month or two in Egypt on my way to Zanzibar; take despatches out to Sir Evelyn Baring and present him with a letter of introduction from Lord Granville. If he chose to retain me in any capacity I could remain in Egypt, Sir John Kirk could be communicated with and might defer the leadership of the Kilimanjaro Expedition to a young Naval Officer whom he had already made a Vice Consul and who subsequently rose high in the Consular service.

Accordingly the morning I reached Cairo I conveyed the bag of despatches and the introductory letter to the British Agency, and into the dread presence (as it had already grown to be considered) of Sir Evelyn Baring. He glanced up at me angrily, after reading Lord Granville's note: "Well! What brings you here?" was the abrupt query.

"Well: I was told at the Foreign Office to deliver to you this bag of despatches and this letter—and—and—await your decision—I mean, not go on to East Africa if you wanted me to remain here . . . and . . . and . . ."

"Oh, well, that's soon settled. Go on to East Africa, by all means. It's nothing to do with me. The Foreign Office is constantly sending out young men like you, saying they know Arabic—— Here, Gerry——!"

A grave-looking young man came from an inner room.

"Open this bag and see what it contains. . . ."

Mr. Gerald Portal took over the bag, eyed me rather seriously, and walked out. I rose to my feet and said tremblingly in a voice I endeavored to render calm and level: "Then I needn't take up your time any longer?"

"No. Good morning."

I retreated to Shepheard's Hotel, mortified—as perhaps I had never been before in my brief experience of the world. At the Foreign Office every one had been so kind, on the most perfunctory introduction; and after all I had never *asked* to be sent to Egypt: the idea of stopping there for a while had been very naturally suggested. However, after passing a very dreary afternoon I went out about tea-time and presented one of my letters of introduction. It was from H. W. Bates of the Geographical (from 1883 till the time of his death in 1892, one of my kindest friends) to Ernest Ayscough Floyer, Postmaster General in the service of the Khedive's Government. Floyer had his eldest sister keeping house for him. He was a distant cousin of Sir Percy Anderson at the Foreign Office, and had already spent a very interesting time in Baluchistan over telegraphy.[1] Since the British intervention in 1882—if not before—he had been in Egypt, reorganizing the postal service and the telegraph lines. To some people, very grumpy, he was to me most sympathetic. He laughed over my description of my vivid five minutes with Sir Evelyn Baring—afterwards Lord Cromer. "You made a most unfortunate mistake," he said, "in mentioning Arabic——"

"I didn't; I hadn't the chance to——"

"Well: your Foreign Office introducer, then. Baring came here from India—though he has been in Egypt before. He speaks French well, and takes a great interest in Modern Greek. But for some reason he hates Arabic, or else he can not learn it. . . ."

Floyer himself was all the other way. He had (he told me) a fair knowledge of Persian and Hindustani, and knew something of Baluchi and of the curious Dravidic language of Brahui which

[1] See his *Unexplored Baluchistan*—a remarkable book, quite unappreciated at the time.

lingers—inexplicably—in Baluchistan; and he certainly knew Arabic in several dialects, knew it exceptionally well. He was too important a person to be roughly treated, had himself too violent a temper. His sister became a warm friend of the Cromers. Floyer remained in Egypt till he reached a pensionable age, long after 1884; having married happily and settled down.

My month in Egypt despite this inauspicious commencement was happily and usefully spent. I accompanied Ernest Floyer on journeys of great interest up the Nile as far as Assiūt; about the Pyramids; and all over the Delta, as far as the outskirts of Alexandria; Rosetta[1] at one of the main Nile mouths; Damietta at the other; Tanta, Tifte, and Zagazig. We arrived at Assiūt at a very troublous time, when the first Gordon search expedition was preparing. The city of Assiūt was not then occupied by the

[1] Rosetta—an Italian version of Rashid or Rashit, the Arab and Coptic names—was a place I longed to explore, but when we ventured within it in March, 1884, local opinion was still hostile; so Floyer decided to cross the Nile and pitch his camp by the river bank farther north, nearer to the outlet of the great river into the Mediterranean. The next day we rode along the banks so that we might see the Nile by the western of its two principal mouths enter the Mediterranean. "Who knows!" said Floyer. "This time next year you may be looking at the Nile's source? . . . the Victoria Nyanza?"

But the return to our camp furnished an amusing and intriguing incident. A tall, handsome friar was standing watching the operations of the cook preparing a dinner. Floyer tackled the sandalled man, clad in Capuchin's habit, with bare tonsured head. He spoke to him in French—no result—in Arabic—he only looked up and smiled. "Here, *you* tackle this chap," he said. "He may come from a monastery for the deaf-and-dumb, short of which he ought to understand French or Arabic."

I tried him in Italian—only part success: he replied in an old-fashioned Spanish—or so I took it to be. "Hay muchos mosquitos aqui?" I asked as an experiment—for we had no mosquito nets. . . . He looked grave, pondered, cast his eyes across the river and replied in his Castilian: "There *were* two; but the English destroyed one by their fire when they were here." I translated this answer to Floyer, who said "mosquito" didn't perhaps mean "mosquito" in Spanish, and that the poor man had thought I meant "mezquita"—"Mosque"; but that it was funny, all the same, that there should seemingly be a monastery for wild Spanish monks near the western mouth of the Nile, and that as the man apparently would not go we had better ask him to stay to dinner. This we did. He poured forth a long story to me in Spanish of Salonica (seemingly—where the Spanish Jews still speak it with a sixteenth-century pronunciation); but I understood very little of it.

British forces, which were camped about six miles distant. Floyer's special train entered the station and left us behind in his traveling carriage of three compartments; kitchen, sitting-room, and two-berthed bedroom. As soon as the engine had steamed out of the station, back to some more important railway center, a disorderly cohort of townspeople and desert Bedāwi forced its way into the station and surrounded the carriage. Floyer spoke conciliatingly from a window, but fragments of wood were hurled at him. His face was struck by splinters and began to bleed. Suddenly at this crisis a hush—not of our imposing—fell on the attackers. They turned their heads toward the opening of the lines. Then we heard the sound of galloping. The crowd silently stole away by the gates they had forced and presently there came galloping along the intervals between the two lines of rails about a hundred Hussars or some other light cavalry. Somehow news of our dilemma had reached the British camp, and we were rescued just in time; for our besiegers had been bringing up firewood to surround our railway carriage and smoke us into surrender. That day began the British occupation of Assiūt and on the morrow I recognized some of our attackers among the men and boys who came to sell us oranges.

My stay in Egypt fortunately enabled me to compose two Supplements for the *Graphic* on Egypt as I saw it in 1884—the ramshackle, picturesque villages with their pigeonries, their potteries, their groups of palms and mud-brick houses, their naked children and masked women. I drew an abandoned, Sleeping-Beauty palace of the Khedive's, hidden in giant rose thickets near a quiet canal half way between Alexandria and Cairo; I sketched the Nile near Rosetta, within sound of the Mediterranean breakers; the domestic buffaloes in the mud and water and bestridden on the grassland by lithe, naked boys; the beautiful mosques; the crowded streets of Cairo, the black-and-gray hooded crows, the rather squalid, mid-nineteenth century watering-place of Ramleh on the coast, near Alexandria.

(I should like at this point to express the gratitude I owe to the management of the *Graphic* by the Thomas family, W. L.

Thomas and his sons, especially Carmichael Thomas. He and I were in a sense Art students together—at any rate we became acquainted in that way, and through knowing him I came to know his father, William L. Thomas, who founded the *Graphic* in the 'sixties. The *Graphic* published drawings of mine illustrating Tunis in 1880 and 1881. When I returned from the Congo they paid me a considerable sum for my Congo sketches; their payments for what I did in Egypt materially increased my reserve of money for East African exploration. And so it went on throughout all my days of exploration till I settled down in Sussex and drew and photographed no more. William Thomas, the "father" of the *Graphic,* died at the very beginning of the twentieth century; his eldest son grew in course of time white-haired, and retired from *Graphic* management to the highest part of Kent, buried in birch and oak and chestnut woods, the world forgetting—perhaps—but I hope not forgotten by those people still in the world of care and anxiety whom he had so steadily and quietly helped. The *Graphic* was far more provocative of African exploration than it probably ever quite realized. For if I wished to raise a modest fund for some adventurous journey, for the expenses attendant on the ascent of some unknown mountain, the search for some reported tribe of special interest, the discovery of a medicine plant, of an Okapi, a sun-bird of rapturous beauty, a monkey of extravagant tail, a language of far-reaching affinities, I had but to appeal to William or Carmichael Thomas and the thing was done. I only hope they derived sufficient profit from the reproduction of my drawings and the publication of my special "Supplements.")

From Upper Egypt I made my way rapidly in Floyer's train to Cairo, and with little pause, northward of Cairo, into the broadening Delta. He had done his work for the time being on the narrow Nile Valley about Assiūt, to prepare for the enlarged postal facilities required by Lord Wolseley's Army which was proceeding, with some vacillation, toward the relief of Gordon. Now, for a couple of weeks, he had to range west and east across the Delta and down to the sea at Rosetta to enquire into this and

that, and—amongst other things—open up postal communications with Gaza (which I found was pronounced to-day, Ghăzzeh) on the Palestine frontier.

Somewhere on the western side of the Delta near the Mahmudieh (?) Canal he took me to see a deserted summer palace of the deposed Khedive Ismail, a personage whom I had recently met in London.[1] Some few hundred yards away from the bank of a canal or a branch of the Nile there were great dilapidated barracks falling into ruin. They had once served for the housing of a Khedive's Guard, but were now only tenanted by a few gendarmes, who were lying in the shade smoking cigarettes. The deserted palace was separated from the barracks by palings and a row of palms. It was an unwieldy pile of stuccoed stories, built I should think by a French architect, whose idea of Saracenic architecture was founded on some café chantant of Marseilles. But behind the palace was a magnificent garden with peach and almond trees in full blossom—soft clouds of pink and blush-tint against the somber background of dark foliage. Thither, tempted by anticipations of cool shade and flower fragrance, we directed our steps, to be met by an obsequious Copt gardener who had been sitting with a few friends under the vines and fig-trees. With some fear of having to render an account of his steward-

[1] My father as an Insurance Office Secretary had taken some part in the appointment of Captain (Sir Eyre Massey) Shaw as Head of the London Fire Brigade. We were great friends and in addition I was sometimes useful to him on Sunday afternoons, when foreign visitors came to inspect his fire engines or to be taken on wild rides round London when fire alarms were sounded. On one such occasion in the autumn of 1883, he was advised after lunch in some imperfect fashion that three Egyptian princes wished to see him and were on their way to Southwark from their hotel. No indication was given that this message meant the coming of the ex-Khedive Ismail and two companions. Being called elsewhere for the time he asked me to stay on and show the Egyptians round the Fire Brigade headquarters. I did so, and only when we went in to take a cup of tea with Mrs. Shaw and her daughters did I realize that for an hour I had been talking to Ismail, the recently retired Khedive. He had seemed to me a witty, singularly well-informed person.

Mrs.—afterwards Lady—Shaw was a Portuguese, I think from Madeira. She and her daughters, as well as Captain Shaw, all spoke French with ease; so that these Sunday afternoons at the Southwark headquarters were pleasant occasions rarely missed by foreign visitors to London interested in the methods of fire extinction.

ship to one or other of the intruders he looked alternately at each to detect who spoke with authority. He soon decided it was Floyer. My Arabic of Tunis was almost too foreign in pronunciation and filled with words special to North Africa, so that apart from other considerations I did not often uplift my voice on these journeys through Lower Egypt. Floyer knew Egyptian Arabic remarkably well, and was in a position to speak with authority. . . .

The Copt returned to his dwelling and fetched a huge bunch of keys. The shabby gateway to the inner court of the palace was still surmounted by a tattered device in Norwegian timber for a fire-work display. How long had it been there? It must have been six or seven or even more years since Ismail was in a position to exhibit fire-works, even in simulated rejoicing. The palace steps were already in ruin, some of the stones having been pilfered. We stood in front of a mean and warped wooden door, ill fitting the doorway, its planks cracked and bowed, and needing but a slight push to give way and admit you. But its huge padlock was ceremoniously unlocked by the gardener, and a boy who had followed him squeezed through and dragged it open from the inside.

Then we were in a spacious hall with tall mirrors set in frames of tarnished gold, and bearing still on them the pasted label of their maker's name and address at Marseilles. The stone-paved floor was covered with immense French carpets of grandiose design—leviathan roses and lilies. Round this hall were divans covered with chintzes to match the carpets. A fine staircase of bold design ascended from the farther end of the room and led one to a series of apartments, ample, spacious and lofty, with high ceilings and many windows. These rooms were not ill designed as regards shape, but as usual their decorations were in the worst possible taste. The carpets, divans, curtains were rapidly perishing under the attacks of moths and damp; the roof being partly in disrepair and the late winter having been a rainy one the timbers were rotting. The palace probably soon solved the difficulties attending its upkeep by falling to pieces and add-

ing another modern ruin to the many relics of an immeasurable past.

A more pleasing spectacle was the beautiful garden attached. Left to itself for several years, free from pruning-knife and scythe, the alleys had become nearly shut out from the sky beneath a maze of interlacing boughs, and were choked up with high grass. But there were fairy forests of peach and apricot trees, of almonds, cherries, plums, filling the garden with the mingled odors of their blossom. There were hedges of geraniums all a blaze of scarlet, hibiscus trees with deep crimson flowers—and roses! Roses to any extent, not wonderful in individual quality, but in such profuse quantity that the eye lit on them at every turn. Groves of black-green palms dominated the alleys of the garden, and here and there a gloomy cypress or a shady ilex tree gave depth and solemnity to a quiet nook.

In the center of the garden stood a huge and tasteless kiosque under which was a marble fountain with sculptured eagles ready to discharge thin shoots of water from their beaks. This kiosque had it been less tawdry, might have served in fancy for some enchanted dwelling sunk in slumber, for we had to fight our way to it through rose-tangles and briars; and here on arriving by the last gleams of the sinking sun, we seemed to distinguish figures of beautiful damsels sunk in sleep, the attendants on some central Galatea who stood in petrified wonder above the eagles on the fountain. Alas! Looked at closer they were realized as only the commonplace marble houris made-to-order, to hold gas lamps—as these did—or to fill up halls and landings in Continental hotels. . . .

Laden with all the flowers we could carry, and followed by the gardener bearing more, we returned to our tent and passed a cosy evening there, only moderately disturbed by the fleas, and by the dogs which had sallied out from the town to harass us to the best of their ability. Tired with the day's ride, and sprinkled all over with insect powder, we lay down to rest, too sleepy at first to be agitated by either plague, though both fleas and dogs in Egypt are potent for ill. The fleas in those days—I can not say

what they are like now—simply swarmed in the soil, no matter whether you were far removed from a city or not; while the pariah dogs [1] would not have been true to their race had they not bayed at every stranger's presence from dusk to dawn.

In an irritable or nervous mood, an Egyptian dog had the power to make one cruelly suffer. Let us suppose—in those distant days of 1884—that one was camped near an Egyptian town in the Delta. In this untidy assemblage of brick and clay buildings, the dogs had done their usual barking, yapping, howling, boo-hoo-hooing which commenced after sunset, and were disposed to slink off toward midnight and occupy themselves with a quiet prowl. But one evil-minded dog has spotted your encampment, resented the intrusion of the foreign Christian, and determined to rekindle the quiescent anger of his comrades. So the brief lull, the ultimate silence we might have hoped for would be suddenly broken by a hideous, tempestuous volley of barks, delivered with such furious impetuosity that they became merged at the end into a prolonged howl. This outburst would then recall his retreating companions, who at first might be indisposed to join in the attack, being more inclined to forage for a supper. But this zealot of a dog would go on continuously yapping though his voice grew faint and shrill with exhaustion, till at length he rekindled the sullen animosity of his friends. They would then reassemble and prowl round our tent, giving assent to all he put forward in his indictment, with low, muttered growls. Then

[1] I made some notes at this time about the two types of domestic dog in Egypt. They were fairly dissimilar in character and appearance. The common kind was the well-known pariah dog, yellow in color, prick-eared, and dingo- and jackal-like. But there was also a larger type of dog used as a house guard and as a shepherd dog. It looked like a black wolf and was very fierce in disposition, seldom barking, but biting ferociously—I was told—when its suspicions were aroused. Except for its dark color it resembled the white Berber dogs of Tunis. This wolf-like, sometimes "Chow-like," type of domestic dog, so usual in northern and central Europe and in temperate Asia and pristine North America is only found in North Africa and Egypt, though possibly it may penetrate elsewhere into the high mountains of Abyssinia. There are rumors of its having penetrated through the Tuaregs into the northern limits of the Niger Basin, but they have not been verified. Elsewhere, in primitive Africa, south of Egyptian influence, the dog is always of the Asiatic pariah, dingo type.

one or two of the most moved among them joined the accuser and their fresh voices lent strength to his; and encouraged by the growing sympathy of public feeling the first dog declaimed against us with renewed vigor.

At last the whole assembly was stirred and a deafening clamor broke out, some of the female dogs becoming hysterical and rising in shrill and dolorous boohoos above the gruffer bass of the sterner sex, while all the time the first dog's steady barking rose triumphant above the general chorus, shrieking out our crimes in a transport of maddened fury, delighted to find he had roused public opinion. There would be a glad tone of "I told you so! —I told you so!" ringing through his deafening barks. At such a juncture I would rise, and seizing anything hard, portable and not too valuable in the tent, would emerge into the darkness and fling the things I held where the chorus of barks was thickest. But my sortie would be futile. The curs that a minute before were close to the tent disappeared into the gloom. I would return to bed, only to be followed up to the tent-ropes by a renewed outburst from the now thoroughly-in-earnest dogs, who finding their worst suspicions of us confirmed laid on with their tongues till day broke.

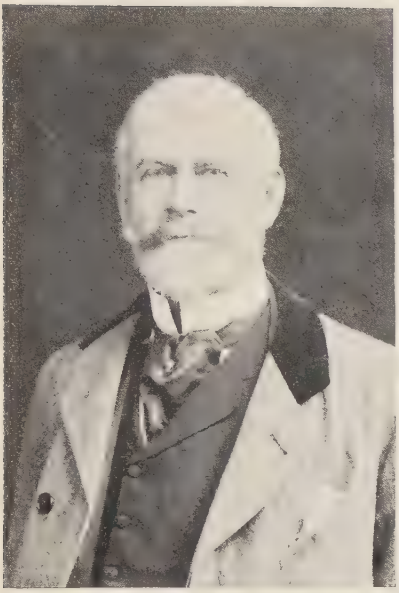
But for the dog nuisance we would have camped out more frequently at this season. As it was, I preferred sleeping in some dwelling, however stuffy and smelly. Fleas were not worse in the houses than on the ground, anywhere near a village.

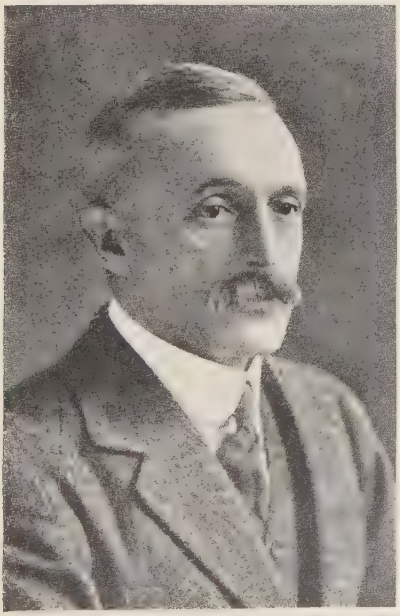
On my return to Cairo, before setting out for Suez to catch the steamer going to Aden, I made the acquaintance of Dean Butcher who had been for a year or two the senior representative of the Anglican Church in Cairo, the virtual "Bishop" of Cairo—as he may have lived long enough to become. He was a person well worth knowing, one of the most witty, discerning, clever people I have met. He had been Dean of Shanghai (was it not?—or Hong Kong?), and had met with great domestic trouble. His young wife had eloped with a military officer; and after a year or two of hesitancy—perhaps quite a number of years—or maybe

with no long delay, he had divorced her. This action had drawn down on him the animadversion of a narrow-minded section of the Anglican Church; though what else he could have done, assuming him to have had human feelings, it is difficult to see. He had been transferred to Cairo, where he became one of the most successful features of the British occupation. He—and his second wife, for when his divorce was settled he eventually married Miss Floyer—devoted themselves much to the study of Coptic and to the encouragement of friendly relations between the Anglican and the Coptic Churches. I hope they had some gratitude from the leaders of the latter. The Coptic Church in Egypt in 1884—as in Abyssinia—was smothered in superstition and was virtually a foreign religion to us. The Copts generally made common cause with the Muhammadans in resenting our attempts to set Egypt right. Whether the action of the Butchers, carried on through many years, had any effect on the Coptic mind, I can not say.

On my return from Upper Egypt I was presented to the Khedive Taufik by Mr. Egerton, afterwards British Envoy at Athens. The Khedive was a pleasant-looking man, half Arab and not much resembling his particularly European-looking father, Ismail, who without a fez might almost have passed for an Englishman or an Austrian. Taufik—why did we persist throughout his life in misspelling his name "Tewfik"?—spoke French well and English not badly. He seemed to me to say witty and discerning things, but to have become in 1884 (I saw him again on the verge of 1885) incurably sad.

All the heavy luggage of my expedition had been handed over to the British India Steam Navigation Company in London to be eventually despatched by changing steamers to Zanzibar; and I had left for Egypt by the overland Brindisi route to Alexandria at the beginning of March. I joined the steamer conveying my expedition outfit at Suez a month after leaving England, and voyaged to Aden. Here we had again to change in order to finish the journey to Zanzibar by a small but comfortable steamer which in those days plied between Bombay, Aden, Zanzibar, and Mo-





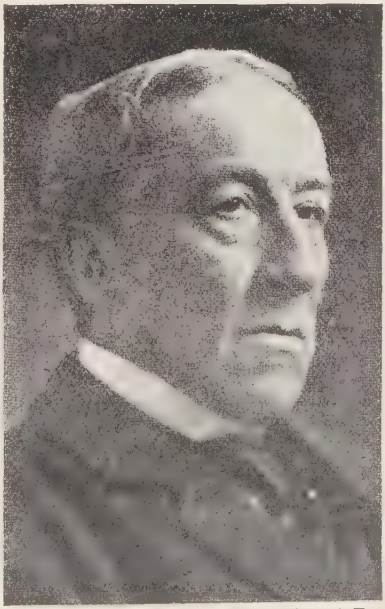


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Above: T. Douglas Murray.

Below: Sir Alfred Sharpe, K.C.M.G., C.B.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Above: Georg Schweinfurth, the great German explorer of the Nile-Congo water-parting.

Below: Sir Clement Lloyd Hill, formerly of the Foreign Office.

çambique. There was no hotel at Aden, in those distant years, suited to the requirements of any person in the least fastidious about fleas or smells. Every one anxious on these points who was likely to be detained here either procured a letter of introduction to the "Governor" (strictly-speaking the Resident), or the Steamer Company's Agent, or some officer of high command; or, braving the conventions, called on some suitably-housed officer and craved hospitality. I dare say I had got a letter to the Resident. At any rate I record gratefully in my book on Kilimanjaro "the most enjoyable interval spent at Aden as the guest of General Blair" . . . whilst awaiting the Zanzibar steamer.

At Aden I obtained through Messrs. Kawasji Dinshah, the all-supplying Parsi agents, a useful servant for my Kilimanjaro journey, a young Tamil man from Ceylon named David Virapan. He was one of the many Tamil Roman Catholics and had a good knowledge of English, knew some French, and soon came to speak Ki-swahili (the universal East African language). This Parsi firm—is it running still?—transacted business for me for some twelve years. They were a providence to Englishmen in the East, and only had one fault: they spelled their name as it would have been written a hundred years ago. I have remedied that by rendering it here phonetically, as it was pronounced.

I had heard much about Aden in 1883 from one of the most remarkable of its citizens: Duala,[1] the Somali servant of Stanley whom I had known on the Congo in 1882 and 1883. Duala was a typically adventurous Somal, the son of a petty official at Aden. When a boy of sixteen he had gone on a voyage to America and then in some such year as 1879 had enlisted for service on the Congo by Stanley. I met him first in 1882 at Vivi. He seemed to me one of the best-looking, most capable black men I had met; dark, indeed, he was in complexion, but as is the case with most Somalis his facial features were almost Greek. His hair was

[1] His name is ridiculously misspelt "Qualla" by the lady who translated Count Teleki's Travels into English. This has misled several African travelers from following the history of a really remarkable Somal, who for what he achieved during six years with Stanley deserves some mention in the history of modern Africa.

close cut, but that of the uncivilized Somal is long, fleecy, and crinkly; yet they and the Galas are surely one of the world's handsome races, though the men are better looking than the women? I had wanted very much, if I ever went to East Africa, to secure Duala's services as headman of my expedition; but by a series of mischances whenever I arrived at Aden he was already secured by some other expedition. After leaving Stanley's service in 1885 he accompanied the James brothers into Inner Somaliland, and next went with Count Samuel Teleki on his sporting expedition into Equatorial East Africa during 1886-1888. Later on he thought to undertake a trading venture of his own into British Somaliland and was miserably drowned in the wreckage of his dau off the Somaliland coast. He spoke perfectly English, Arabic, Hindustani, Swahili, and French; and knew also Portuguese and Ki-kongo.

The story of my Kilimanjaro Expedition and some preliminary account of Sir John Kirk and of the Zanzibar he lived in and had done much to create, is told in my book published at the beginning of 1886 when I was away in the Niger Delta.[1]

The expedition turned out to be beset with difficulties. The interior country at the back of the Swahili belt had been ravaged by a terrible famine. We encountered famished men who crept after the lions on their raids, too contemptibly skinny themselves to be worth a lion's attention; and who, when the carnivore had glutted himself with the viscera and choicest muscles of the dead antelope or buffalo, were permitted to sneak up to the mangled remains and eat raw what fragments of meat they could tear away. The sun-seared country seemed almost uninhabited till we reached the hills of Taita or the snug forest retreat of Taveita.

But soon after I had settled down to my collecting in the Moshi country between four and five thousand feet in altitude, occupying the central part of the Chaga slopes of Kilimanjaro, I had trouble with my principal collectors, two Swahilis whom Sir John Kirk had engaged for me. They were good shots, clever taxidermists, but not what I wanted in the way of collec-

[1] *The Kilimanjaro Expedition.* London, 1886. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

tors. They considered all I required was a good show of the larger game in the lower-lying country. Any idea of ascending above my Moshi station of Kitimbiriu (now, in the present age, the center of a large town called generically "Moshi") to collect plants, beetles, butterflies, birds, or rodents they esteemed as beneath their notice or liable to lead them into dangerous places amid hostile natives. I found that in accepting the invitation of Mandara, the very wide-awake potentate of the Moshi tribe, Sir John Kirk had perhaps taken an unwise step. Why previous explorers of Kilimanjaro, from the days of Von der Decken, had all made for Mandara's headquarters as their starting point in ascending Kilimanjaro, I could hardly understand, after I came to know Mandara. He was an elderly, one-eyed, astute chieftain of the central section of the Chaga peoples. The rest of the large Chaga tribe inhabited the southern slopes of the mighty mass of Kilimanjaro, from Rombo or Useri on the east to Kiboñoto on the northwest. The northern slopes of the two volcanoes were nearly waterless, barren and uninhabitable. Mandara's country probably commanded the easiest climbing approach to the elevated plateau of sixteen thousand feet in altitude, from which arose the snow-crowned heights; but Mandara had broken the heart and stopped the explorations of the Reverend Charles New (two expeditions—1871-1873), and he had not been particularly helpful to Joseph Thomson. I found after three months' delay and some wasted time, that the Marañu country on the southeast offered an easier route to the snow peaks. When my two collectors refused to ascend the mountain higher than the vicinity of my first station, or unless I went with them every time to "protect" them, I discharged them, sent them back to Zanzibar and trained other men to assist me in collecting and preserving specimens.

It was the fauna and flora of the mountain I had come to collect first and foremost: the things found there between five thousand and fifteen thousand feet. In a way, this was sometimes exasperating to myself, as well as to my men; for the big game of the plains was obviously far more attractive to the eye and as

articles of food than the conies, squirrels, mice, dormice, shrews, genets and monkeys; the sun-birds, shrikes, warblers, orioles, ravens and francolins; the land-crabs, beetles, butterflies, leeches, and spiders of the mountain forests or of the alpine slopes up to the snow level. It was this mountain fauna and flora we had come more especially to examine; but the Swahili collectors of those days could only take an interest in big game.

From my base at Kitimbiriu, about a two-mile walk above Mandara's town in Moshi, I ascended beyond the limits of the forest to an altitude of ten thousand feet, out of the forest into the open country. But there my expedition encountered the Wakibōsho, the Chaga enemies of Mandara. They hesitated to attack but they barred the way up to the peaks. After making a rich collection of plants and insects, I returned to Moshi and finally resolved to part company with Mandara and establish myself farther to the east. From the country of Marañu I climbed to an altitude of about sixteen thousand feet, somewhere near the middle of the "saddle" which runs between the two snow-crowned craters of Kibô and Kimawenzi. I came into an awe-inspiring region of immense clouds, heard the thunder bellow at me from their midst as though I had indeed disturbed and angered the God whom the natives believed to dwell in these icy solitudes. My few followers had lagged behind or run back to a stopping place at fourteen thousand feet.

The temperature though it was little after mid-day was down to 35°; I could not pass the night on the saddle without shelter or blankets, so I turned back and made for our highest camp at about ten thousand five hundred feet. This I fortunately reached before the daylight failed. Here we had met and at last made friends with the Kobōsho people who dwelt to the west of Moshi. They proved most friendly and helpful, far different from Mandara's folk in Moshi. I spent a really happy three or four weeks at this altitude before the rainy weather began. The Kibōsho hunted the mountain side with me and for me, above the forest limits, bringing me in collections of beetles, of small mammals and conies, and even quite carefully-gathered plants in flower.

Then—for my funds were threatening to get exhausted by the time I had paid off my men (they did in fact do so, and the last month of the Kilimanjaro Expedition had to be paid for by my Graphic Supplements and other press work)—I started to walk round the mountain above the forest and effected a descent of Kilimanjaro on the east, entering an almost uninhabited, exceedingly wild country known as "Rombo." A few days' rest at Taveita and then a walk to the coast. I dreaded to return by the famine-stricken route to Mombasa, so struck off by Lake Jipé for the valley of the Rufu River; encountered the Masai; but got off unplundered by alleging—it was my only defence and quite an allowable falsehood—that there was smallpox in my caravan (there had been, but the men had recovered); and finally reached the port of Pangani and crossed in a rotten old dau to Zanzibar.

On the way to England I spent two interesting weeks, one at Aden and another in Egypt. I visited the sea coast of the Aden peninsula and saw the caverns in the rugged sea cliffs with their unexpectedly rich vegetation at their entrances, and their "Sinbad"-like features. At Cairo I met Mr. John Cook of the celebrated firm of Thomas Cook (his father). He had been out on business for the British Government. I also met at the same time Mons. Charles de Lesseps, the son of the "author" of the Suez Canal. With them I traveled to Brindisi by a P. and O. steamer provided with such sumptuous and luxurious fare as I had never before and have never since eaten on board ship. We spent Christmas on board—that and the presence of the lesser de Lesseps and the wholly estimable John Cook had roused the P. and O. Company to such a display of hospitality as took me by surprise. There were few other passengers, so it was impartially distributed. The weather was divine. At Brindisi Mr. Cook asked me to share his saloon carriage with himself and two members of his staff; and so we traveled to Calais in greater luxury than I have ever enjoyed on the journey before or since.

Arrived in London, I found the Foreign Office surprised and disappointed to see me. . . . "We thought you were remaining —on that mountain, you know, where you made the treaties?

After we heard what the Germans were doing we got the Government to agree to ratify your treaties for Kilimanjaro—and now here you are back, and goodness knows what is going on in East Africa! . . ." There were cross purposes in these complaints that I never fully understood. The Kilimanjaro Expedition had in its inception arisen as the work of Sir John Kirk. Mandara, the ambitious slave-raiding chief, who was trying with his thousand soldiers to subdue the other Chaga chiefs of Kilimanjaro, had opened up relations with the great "Balozi" at Zanzibar in 1882 and 1883, and Sir John Kirk had instigated the British Association and the Royal Society to finance a collector's mission to the mountain to investigate its fauna and flora. He had communicated his purpose to the Foreign Office, but they had chosen to assume that the mission to Kilimanjaro was partly political. In the month of April spent with Kirk at Zanzibar he had obviously contemplated the possibility of my being asked while in the Kilimanjaro district to negotiate tentative treaties with Mandara or other potentates of the mountain, and had supplied me with the formula such documents should bear. I was not to press such negotiations on the chieftains; only to deal with such a matter if a French traveler seemed to be coming to the neighborhood. (There was at that time in the offing a very agreeable French explorer, a Mons. Révoil, who was at Zanzibar in the month of April, 1884, affecting to be both resting from one Somaliland exploration and preparing for another. He came not infrequently to the British Agency to see Sir John Kirk, and expressed peculiar interest in the northern part of the Sayyid's Zanzibar dominions, putting many questions to me as to my own exploration schemes. He probably never thought of political adventure, south of the Juba River, but at the time he was particularly interested in the remains of helot-Negro, Gala-speaking tribes like the Boni in the coast region, north of Malindi. These "Wa-boni"—as they were called by the Swahili—spoke a language that was very near to Gala,[1] but in physique they were emphatically Negro. Révoil, I am sure now, was perfectly open

[1] See for an example of it my above-cited book on Kilimanjaro.

and honest as to his political motives and his interest in African peoples. But Sir John Kirk—whom he so particularly admired because in addition to his great achievements Kirk spoke good French—was very suspicious about Révoil's intentions. He knew he had been treaty-making in Somaliland and thought he designed—despite the fatuous self-denial Treaty of 1862 concluded with the French—alienating from the over-rule of Zanzibar the tribes between the Juba River and Kilimanjaro.)

So I carried with me into the interior the draft-treaty-forms mentioned, to be concluded if possible with the chiefs around Kilimanjaro should there be any treaty-making started by another European power. "European" really meant French.

I remember—having read Baron von der Decken's book—that in the 'sixties this Hanoverian explorer had distinctly contemplated a Prussian Protectorate being instituted over East Africa, since Prussia was not bound by the same self-denying treaty as Britain and France. I recalled more vividly the statements of the German explorer whom Lord Mayo had nursed back into health near the Koroka River in Southwest Africa, and how he had said he was on his way to make treaties and surveys in Ovamboland. And how very aggressive I had found—from a territorial point of view—Dr. Pechuel Loesche at the mouth of the Congo in 1882; and how Bismarck had wrecked the attempt to settle the Congo question with Portugal direct. Still I do not think for a moment I contemplated any German political rivalry in East Africa until the end of 1884. Yet at the close of August in that year an important Swahili caravan came to Moshi and its leader (possibly Jumbe Kimemeta whom I saw at Mandara's court) informed me some Europeans were making treaties with native chiefs "beyond Kahé"—about three days' journey south of the great mountain.[1]

I myself was impatient to ascend Kilimanjaro and be absent

[1] The Germans—Dr. Karl Peters, Count Joachim Pfeil and Dr. Jühlke—apparently did not make their first treaty in Usambara till November, 1884. These rumors of what was being done in Nguru or Usambara were perhaps an exaggeration of the efforts made by missionaries to buy land for schools or cultivation. I attributed the rumor to the Belgians who were opening up an east coast route to the Upper Congo via Tanganyika.

on the heights collecting. So to make sure I broached the subject of a treaty to Mandara, meaning, in fact, to leave him altogether as soon as I could; for all the native tribes around him were at war with this slave-trading chief. Mandara after considerable argument agreed at last to put his mark on a form of agreement by which, if the Sultan of Zanzibar waived his suzerainty over Kilimanjaro, he, Mandara, agreed to accept the Queen of England instead.

Later on I got Miriali, the chief of Marañu, to make his mark on the same kind of treaty, and concluded a similar agreement with the Elders of Taveita.

About this time—August-September, 1884—I received a private letter from the Foreign Office, suggesting that some such steps should be taken, in consultation with Sir John Kirk. So I sent the originals of these treaties to London by the leader of the Swahili caravan who would convey them to a port on the coast and then post them. By another, shorter route I sent copies to Sir John Kirk, who I had reason to think was far away to the south of Zanzibar. He did not receive them till some time after I had myself left for England. Sir John, in fact, filled with sudden suspicion as to German intentions, had taken a long excursion to Lindi in the southern part of the Swahili coast. He did not return to Zanzibar till two days before my steamer sailed for Aden and only heard from me about my treaties the day I was going on board. However they were eventually—later on in 1885—recognized, and were quoted as our first authority to interfere in inner East Africa beyond the Sultan of Zanzibar's dominions. Major H. H. Kitchener—afterwards Lord Kitchener of Khartum—was sent to inspect these territories and do other things to strengthen our hold over them; for in the beginning of 1885 the Germans were recklessly overriding these documents with transactions they forced on the bewildered natives. For five years Kilimanjaro came within the British sphere—at any rate Mandara's country was considered to be under the British flag. The Church Missionary Society sent missionaries to occupy my old station of Kitimbiriu, and I handed my "concessions" at Taveita to Mr. James Hutton and a group of Manchester mer-

chants who formed the nucleus of the Imperial British East Africa Chartered Company.

But this association viewed very timorously the project of financing a company to "work" inner East Africa. Mr. William Mackinnon who held most of the shares of the British India Steam Navigation Company, and who had in 1877 been offered (but had refused) a huge concession on the East African coast by the "Sultan" [1] of Zanzibar, invited me to his home in the Mull of Cantyre to discuss the Congo and East Africa. This was in 1883, after my return from the Congo and before my second visit to Brussels.

This first visit however was a great disappointment. The King of the Belgians had referred once or twice to Mr. Mackinnon, Stanley had talked a good deal about him. Neither had given any description of his personal appearance.

He was like the then Duke of Argyle—the author of *The Reign of Law*—only smaller: a leetle, dapper, upright man, with an aquiline nose, side whiskers, a pouting mouth, and a strutting manner of walking and holding himself. His reception of me after my long steamer journey, long and tiring drive of eleven miles from Port Tarbert (Mull of Cantyre), was kind, but throughout his large modern house there was no trace of comfort, and the temperature of Scotland is always cool. If it isn't cold, it is chilly. It is a country where you hardly dare let the fires go out in the dwelling-rooms. This was early September but the autumn had lowered the temperature already.

Fortunately for me there were other guests staying there, lured like myself from London, who felt the cold as much as I did. It was almost before the days of brisk games out of doors which stirred the circulation. We were taken long drives and returned with blue noses and chattering teeth. The meals were strangely sparse: never saw I partridges, grouse, and chickens so small. But it was Religion which made the visit so hard to bear. Our host and hostess were not ordinary Presbyterians: the members and services of the Church of Scotland can be genial, not merely

[1] The ruler of Zanzibar was not known as the "Sultan" officially till this European wrangle over his rights. He was entitled the Sayyid ("Lord").

bearable; and the same could be said of the Free Kirk and the United Presbyterians. But Sir William Mackinnon—as he became in after years—belonged to a divergent sect of Presbyterians who had invented a form of Penal Servitude to take the place of a religion. A Minister presided at the service (by the grace of Sir William), clothed in every-day garments. There must be no music—the organ was a lure of the Scarlet Woman. You had to stand, stand, stand, you mustn't kneel; you occasionally sat—I suppose we must have sat through the hour-long sermon; and the morning service seemed to last from ten o'clock to one.

I walked away from this Devil worship—as it should have been, only all these cruel forms of fatigue and boredom are attributed to the God of Love—with Miss Helen Fraser (?) (Lady Mackinnon's sister). She was quite a nice-looking, amenable woman, but in terror of her sister and her sister's husband. I ventured a phrase or two about the service, but she stopped and said tremblingly, *"Don't* let us discuss it; it would upset William —and my sister."

Lady Mackinnon the previous Saturday night (after we had risen from a half-hour of prayers, during which Sir William had passed all his guests in review for the information of his God) had given us a taste of her mettle. Before the eleven female domestic servants had left the room she delivered a brief order to the senior of these Daughters of the Plow, and they had gone forth about the drawing-rooms, library and hall and had returned with the keys of the library and with all the worldly every-day books and magazines strewn about the sitting-rooms. These they handed to their mistress who solemnly locked them up in a large cupboard in the principal drawing-room. The next day (the intolerable Sabbath) when we were back from the three hours' service, and waiting about for announcement of lunch, I idly turned over the leaves of a Bradshaw, the only form of non-sacred literature exposed to view. "Er—er—what have you there?" asked Mrs. Mackinnon. "A Bradshaw," I replied. She hesitated and gulped, but decided to say nothing and let me go to my doom.

CHAPTER VII

In the spring of 1885, when I had returned from East Africa and was living in a top-story flat at St. Margaret's Mansions Victoria Street, working hard at my book on Kilimanjaro, I was invited by the Baroness Burdett Coutts to go and see her, she having heard of me from Stanley. I went, and promised further to attend a somewhat vague drawing-room meeting at her house to consider East African questions, the controversy being excited by the German proclamation of a Protectorate. At this meeting the Baroness advised our coming to terms in some way with the King of the Belgians. Albert Grey (the future Earl Grey), afterwards so much involved in the affairs of the British South Africa Company, was present. He came up to me and introduced himself. "Why don't *you* get up and say something? Break this awful silence?"

"I haven't anything to say," I replied. "I don't know whether to attack or defend the King of the Belgians. Stanley is coming home. Some other Englishman is to be appointed Governor of the Congo, but the King seems likely to choose a duffer." Then —irresistibly—I told him about Kilimanjaro.

He rose to his feet and despite a feeble protest on my part bore me off in a hansom to see Mr. Mackinnon at the Burlington Hotel. We were admitted *sans phrase,* and Grey urged Mackinnon impetuously to take up my concession and send men out to settle on it and make East Africa British. Mackinnon declined. He refused to have any faith in East Africa.

In July of that year I asked the Foreign Office to send me out to some part of Tropical Africa in a consular capacity. An Under Secretary replied that my name would be submitted to Lord Salisbury in due course; and enquired in a private letter whether I was prepared, if the present Consul withdrew, to go

to Moçambique with a view to observing the progress of events in Nyasaland. I of course professed my willingness, but upon reconsideration the Moçambique Consul withdrew his request for a transfer. Then I was definitely offered a double Vice Consular post in the Niger Delta and the Cameroons; with a hint that should Consul Edward Hewett retire for reasons of health I might qualify for succession to him in a region over which we were asserting our political claims.

This suggestion fully appealed to me. The Vice Consulates were of the commissioned class, the officer being styled "Her Majesty's Vice Consul." The joint salary equaled—or very nearly so—that of Moçambique; and it seemed very likely that Hewett—whom I saw in London—would soon relinquish the chief post. The greatest attraction to me in the double post was that it put me in a position to explore the highly interesting field of the Cameroons Mountains, the Niger Delta, and possibly the countries along the Benué. With my immediate future thus settled I spent a very happy summer and autumn, staying with my father in a house he had taken on the heights west of Clifton in Gloucestershire. This enabled me to pursue certain studies at the Clifton Zoological Gardens. In London I began working at the Foreign Office.

My father at this time had decided for reasons of health to retire altogether from business. He therefore resigned his position of Secretary to the Royal Insurance Company and was treated by them with befitting consideration, so that after retirement his income was little less than during his long service for this Insurance Company which had begun, I believe, in 1850. He therefore settled down in his house on Champion Hill and devoted himself to the development of his Church near by. His love of the country was as intense as ever, but was sufficiently slaked by taking a furnished house somewhere each recurring summer. I do not think he went abroad after his retirement, but maintained his interest in the wilder lands by attending the meetings of the Royal Geographical Society.

In the year 1885 I first made the acquaintance of Oswald

Crawfurd, C. Kegan Paul, Alfred Chenevix Trench (his partner), (Sir) Richard and (Lady) Isabel Burton, Edward Fairfield of the Colonial Office (the nearest individual in real life to "Arthur Broadmead" in *The Gay-Dombeys*); Mrs. Drummond and her daughter Mrs. Kay of Hyde Park Gardens and Fredley, near Box Hill in Surrey (from whose garden I used to see George Meredith walking slowly about the lanes and approaches to Box Hill); Justin McCarthy and his brilliant son, Justin Huntly; George Grossmith (through the Hepworth-Dixons—Ella Hepworth-Dixon, a delightful woman and writer, has been my friend ever since); Edwin Arnold, poet and leader-writer; William Stead;[1] John Scott Keltie who became about that time Librarian to the Royal Geographical Society; and his son-in-law —then private secretary to Lord Rosebery—Thomas Lennox Gilmour. There were also my ex-student friends in the painting world, just entering on a bitter struggle with the Royal Academy —H. H. La Thangue, J. Stanhope Forbes, S. Melton Fisher, Harvard Thomas, J. M. Swan, J. E. Christie. Most of them still clung to the once-happy group of Trafalgar Studios, but had entered on a rebellious attitude toward the ideals of Burlington House (which most of them have now forgotten), when their early works were skied or dismissed, and when they sought compensation by exhibiting extraordinarily clever work at the Grosvenor Gallery, or even shook the dust of England off their feet till the denser discernment of the Royal Academy had perceived their merits.

It seems almost incredible—to me—how many events, how much friendship, what opening careers, what missed opportunities came into my life in these nine months of 1885, when I was twenty-six to twenty-seven. I can't remember who presented me to Charles Kegan Paul, in those days a very influential publisher; but he served as the intermediary of my coming to know many other people. He introduced me first to his partner, Alfred Chenevix Trench (the son of the Archbishop

[1] I had made Stead's acquaintance in the winter of 1883-4, when he "interviewed" me in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

of Dublin—of whom more anon), and then to Mrs. Joseph Kay and her mother, Mrs. Drummond.[1] Kegan Paul in those days lived in a nice spacious house in Ashley Gardens, South Kensington. He was the husband of a pleasant woman and the father of several clever sons and daughters. The sons were at good schools; the daughters just old enough to be at home, their school studies finished. All seemed as happy as might be. Kegan Paul gave delightful dinners and luncheons at which one met the rising young writers of the day, some superbly conceited like Lionel Johnson, others eager for information and therefore friendly to one who had been already far afield. At this house, one Sunday, I met Mrs. Kay who rushed in between lunching at one place and going to tea at another to make my acquaintance: whence followed that of her mother and sister.

Kegan Paul published my book (*Kilimanjaro*) and paid me a good instalment in advance. Visits to his publishing office in Paternoster Square were delightful. In those days he was an Agnostic, toying a little with Comte; or perhaps he was a Comtist trending to a knowledge that all without the scheme of Fact was at best a pardonable supposition.

In 1887 he introduced an article of mine to (Sir) James Knowles of the *Nineteenth Century*. It was published and thenceforth till the death of Knowles and of his son-in-law, W. Wray Skilbeck, I wrote at intervals for that Review. Knowles, of course, as every one knew, had been a successful architect. He had designed the rebuilding of my wife's old home at Hedsor, but in this case had constructed an ugly and pretentious house where for two centuries previously had stood an early Georgian manor house of distinguished good looks. Knowles, however, was a good friend to me and an admirable host. He often entertained Royalties, who had a considerable appreciation of his merits and his perfectly organized hospitality; and he lived in a low-built house at Queen Anne's Gate overshadowed by the

[1] Mrs. Drummond was the very aged widow of a remarkable Under Secretary of State for Ireland—"Property has its duties as well as its rights" was his dictum.

Sir Richard Burton on his deathbed, Trieste, 1890.

mushroom-growth of Queen Anne's Mansions. I not infrequently met at his table the old Duke of Cambridge, one of the kindest and most considerate persons I ever encountered: far more patient and painstaking as a listener and a setter-right than his colleague, Lord Wolseley—infinitely more so than a Kitchener or a Buller.

However, to revert to Kegan Paul:—

He was probably in his prime in 1885. His previous history seems to have been a University training and a cure in the Church of England; then a mastership at Eton; then religious doubts which made that impossible; and then freedom and comparative happiness for a while, during which time he clung to the last figment of religion, a belief in the philosophy of Auguste Comte. When I first met him, early in '85, his publishing business—a succession to the old Anglo-German house of Trübner and Company which published grammars of recondite Oriental, European and African tongues—had become in style "Kegan Paul, Trench and Trübner." Alfred Trench had found most of the capital—I fancy—and Kegan Paul much of the genius and flair which made this group at that time a noteworthy center of intelligence and discernment in publication. I believe they then published the *Nineteenth Century,* Tennyson's poems, and the books of other great writers.

Kegan Paul in the summer of 1885 was a hale, good-looking man, well advanced in middle-age, with singularly mesmeric eyes. He was the only person who ever made any "mesmeric" impression on me. I do not remember his perceiving this, but he told me sometime afterwards in the smoking room at Fredley that he had long before realized his possession of this power but had decided it was wrong to use it. He had singularly discerning, dark-gray eyes, and his look was dominating. Yet this brilliantly clever man, deeply read in English, French and German literature, much traveled in Western Europe, was gulled in some way by Horatio Bottomley.

Somewhere toward the end of the 'eighties he was induced by Bottomley to take a leading part in the formation of an "Anglo-

Austrian" Publishing Company or some association allied thereto; and on Bottomley's disappearance he was left to bear the brunt of the judicial enquiry into the financial history of the dissolved association. Only—I believe—by his sacrificing his own small savings and much of his wife's property did he succeed in appeasing Justice. I never heard that it particularly solaced the other shareholders that Kegan Paul—an exceedingly hard-working man—should be ruined, and that Bottomley should be free to make a fresh fortune in mine speculations in Western Australia.

Early in the 'nineties Kegan Paul buried himself in West Kensington of the westernmost and struggled to write a few more books. He became a Roman Catholic and associated himself much with the semi-mystic works of perverse French Catholics who in earlier life had been free-thinkers and after middle age had found some solace of thought in professing an attenuated form of Catholicism. Then—when was it? Twenty years ago and more?—he ran to catch an omnibus somewhere in Piccadilly, fell, and broke his leg. After that he had a paralytic stroke and must have died somewhere about June, 1902. His influence on British literature and his association with the Neo-Catholicism of France, the position he once occupied in London should have been sufficient to have assured him a short biographical notice in the later editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* which can afford space for an account of Paul of Samosata, an obscure bishop in Syria appointed by Queen Zenobia in 260 A.C. who had no effect whatever on the world . . . or even on Samosata! And although the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* came out in 1911 and the twelfth in 1921-2, there is in neither any mention of Horatio Bottomley, who, whether for good or evil particularly marked the first quarter of the twentieth century and profoundly affected the destiny of a remarkable thinker and writer like Charles Kegan Paul.

Oswald Crawfurd was likewise an interesting person to have come to know, early in 1885. He was British Consul at Oporto in northern Portugal, but somehow contrived to live in England

at Queen Anne's Mansions from about May till October. He had married a remarkably clever woman of distinguished appearance, the sister of Sir Clare Ford, British Envoy at Madrid, the son by the first marriage of Richard Ford who had written a world-famous guide-book to the Spain of the first half of the nineteenth century. Richard Ford had married twice, and Mrs. Crawfurd was a daughter of his second wife, but she was apparently much attached to her half-brother, Sir Clare. I have called her justly "distinguished-looking," but she was not handsome. Yet she was witty—sometimes a little bitter; spoke three or more European languages, and to those she liked could be—as she was to me—a truly kind friend. But even when I first met her in 1885 she seemed unhappy, devoted to a husband *tant soit peu volage*. Crawfurd himself was a fascinating man, exceedingly kind, very talented, but susceptible to the charms of young and talented women, who threw themselves at his head while affecting to be his wife's devoted companions. This is rather as I came to know him in later years. In 1885 I had met him at a dinner party given by the Trenches, and at first found he took little interest in me till a chance remark showed him that I knew Portuguese. Then he opened out, talked to me about a charming book he was beginning to write on Portugal "all through the year." [1] He was a son of the John Crawfurd who had been Administrator of British Malaysia (Governor of Singapore) in the early part of the nineteenth century. He had entered the Foreign Office as quite a young man, but fearing he had "consumptive" tendencies had applied for the Madeira Consulate where he grew quite strong. He had thoroughly mastered Portuguese and spoke it better than many a Portuguese, interesting himself also in the songs of northern Portugal and the local northern dialect of the language.

Oswald Crawfurd in the summer of 1885 avowed his intention of introducing me to the African explorer, Richard Burton. To know Burton had been one of the seemingly unrealizable dreams of my boyhood—and I was almost equally interested in his wife. Accordingly he having come to England in June or July, 1885, I

[1] *Round the Calendar in Portugal.*

was convoked to meet him. We arrived simultaneously at the old entrance to Queen Anne's Mansions and were both together introduced into something like a boot-cupboard, some stuffy, constricted, smelly little hole of a place instead of the outer door of Crawfurds' flat: how or why, I can not think. Under these embarrassing circumstances I had to introduce myself to Burton and then issue from our confinement and grope for the real door of entry. This unconventionality of approach dissipated all formality and we entered the Crawfurds' drawing-room (very "aesthetic") laughing heartily. From that moment we became friends. Together with Edward Fairfield of the Colonial Office, whom I had come to know over African questions (Fairfield was almost the only person in that Office at that date who took any interest in Africa) I subscribed to the great translation of the *Arabian Nights* which Burton had come to London to publish. Possibly I obtained a few other subscribers, and very likely this was done by me before I met Burton personally. But I had the joy soon after the dinner at Crawfurd's of giving a "Burton" dinner myself at the Scottish Club, asking Fairfield, and a number of other people to meet him.

He was at his most charming manner: amusing, informative, reminiscent; daring, yet kindly. I have seldom heard such conversation: there is nothing like it nowadays. Clever people are too guarded as to what they say, lest they be distributing "copy"; politicians are afraid of committing themselves or of revealing their gaps of knowledge. I dared much to provide an assemblage worthy of such a guest, and having first obtained Burton's acceptance I asked men like H. W. Bates (Secretary of the Royal Geographical), John Scott Keltie (its recently appointed Librarian), Edwin Arnold of the *Daily Telegraph,* Edward Fairfield of the Colonial Office, Dr. Sclater of the Zoological Society, Major Champain of the Indo-Persian Overland Telegraph, and a tenth person whose individuality I have forgotten—probably Oswald Crawfurd or T. Douglas Murray. It was a most successful evening and a reflex of it appears in my story of *The Gay-Dombeys.*

I had read Burton's books from the age of fourteen and had singularly desired to meet him and his wife, whose books I had also studied. They at any rate revealed her lovable disposition, even if they were neither scientific nor always accurate. We had many subjects of common interest, in most of which he far excelled me, such as in his knowledge of Arabic and Portuguese, of East and West Africa, of Italian, and dialects or subordinate languages in Italy. He had been almost the first of British writers to grasp the scheme of the Bantu languages of Africa and I was ambitiously contemplating the compilation of a conclusive study of that form of speech, the completion of the work which W. H. I. Bleek had just begun when he died in 1875.

Burton seemed in most respects the finisher of studies I had only adumbrated. "Why," I asked myself, almost in despair, "had I just met him when he was entering old age and I was about to depart on a long absence—two or three years—in Central Africa?"

For, not long after he had left London to return to Trieste, having secured some ten thousand pounds in subscriptions to his ten first volumes of the *Arabian Nights* (and being for the first time in his life in financial ease), I had embarked with my Tamil servant for the Niger Delta. I left Liverpool at the beginning of October, 1885, as Her Majesty's Vice Consul for the "Oil Rivers" and for the Cameroons.

My journey out to West Africa on this occasion had a dreary character. The steamer was of an old-fashioned type, the captain and officers not particularly pleasant, and the fellow passengers very earnest but not well-educated male and female missionaries, belonging to no very definite church. The picture of this voyage has been faithfully drawn in the early part of my novel, *The Gay-Dombeys;* so I can leave it there to be scanned by any reader—if such a being exists—who desires to follow all the episodes of my life. I was thankful when we anchored off the town of Bonny and I was within my Consular district. I landed there and renewed acquaintance with the chiefs and people. It was here, three and a half years before, that I had first seen rankly

tropical vegetation and walked in an equatorial forest. I noticed a good deal of difference in the second visit: much more clearing, more buildings in corrugated iron, greater activity in trade.

My next halt was at Old Calabar—also already known to me; and then we passed the always-momentous spectacle of the Cameroons Mountain coast, with its two noteworthy peaks and the ten thousand-feet-high volcano of Fernando Póo opposite. The steamer anchored in the estuary of the wide Cameroons River; I went on shore and presented my respects and letter of appointment to the German Governor (Baron von Soden), and also saw the Secretary of the Colony, who became acting governor in von Soden's absence. This Secretary was the very Prussian personality of Herr von Puttkammer, who long afterwards became Governor of this German possession. He was I believe a nephew of the Princess Bismarck, or so at least he was reputed to be. He seemed to me somewhat to ostend his relationship with the Bismarck household, and was generally an aggressive person. The Baron von Soden (a Württemberger) was a more distinguished man of greater courtesy. Having obtained recognition of my commission I had to explain to the Governor that my Consulate was going to be built on the island of Mondole (then a British possession) two or three miles out at sea in Ambas Bay and opposite the settlement of Victoria. Part of my duties was to administer affairs in this tiny British colony of the Cameroons Mountain, annexed by Consul Hewett in 1884.

The European colony on the Cameroons coast and on the estuary of the Wuri or Cameroons River was really founded by the Baptist Mission of Great Britain (and Jamaica). It is a wonderful story which I have partly told in my study of George Grenfell's life and work in the Cameroons and Congo State. Although the configuration of the Cameroons coast was known with more or less accuracy after the surveys of Sir W. F. W. Owen's remarkable naval expedition round Africa in the years 1823-1831, I doubt if there were any British or other ships permanently anchored up the Cameroons River, and there were certainly no British or other houses of commerce erected anywhere

on Cameroons territory until after the settlement of the missionary Saker in 1850. Saker and his colleagues strove for years to abate the wild and reckless natures of the boisterous (one-time cannibal) Duala people, and had a little less difficulty with the Bakwiri and Isubu of the coast at the foot of the Cameroons Mountain.[1]

By 1882 all these peoples were becoming anxious about their country's future. The return of Stanley to the mouth of the Congo in 1879 had caused a tremendous wave of anxiety to pass up and down the coast of Equatorial West Africa. The white man was coming again to interfere with this region. Dim memories remained of Portuguese conquests and French missionaries and English sea-fights off the Congo-Cameroons coast in the eighteenth century. In the first half of the nineteenth the French had made rather feeble attempts to colonize the Gaboon, but the Portuguese had been inhibited by Great Britain from extending their Angola colony northward toward the Congo mouth.

In 1882-83 the British Government found itself receiving formal requests from the Cameroons chiefs and many large and small potentates in the Niger Delta to annex or control their territories, especially with a view to forestalling a French extension of power north of the Gaboon. These petitions were favorably received by Mr. Gladstone's Government; and Consul E. H. Hewett was supplied with treaty forms in 1883 and instructed to set to work to extend British protection over the whole west and west-central coast of Africa between Lagos and the Spanish claim at the Muni River. He applied himself to this purpose at the end of 1883 and was detained a considerable time over the Niger Delta. Whilst he was thus engaged the German Government sent out a war vessel with Dr. Nachtigal on board and surprised Great Britain and France by suddenly negotiating a treaty (for a present of £1000) with "King" Bell (Bela) of the Cameroons estuary. Hewett then hurried up, and annexed—after

[1] Dutch travelers—or rather Frenchmen traveling for Dutch commerce visited the northern Cameroons coast about 1680, and one of them—Barbot—cited the numerals of the Barundo language. See p. 2 of vol. i. of my *Comparative Study of the Bantu Languages.*

making treaties with the responsible chiefs—all the remainder of the Cameroons coast country and mountain, and the Duala country at the back of the estuary. Consequently the Germans were left with only about fifteen square miles of land on the south bank of the estuary, the country claimed by King Bell.

But in addition, the German gunboat had carried Dr. Nachtigal to other points on the Niger Delta coast and here a few treaties had been made or were presumed to have been made. Our delicate position in Egypt, menaced by the French, constrained us not to make an enemy of Germany, who also coveted Nigeria, Senegambia, and certain points on either side of Natal. So Lord Granville, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery—whoever was Foreign Secretary at the time—moderated his wrath at the German intervention and decided to install them here in order to clear them out elsewhere.

Once the German Protectorate was recognized, no differential duties were levied on British trade, which was about to be killed by French legislation in Madagascar and fettered in Tunis and French West Africa. The Germans were allowed to mark out for themselves a great domain which they called "Kamerun" (imagining the name was African and not Portuguese), reaching inland to Lake Chad and the Congo Basin and amounting finally to two hundred thousand square miles.[1]

My first visit to the German Cameroons was restricted to obtaining my recognition as Vice Consul and then returning to British Cameroons to have the building of my house commenced on Mondole Island and to make acquaintance with the little colony of West Indian Christian Negroes at Victoria. These had been established there or in Bimbia as early as 1841 or 1842.

[1] The German misapprehension of the source of this English name—Cameroons from the Portuguese Camarões—gave to English geographical misspellers a great opportunity. They forthwith dropped the *s* and styled this district "Cameroon." The Portuguese sailor-explorers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries often ascribed very trivial names to African landmarks and territories. "Gaboon," the Portuguese Gabão, means "a smock frock"; Camarões is the plural of Camarão, "a shrimp." There are certainly many shrimps or prawns in the great estuary of the Wuri River; but whether they were of sufficient importance in those days to become the title of a vast region between the basins of the Niger and the Congo, I can not say. But if the name is retained it should be spelled with the plural *s*.

By 1849, Alfred Saker, the Apostle of the Cameroons, who had commenced missionary work at Fernando Póo at the end of 1843, summed up his Mission's work in the Cameroons (Bimbia, Victoria, Cameroons River) by saying they had introduced the bread-fruit tree, pomegranate, mango, avocado pear, and mammee apple and other fruits of value, all of them suitable to the climate of the Cameroons, whither the Mission had brought them from the West Indies; and that they had distributed clothing and medical assistance to nearly twenty thousand of the natives. They had set up a sugar mill to make sugar out of the cane; they were making bricks and teaching the natives to do so. I have recounted the principal items of Baptist Mission work in the Cameroons in my study of the life of one of their greatest missionaries, George Grenfell, of the Cameroons and Congo,[1] so will not here repeat what has already appeared in print. I admired those members of the Mission who were West Indian Negroes, like the Revd. J. J. Fuller and the Revds. John Pinnock, father and son, quite as much as I did the really learned, courageous, perspicuous white propagandists. If we had each laid bare to the other the extent of our divergencies of belief in the transcendental side of religion, it is probable we should have found ourselves widely differing; but I do not remember at any time, in the Cameroons or on the Congo, such discussion. I can not say what their inner faith was, nor did they ever question me about mine. We were in agreement about the purely practical side of Mission work.

I have often found merit in the methods of German colonization and have defended their administrators and their actions. But I think their treatment—Prince Bismarck's treatment—of the Baptist Mission in the Cameroons indefensible and without excuse. These white British and black West Indian missionaries were of course disappointed that the British Government abandoned two hundred thousand square miles of so-called Cameroons territory merely because the German Government had

[1] *George Grenfell and the Congo.* 2 vols. Hutchinson & Co., 1908. For a fuller exposition of my views on this subject, see pp. 10 to 17 of *George Grenfell and the Congo.*

managed to purchase a right to rule over ten to twenty square miles. But immediately after the matter was settled they abstained from interference with political questions and were prepared to continue their work under German administration, just as they did under the Belgians on the Congo, and as German missionaries worked tranquilly in South, West or East Africa under British rule. But the German Government turned the Baptists away from the Cameroons River between 1885 and 1887, forcibly, without excuse, seized their nice houses and admirable schools for government purposes and only tendered them finally a miserable payment of £2000 for what must have cost between 1850 and 1884 an investment of £20,000 and an output of white labor and skill unusual in West Africa. The irony of it was that British naval officers and civilian travelers who visited the Cameroons River during the ten years that followed 1885 would write to the Press to point out what practical, ingenious, far-sighted people the Germans were: "Look for example at the houses and offices they have built on the Cameroons River. . . ." And they were impressed by and were referring to the buildings designed and constructed by Saker and his succeeding colleagues which had been forcibly taken from the Mission by German occupation. I saw a good deal of the development of German East Africa but did not there observe similar bad treatment inflicted on British Missionary Societies.

The spring of 1886 was marked by an unhappy incident at Mondole Island where, pending the finishing of my house and Consulate on the top of the island (about five hundred feet above sea level), I lived in the little three-roomed house built on the beach by a Polish explorer, L. Rogozinski. Rogozinski had done some rather remarkable exploring work on the Cameroons Mountain and elsewhere inland. Like myself in 1882, he had been struck with the appearance and position of Mondole, which after the German pounce of 1884 had been annexed as British. He had come to London in 1885; I met him there; and he offered me the use of his house while my own was building.

My household and staff consisted of my Tamil servant from

Ceylon who had accompanied me to Kilimanjaro; an Accra cook: and six Kru "boat boys" from Liberia. These Krumen were as good a lot as an explorer could have found in those days, and they got on well with every one; with the English builder of my house (who lived high up on the island till his work was over), with the Tamil steward of my house by the sea shore. But in the spring of that year—1886—the Tamil became very ill with Black-water fever (my first introduction to that dread form of malaria, which I took then to be yellow fever). I had to nurse him through the critical part of the disease for about four days and was hardly able to sleep during that time as he was badly delirious. At last he turned the corner and seemed to be recovering. One late afternoon I fell asleep on a settee in the middle sitting-room, a good, long sound sleep. Suddenly I was awakened by the sound of scuffling and realized that naked or half naked figures were surging about the room in the twilight. It was the Tamil invalid whom two Kruboys were trying to grapple with and replace in his bed. He darted out a hand at the little table, laid by the cook for my evening meal; seized a table knife and stabbed right and left at the Kruboys. One of them spouted blood from the neighborhood of his collar bone, the other sank with a groan on the floor. The emaciated young man looked at me with glaring eyes, hurled the knife backwards into the sea and said, "I do *that* in case I should be tempted to stab you!"

The next minute he was in the waves, but apparently the shock of the cool water checked his madness; he turned and walked back to the veranda and burst out crying. I felt the first call on me was for the wounded Kruboys. The one stabbed in the neck had rushed uphill to apply to the English builder for assistance; the headman, stabbed in the stomach, was sitting on the floor of my little house, near my table laid for dinner. I decided to deal first with him, assisted him to rise and supported his steps as far as his hut not far away. I found the Tamil servant assisting him on the other side. When I laid the man on his bed, the Tamil helped efficiently, and then held a lamp to enable me to examine the wound. It did not at first seem very

severe. A slit about an inch long at the upper part of the stomach, not bleeding very much, but with a small portion of what I took to be the pancreas protruding. I dared not give him alcohol, in case it led to hemorrhage; so produced instead a dose of sal volatile. It seemed impossible to push back the protrusion of the pancreas, as any handling of it caused the man such intense pain. All I could do for that night was to supply a bandage and trust to secure by morning efficient help from Victoria on the mainland or from the English builder on the top of Mondole.

This last individual appeared about midnight with an anxious enquiry. He had spent hours stopping the flow of blood from the other Kruboy's lung, which had been just touched by his stab. The mere descent of the hill along my unfinished road was a difficulty in the great darkness. His coming enabled us to put the Tamil back to bed and lock his bedroom door. His temperature had gone up again to 104° and he was once more raving. When it was fully light the builder took my boat and the remaining four Kruboys and went to the Baptist Mission station at Victoria. The competent West Indian missionary (Mr. Pinnock) was away on a propagandist tour; all the assistance he could find was a Cuban refugee who had stabbed and been stabbed repeatedly in the course of his political career, before he was conveyed as a political prisoner to Fernando Póo—whence he had just escaped.

With this man's assistance and advice we did what we could to abate the inflammation and other symptoms of the unfortunate head-Kruman's wound. But on the fifth day he died. On the seventh day a British gunboat called at Ambas Bay. I then transferred the Tamil servant to the keeping of the mayor of Victoria and took a passage to Old Calabar to lay my troubles before Consul Hewett.

Soon after I got there however I was seized myself with Blackwater fever. It was a disease which came on with staggering suddenness in the experience of most sufferers. In spite of lack of sleep and fatigues of all kinds I did not feel ill when I reached Old Calabar. Consul Hewett's Consulate was finished as regards

essentials— It is still—I believe—"Government House" at Old Calabar. Though it was dark in the inner rooms it was cool and well-ventilated; the situation was elevated and picturesque; and the society of the Consul was peculiarly agreeable. He was a well-educated man who had seen much of the world—not always the kind and cheery side of it—and who had a singularly kind disposition. To be ill in his house was not as it would be with some—a cause for annoyance, but it called forth a reserve of sympathy and practical help which in more fortunate circumstances you might never have tapped. I believe he seldom left my room for two days while I was in the critical stage of the disease.

However I made a quick recovery. Old Calabar in those times was sufficiently prosperous and the firms trading there sufficiently enlightened not only to maintain for their employés well-built, bright, well-furnished houses, but to support a first-class doctor, who rose in time to be Principal Medical Officer of the Protectorate and to receive, twice, the specially recorded thanks of Lord Salisbury for his efficient management of the Health Department. Robert Allman saved many another life besides mine by having in a short space of time come to understand how this apparent intensification of malarial fever should be dealt with.[1] I have since those days had this same type of fever five

[1] In my case, "Black-water" or "Haemogloblinuric" fever always came on with great suddenness and little warning of ill-health, other than a sense of feverish sprightliness. One's first evidence was the passing of urine which was the color of stout, after which it became literally black, and then in succeeding days grew redder and clear till it might be likened to port wine. With this symptom ensued a deadly nausea and weakness and two or three days (or a week) of constant vomiting. In bad cases the temperature of the patient rose to 107°, and the sufferer passed quickly into coma and death. In all instances the skin turned a bright yellow or a yellow-brown. This symptom caused the disease to be confounded for a century in West Africa with the Yellow Fever of Tropical America, which as a matter of fact *has* been carried into the coast regions of West Africa. But the two diseases are quite distinct. True "Black-water" fever has made its appearance on the isthmus of Panamá, in Florida, Venezuela and Trinidad —whether endemic or not. It has broken out badly in Madagascar, East Africa, the Egyptian Sudan, Southeast Africa, Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Barotseland, Angola, and has raged in the Congo Basin, and along the west coast of Africa and in Nigeria. It was first diagnosed as a distinct disease in West Africa. Negroes are said either to be immune or to have it much more slightly than white men. Haematuria is a common symptom

other times, down to 1901, and have survived chiefly by remembering and applying the first treatment . . . champagne, in small doses, plenty of lemonade if limes or lemons can be got, Brand's Essence of beef as beef tea, chicken broth, and moderate doses of quinine as soon as the violence of the attack moderates. My recovery in this case was speedy, and I was anxious to get back to the British Cameroons with the Consul in order that my servant's case could be disposed of, and I could proceed to the interior on necessary business, surveying and treaty-making. When we reached Victoria the Tamil was still in a weak condition but more or less returned to his senses. After two days' hearing of witnesses, the Consul, who tried the case with two assessors, found the prisoner not guilty of murder, but ordered him to be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure and sent him to the Gold Coast for detention. From this colony he was eventually repatriated to Ceylon. Here he regained his health, married, and became a steward on a line of steamers!

It was curious that as soon as he regained his senses and ceased to be delirious, when landed at Victoria, Ambas Bay, he seemed to be absolutely without knowledge or recollection of his attack on the Kruboys. I have subsequently known other cases of Indians—the Tamils originally came to Ceylon from India—in East Africa being seized with murderous frenzies when in Blackwater fever delirium, who otherwise had previously borne the reputation of an unblemished tranquillity of disposition. Certainly this young man who had been more than two years in my employment—East Africa, England, West Africa—was quiet, self-effacing, cheerful and rather studious, and never gave any signs of temper or inclination to violence till he was seized with this paroxysm of fever. He was a Roman Catholic, as are so many of the Tamils of South India and Ceylon, and had received

among them, but it may be induced by quite other diseases. Professor Koch of Germany, asked for a diagnosis when this malady was beginning to slay first hundreds then thousands in all Tropical Africa, offered the opinion that it was the result of overdoses of quinine. It is sufficient to say that there are no grounds for such an explanation. Yet after some forty years of struggle with this fell disease—still the most deadly in Africa—exponents of maladies are still uncertain as to its nature and affinities.

a good education. He spoke English perfectly and could write it as well; his French was nearly as good; he knew Hindostani and some Arabic, and in East Africa had learned Swahili; he had acquired a good deal of knowledge about botanical collecting, could skin birds efficiently, keep accounts, steer a boat, and mend clothes.

So it can be imagined that the loss of his services under such conditions utterly disgruntled my plans. He had been the cause of the death of one of the best Krumen I have known, Grando; who outlived the attack five days, kept his wits and quiet demeanor to the end; and in dying, just after he had in a low voice reiterated his opinion: "Dem India boy, massa; he no *mean* bad; you leff him go" brought home to me, as many a later circumstance has done, what a good fellow the Negro can be.

Yet the Tamil steward's place was soon supplied in great measure. Mr. Pinnock, the West Indian missionary at Victoria, a great friend of mine in those days and fellow student in Bantu, suggested as a person to take the place of the Tamil factotum a Negro named Solomon Davies, a former "Mission boy." Solomon, who in default of other employment had turned fisherman, was produced. He was most unattractive to the eye, and did not seem to be of African origin, though almost a burlesque of the Negro type—squash nose, prominent eyes, thick everted lips. He was over six feet in ungainly height, had bulging knees and very long arms. When he smiled his teeth though sound were spaced and the tongue seemed too large for the mouth. But, as I say, "when he smiled"; and Solomon was always smiling as though no distress could diminish his confidence that things would turn out all right. The smile conquered me in the very act of peevishly explaining he could not possibly do.

I secured a treasure: one of the faithfullest souls who ever stood by me in Africa. He was very quiet and unloquacious as regards speech, but there were few things he could not do, or attempt to do, and probably succeed in doing. He spoke and wrote excellent English and was a keen reader in his small amount of spare time. He was sufficiently interested in the Bible

in those ancient days to have saved up the money and besought from the Mission the necessary intervention to secure him an early copy of the Revised Version. I have Solomon's Bible beside me here and always refer to it when I want biblical information. He never introduced religion into his conversation, never made it the excuse for neglecting work. When my house on Mondole Island was finished he kept it always awaiting me during my frequent absences. He could cook me simple meals if I had left the Accra cook at Old Calabar. He could by translation help me in questioning strange, wild natives of the interior as to their languages and dialects, though for this purpose I engaged a young Mission student from the Duala country, Beba Bell.

Well: one day—to finish off Solomon's story now—when I had returned to Mondole early in 1888, for rest and repair, Solomon advised me he ought to go across to the Bimbia peninsula to cut some heavy timber for making a small bridge on the road down to the sea: he would take the available Kruboys with him and two long and large canoes to transport the timber. I said "All right," never thinking there was danger in the passage. Oddly enough there was staying with me at the time the English builder who had put up my house, and who had been making subsequently some additions to the Consulate at Old Calabar. His work was finished and he was awaiting a steamer to take him home. We lunched; we dipped into the mail just arrived from England; we sat on the veranda of the first floor and perhaps snoozed. Presently about three I woke or became attentive and saw Solomon running noiselessly up the outer steps on to the veranda at its farther end. He never looked at me but disappeared through the door that led to the dining-room. Presently the builder remarked that Solomon seemed a long time coming back. "Oh," I said, "he *is* back. I saw him go into the dining-room." It was, howeved, tea time and I wanted tea. I rang a bell. No one came. Presently, about half-past four, four drenched Kruboys appeared, ashen-colored with fright and exhaustion. . . . They stood below with a visible tremble passing

Photograph taken at Kimberley, May, 1890.

Some pioneers in making South Central Africa British:
Left to right standing: J. A. Grant, John Moir, Joseph Thomson.
Left to right sitting: Rochfort Maguire, H. H. Johnston, Cecil Rhodes, Alex. Colquhoun.

through their limbs. "What is it?" I asked, scenting disaster. "*Oh,* Massa!" and in their distress and exhaustion their broken English deserted them.

I went down as they had flung themselves on the ground and seemed too exhausted to come up. We gathered from them by degrees their tidings. They had got the timber of which they went in search, but had overloaded the canoes. A sudden squall struck the canoes in the brief passage over the open sea. The one with Solomon in it had capsized and although it was eventually righted and even brought into port, Solomon and two of the Kruboys were never seen again. Either they were seized by sharks which frequented the sea in the outer part of Ambas Bay, or they had been struck and stunned by the logs; for all of them were good swimmers, Solomon being deemed by us to be amphibious. As far as I could make out the poor man had died just about the time I saw him come up on to the veranda and pass silently into the dining-room at the end of the passage.

This truly beautiful island of Mondole, so conveniently situated for a Governor's survey of the Cameroons, so apart from marsh or swamp (and the swamps bordering the Cameroons estuary at its broadest must have been a sore trial to the Germans in making this their government center, so that they eventually moved to the mountainside at Buea) acquired in my time a sinister reputation for ill luck and misfortune. The views from it in all directions were superb—the ghost-like island of Fernando Póo westward of Mondole, rising ten thousand feet from a blue, white-breakered sea; the superb range of the Cameroons to the east towering thirteen thousand feet skyward from the shimmering tranquillity of Ambas Bay. Huge, fronded trees with buttressed trunks, graceful and lofty oil palms grew from the water's edge up to the summit of Mondole, six or seven hundred feet above the sea. On the uppermost part there was a grassy plateau, and here were situated the houses of the natives, about a hundred in number, quiet, pleasant folk of the A-kwile or Ba-kwire stock. My house was situated in a clearing of the forest on a minor shelf

about half a mile from the village. A rather steep, winding road was cut through the forest down to the beach on the east side, where there was almost a natural port formed by an outstretching reef over which the breakers foamed. Inside this reef my smart man o' war's boat was kept in safety. (Sailing this boat, I made some surprising journeys over the open sea, to Old Calabar, even to Bonny in the Niger Delta, to various points on the Cameroons coast, and occasionally to Fernando Póo.)

My Consulate at Mondole was a much better-lighted building than the earlier-designed house at Old Calabar. I had been at some expense to furnish it nicely. There were a "blue" room, a "red" room, a "green" room; a quite pretty garden round it was arranged and planted by Solomon; there were a number of interesting books in the library and abundant supplies of newspapers. These and the books were sent out to me every mail by my eldest brother, who for some sixteen years of my Consular work in Africa supplied me with literature to read.

But romantic and eventually comfortable as was my retreat on this lovely island, it proved impracticable for the very complicated functions I had to fulfil, even when Consul Hewett remained at his Old Calabar post—which owing to ill-health he did not occupy after the spring of 1887. I had to make frequent journeys to the Cameroons River and southern coast to look into the affairs of British merchants, I had until 1887 much administrative work in the British Cameroons, which ceased to be British in 1887 and did not return to us till the Great War—1916. I had to visit Fernando Póo, an island governed by Spain but still containing British merchants and British West Indian missionaries. (Apart from Consular duties here, the indigenous native language in three or four dialects was a form of Bantu of the highest interest to me.) With Hewett's return home in April, 1887, I became Acting Consul for what would now be called southern Nigeria, and had to reside principally at Old Calabar and virtually govern the Niger Delta. So my visits to the truly lovely—yet ill-fated—island of Mondole were only occasional and seldom lasted longer than a week at a time.

Mondole to superstitious people of those days might really seem to have lain under a curse. To begin with (I was informed) it had in some way caused the death of my predecessor as Vice Consul, whose name escapes my memory. He had been a friend of my brother's, and I, having already visited the Cameroons and Niger Delta, was called in to advise him as to where he should fix his residence in the Cameroons. I suggested Mondole Island, which I had then only seen in the distance. He went there soon after his arrival, inspected its possibilities as a port and a residence, returned to the "hulk" on which he was lodged and boarded at Cameroons River and forthwith died of Black-water fever. Then in my case there were the two deaths of Grando the Kruman and Solomon Davies, and many other minor misfortunes. Rogozinski, the Polish explorer, had left behind him a large tom cat. This cat took to a wild life after his abandonment and grew to an abnormal size—or so it appeared when one saw him by moonlight. He had vowed seemingly that no other cat should occupy his former home; so every time I introduced cat or kitten (which I had to do to keep the rats down) Rogozinski's "tom" appeared sooner or later on a moonlight night and did to death, amid frightful, witch-sabbath yowlings, my introduced feline. Then there were a pair of Tree Cobras [1]—one of the deadliest of snakes—which established themselves in a much-shrouded tree half way up the roadway leading from house to beach. Whenever I had no gun in my hand I saw them; whenever I was thus armed they were invisible. White visitors from ships became quite nervous about paying me a visit. I have had guests who reached the house but were then afraid to leave it; so that I had to make another and much more expensive road to reach the beach. I had the snake-tree cut down—a very jumpy business; but the pair of snakes then transferred themselves to one of my outbuildings. Only a few weeks before I left Mondole for ever these Tree Cobras were killed in a concerted attack made on them by a gentleman—my clerk—who lived in the Mondole Consulate during my lengthy absences.

[1] *Dendraspis.*

And this clerk—personally an agreeable, companionable man of good education—imported a troublous incident into Mondole. I had found him in 1886 leading a rather unhappy, shiftless life at Old Calabar, employed intermittently as a bookkeeper. He had married (they are both dead now, so I can write freely) the rather elderly daughter of a missionary with the strange name of Dyeball. His own name I have quite forgotten. I badly wanted clerical assistance when my Consular business increased, so I engaged Mr. —— and took him to Mondole. He was reserved about his own affairs, but I gathered that his marriage had not turned out happily. On the other hand Mrs. —— (née Dyeball) had relations and friends at Old Calabar in the large missionary colony. She, in fact, returned to mission work. There he willingly left her.

My own appearances at Mondole were erratic and usually brief. One day I was landed there from a gunboat. I was looking forward to a week of complete rest, and the quiet presence of Mr. —— would be no deterrent; for he was of that sensible type which expected no conversation if you had nothing to say.

Imagine therefore my dismay when I ran up the steps of my Consulate to hear a variety of voices from the drawing-room and to find Mrs. —— installed there as housemistress, giving a tea party to about six guests from the mainland, a German officer and men and women missionaries. They were all nice people, worthy of being entertained, and were paying calls of politeness, evidently deeming that Mrs. —— was "at home." She received me in some such manner, with quiet friendliness, telling me I should find my room quite ready, and would I mind as I went out touching the bell for a servant to bring a fresh cup and saucer. My hasty and angry toilet completed, I did indeed touch a bell or clap hands or make whatever was the signal in vogue for attracting Solomon's attention. He on coming informed me with rolling eyes that Mrs. —— had arrived a month ago and informed him she was taking up her residence there with her husband and was to be recognized as the mistress of the house.

I remained in my bedroom till her husband returned from out-

door work. Indignant questions in a suppressed voice. Embarrassed answers . . . his wife had come; the steamer after landing her had gone on its way; what was he to do? . . .

I wrote a concise note, informing her that a continued stay would be inconvenient and that I must ask her to leave by the next northward-bound steamer, with or without her husband. The husband, on his earnest pleading, I allowed to stay on, but the wife returned to Old Calabar, apparently without bearing me any particular malice, for I met her there shortly afterwards and found her once more working with the missionaries.

CHAPTER VIII

In the month of June, 1886, being still rather unwell, Consul Hewett advised me to take a month's holiday and explore Cameroons Mountain. I turned to this with zest and fitted out a good expedition on a small scale. The first part of the ascent was very hot in the dense, verdure-enshrouded forest. The vegetation was magnificent, one might almost say awe-inspiring . . . perhaps never have I seen it more astonishingly developed. Yet it did not produce on me the vivid sensations of delight at its wonderment and entrancing beauty which I afterwards experienced on Ruwenzori and in Liberia. Perhaps the reason was a very humble one. Some kindly French priests—how they came to be there I can not say—pressed on my acceptance a large supply of a cooling drink made of pineapple juice. I took a swig of this when at my thirstiest, and it seemed so supremely delicious that in a short time I had drunk the entire contents of the demi-john entrusted to one of my porters. There followed, as I continued to climb, a racking headache and severe vomiting; so that I reached at last our camp at Mann's Spring (some seven thousand feet) feeling very ill. However the next morning I was none the worse and during the succeeding two thousand feet of ascent the forest scenery became so beautiful with orchids below and veils of Old Man's beard [1]

[1] This Orchilla-weed (*Roccella*) that drapes the Tropical African forests above a certain altitude is a *lichen;* the almost exactly similar "Spanish Moss" of Tropical America (*Tillandsia*) is a relation of the Pineapple. Its true character as a Bromeliad is only revealed at the time of its blossom when it produces small purplish-blue flowers. Another parasite on trees very similar in growth is *Rhipsalis,* a cactus found on the trunks and branches of trees in Trinidad and Brazil and also—amazing to relate—in Ceylon. It is the only member of the cactus family which has by apparently natural means transported itself out of America to tropical Asia. The prickly pear (*Opuntia*) which is now such a prominent feature in the landscapes of the Mediterranean Basin, Palestine and the Persian Gulf, has an edible fruit and was brought by the Spaniards to the Old World in the sixteenth century; but it is hard to say what means conveyed the *Rhipsalis* from South America to Ceylon.

above, screening the glowing, golden green of the occasional inlets of sunshine on the foliage, that in the cooler atmosphere I seemed invigorated and untirable.

We reached at last a spot where the guides revealed a pool or spring of water. It was at about nine thousand three hundred feet elevation and I do not think it had been known to previous travelers, the general assumption in those days being that there was no reliable water supply above Mann's Spring.

The site of the nine-thousand-feet high camping place was truly a beautiful one. You could choose your position just above the edge of the forest, amid short grass, with the grassy craters, large and small, ranged above you to the northeast. Your view southward extended over the Cameroons estuary, and, beyond this silvery expanse, into Unknown Africa, toward mountain ranges as yet, in those days, unreached by Europeans. Westward lay the blue Atlantic with a crinkled surface where the great rollers were not stemmed by the purple island of Fernando Póo. This island, culminating in a volcanic cone ten thousand feet in height, seemed to lie in the middle of the sky, and the sun to set in crimson, yellow and greenish blue behind its screen. There was a pleasant scent at all times from the aromatic shrubs and the bushes of heather. You seemed removed above the world and all its worries; yet had the spectacle of its forests and plains, its islands, rivers, hills and man's activities spread before you. I felt that some such site as this, in the grasslands at nine thousand feet, ought to be the capital city of West Central Africa, dominating the Niger Delta—just in sight on the northwest—and the great rivers and palm forests of the Cameroons. The last-mentioned—the "great rivers of the Cameroons"—were not then discovered, yet they were in loops and bends visible to me on a very clear afternoon, though their entry into the map was to be an affair of three years ahead.

How I came to be so lucky as to make this discovery (through native guides) of the stream or spring of water at an altitude of nine thousand three hundred feet, I do not remember. This water supply had not been known hitherto, and all the explora-

tion of the grasslands of the Cameroons had been hindered by the scarcity of water. No spring had hitherto been known higher than that at seven thousand three hundred feet discovered and used by Gustav Mann the Anglo-German botanist (afterwards celebrated for his Himalayan floral discoveries). I suppose I learned of this conveniently-placed rill of water above nine thousand feet from the Bakwiri or Buea people who came with me. It was just on the verge of the grasslands of the upper zone.

From this elevated camp, in a delicious climate, like southern Scotland in June, I ranged unhindered above the forest up to an altitude of eleven thousand feet. My indigenous porters and my Krumen ascended as high as the last mentioned altitude without much protestation. Big fires at night atoned for the nightly frost; much excitement and wonder was caused to the Krumen by the freezing of water; during the daytime they were kept considerably on the move, hunting for specimens of all kinds. But asked to accompany me to the base of the highest crater—a splendid-looking object made conspicuous by its brilliant coloring —green, deep bluish-gray, ruddy, whitish, black and yellow—they resolutely declined. The last two thousand feet of the final ascent was the home of a demi-god, a terrible being in appearance when he presented his front to you. He was not so formidable (said the natives of the mountain) if you could get *behind* him; he was then seen to be a made-up mechanism. But only one man in a thousand—so to speak—could slip behind without being detected and burnt-up by one malevolent eye-glance.

So, finding persuasion useless I set out alone one really fine day, when there were no obstructing clouds, to make the final ascent. I had only about two thousand feet to climb, and the first thousand were easy going, over short heather and occasional streams of dead ashes. Unfortunately, however, the view of my camp was obstructed by the numerous short craters, like the scabs of dead pimples. This I did not realize at the time, but being alone and guideless I was losing my way. I reached the base of the great crater and tackled its climb. This was only difficult where one had to mount through loose cinders. At last I reached

the grassy edge, the final summit, and looked down eastwards on a much filled-in crater of considerable size. I found my way to a cairn of stones and within this were several glass—I think, soda-water—bottles with removable caps. These two or three bottles contained the names of previous climbers of the Victoria peak, the highest point. The earliest were the members of the Richard Burton party—Burton's own signature. Alfred Saker the missionary, a Spanish official from Fernando Póo. The latest bottle into which I pushed my own record, name, and date, contained the signature of a Swede who had ascended the mountain two or three years earlier.

I then proceeded to boil water and ascertain its temperature by the thermometer; so as to vie with others who had tried thus to determine the altitude; besides glancing at the record of my aneroid barometer. (I must have looked a curious object slung with all these instruments and furnished with a bird gun and a long stout stick.) My record as far as I can remember was about 13,350 feet. All this time, though I did not realize it, the sun was setting in such glory and beauty of color as I have never elsewhere witnessed. But as this was seen from an altitude of thirteen thousand feet, behind the purple mass of Fernando Póo Island, I did not realize at first that the sun *was* setting: I vaguely guessed the time to be about four o'clock. Looking, however, at my watch showed me the true hour to be a quarter to six. In another three-quarters of an hour it would be night—theoretically—though a full moon would rise and light up the scene. Having ascertained the boiling point of water, taken temperatures, and concluded other matters relative to ascertaining the altitude of the highest point on the crater rim, I at length descended the crater slopes in a rather exhilarating slide, being prevented from rolling over by the apparatus with which I was slung. Arrived at the lava bed below I made for the direction in which our eleven thousand feet camp lay; but the intervening craters and craterlets confused me. I could see no sign of camp, no lights or fires. I shouted—my voice sounded very thin and feeble—there was no response. I must have lost my way or my camp had been removed.

The situation now—looking back on it many years afterwards —seems to me one that should have created alarm; but I do not seem to have been very perturbed. I decided, instead of wandering about the vast expanse of the crater-studded slopes of the huge mountain above the sharply-defined forest belt, to seek to find our more permanent camp at nine thousand three hundred feet. Here there would be quite half my expedition.

I therefore lay down for a while on the heather to rest, enveloped in a rain coat, for the dew was heavy. As I lay here perfectly still (the altitude was something below ten thousand feet) I saw a wonderful sight. From behind a small crater there walked out into the moonlight a troop of six or seven Bongo tragelaphs; superb creatures, bulkier than the Kudu. The Bongo in those days was only known to me through Paul du Chaillu's imperfect specimen in the British Museum and the illustrations given of it in his book. What I saw coming toward me I mentally classified as a very large, regularly white-striped Bush-buck, something altogether new. I had only a small bird gun with me, so any idea of shooting was out of the question. The Bongo sniffed a little as they looked in my direction; but were not alarmed and presently lowered their heads to feed. Gradually they strolled and munched till they wound out of sight behind another crater.

I then bestirred myself again; rose—very stiff with fatigue and cold—and floundered down the mountain side till I reached the borders of the great forest. I took here another rest till it was dawn, not liking to enter the woods in an imperfect light. I had of course directed my course toward where I believed my permanent camp to lie. When the dawn came I looked at my aneroid and saw the elevation was approximately six thousand five hundred feet. The forest in this direction did not mount so high as elsewhere. I entered it however and hit off some path, possibly a track made by elephants. A great screeching roar made my heart stand still. A few yards ahead of me was a very large ape. At the time I decided it must be a gorilla, but it was probably a chimpanzee—which swung from a huge limb of a tree and flopped on to the ground. I stood stock still wondering whether to fire off my bird gun or not. However a minute's reflection decided the ape to

disappear. I must have halted a quarter of an hour, in a mixture of amazement, alarm and indecision. Then I moved cautiously forward. For some distance I met nothing; then there was a distant snap of a twig and into a patch of sunlight stepped a naked man with a yellowish-brown skin.

I should perhaps have been more alarmed by this unknown savage than by any anthropoid ape, but after my isolation from my kind for twenty-four hours the sight of him seemed my salvation. I called out loudly a few words of the Bakwiri language; he replied in a somewhat different speech but his tone seemed friendly and we advanced to meet each other. Then he extended a hand and I hurriedly did the same and grasped his yellow paw. After that speech failed me. I could not recollect any more Bakwiri for the moment, but indicated by gestures that I was lost and looking for my camp. He replied reassuringly (in tone) and made himself my guide. Eagerly I followed, and after an hour's descent through an extraordinary tangle we reached a village which must have been very near the site of the after-established German capital of Buea.

In those days the Buea people lived just within the verge of the small territory of Cameroons Mountain annexed by the British Government in 1884. They had fully realized this fact, albeit they were nearly complete savages, the women mostly naked, the men with a mere vestige of clothing—a dried leaf stuck into their girdle; and they drew a sharp distinction between "Jámani" and "Inglisi," so that I was perfectly safe in their hands. They gave me bananas to eat, the opportunity of a good rest; and then about mid-day my original friend whom I had encountered soon after seeing the chimpanzee set out to guide me up the mountain slope to the camp at nine thousand three hundred feet. My men here gave vent to quite touching rejoicings at my return. The party which should have accompanied me to the summit had just returned from the camp at eleven thousand feet with a terrible tale of how I had been overcome and probably murdered by the demon Obasi who defended his last two thousand feet of climb from sacrilege; when I limped into the enclosure to throw scorn on their story.

This happy month of exploration and natural history collection was succeeded by a disagreeable episode on the sea coast. The German authorities, prompted by the drunken, irascible, bullying nephew of Princess Bismarck, accused me of having traveled through their borderland—the slopes of Cameroons Mountain—"urging the natives to rise against them"! To protest against my supposed action they themselves had sent a force on to British territory to occupy the town of Victoria opposite Mondole Island.

There was not, of course, a fragment of truth in these assertions. I replied, denying the accusation but with a careful absence of heated terms. I was then told that if I left Mondole Island and set foot on the mainland (British territory then) I should be arrested and put in prison. I referred the whole matter to Consul Hewett to telegraph home. The result was speedily that Lord Rosebery, satisfied of the total absence of truth in the accusation, insisted that a public apology should be offered me by the German authorities and that their police should at once quit Victoria. Accordingly I had to go in full uniform to the Cameroons River, to "Duala," as the German headquarters was beginning to be called, and there receive the *amende honorable*.

This business was made half-farcical, half-disagreeable. I had to sit in von Puttkammer's sanctum (a former Baptist missionary house) in the stifling-hot Consular uniform from three P.M. till six, being offered and obliged to imbibe about five different kinds of wine or cocktail. Then at six, the Governor, Baron von Soden, in the fullest uniform summoned me to his residence, and in the presence of a hierarchy of officials tendered me the required apology, with many clickings of heels, bows, salutes and handshakes. For the first and only time in my life I was half-tipsy and could think of no German sentence to proffer in appropriate reply. So I bowed my head and uttered meaningless gurgles.

Then the assembly broke up and the Governor became more human. As his officers filed out he unbuttoned his uniform and swabbed his forehead and said, "It is damnable hot, not so?" I agreed with vehemence. Then he led me to some sanctum and proffered more drinks. I pleaded for volume and no alcohol, and

so was allowed to drink several soda waters, iced with ice from the gunboats; for ice-making was not to begin for another year. And then, as I lay back in a long cane chair I suppose I went to sleep; for I was presently awakened in the semi-darkness by a Duala servant coming in with a lamp. This person—angel in disguise—led me to a washing room where I undressed and had a refreshing sponge bath. After this I again donned uniform and was conducted to a veranda where the assembling guests were absorbing drinks—cocktails—before dinner.

However the worst of the agony seemed to be over. My English host in Cameroons River was there, trying to absorb something teetotal. He looked at me quizically and said, "I've come to see you home."

We sat down to an exceedingly lengthy dinner, and toasts seemed to me to begin with the roast turkey. I had to drink or feign to drink to every toast and make speeches to some, half in German half in English. However as I aroused laughter I felt happier. At midnight we managed to get away, on board Allen's hulk anchored in mid-river. This ancient slave-trading vessel furnished in reality very comfortable quarters, cool and quiet. I slept profoundly and awoke the next morning crippled at first by an appalling headache; but this went off as I sat up in bed and sipped two cups of Allen's delicious tea, served with goat's milk.

George Allen—where is he now?—was a remarkable man, who was teetotal, like most of the good and great men of African fame. He came, I think, from Northumberland and represented more than one trading firm in the Cameroons. I think he was a good trader, but he evidently yearned to be in Africa following some branch of science only. He studied the local languages and folk-lore, collected butterflies, and kept records of weather and temperature. Staying with him on his hulk was a real pleasure as he had an excellent library on board, and interesting types of native frequented his store as he gave them for nothing good medical advice. I heard from him some ten years afterwards. He wrote from South Africa and sent a remarkable collection of photographs from Swaziland and the Transvaal. Then—silence.

I lay stress on him and on his personality because there were several men like him as early as the middle 'eighties on the West African coast, utterly dissimilar from the character ascribed to the "Palm oil ruffian" imagined and described by some tipsy British newspaper-writer of those days. What may have been the character of British traders in Upper Guinea in that period, I can not say. But between 1882 and 1888 I formed a high opinion of the generality of British merchants and clerks who came out from Liverpool, Glasgow, Newcastle, Bristol and Belfast to trade in the Niger Delta, Cameroons and on the Congo coast.

Lent a boat and canoes by Allen I went on a very interesting journey up the Cameroons or Wuri River until navigation became impeded by rapids. The country seemed to me of amazing interest. The foreground was often swampy, with extravagant reeds and rushes; and water-lilies, white, blue and rose-tint, grouped round the emergence of the reed stems. Water-birds of all descriptions—gallinules of a dwarf species, coots, jaçanas, teal, and tree-duck scurried in and out of the labyrinth; tall *Lissochilus* orchids grew in bold clumps where the banks became more solid. Fantastic pandanus trees gradually gave way to water-side palms, and as the stream narrowed, to an incredible variety of huge trees. Far away to the northeast were lofty mountains—the Manenguba and other ranges, which—I guessed rightly—rose to altitudes not far below ten thousand feet. I recorded their existence for the first time. At last I got beyond the sphere of Bantu languages to the verge of the Semi-Bantu or non-Bantu. The natives on the banks knew little of the European and showed hostility to my Duala guides. They seemed to me absolutely nude, but as having rather well-developed figures which gave one the impression of red nakedness. Their skins were brown rather than black in color and they were strenuously smeared with rosy dye obtained from the camwood tree—*Baphia nitida.*

I returned to Old Calabar in the autumn of 1886 and did a great deal of work with Mr. Hewett whose health was beginning

King Jaja of Opobo.

to fail. We got on together so exceedingly well, so completely fitted into one another in our work, that I had ceased to wish he might go on leave and let me show what I could do on my own basis. He made no secret however of being at the end of his career, wanting but little time to arrive at a pensionable age. His wish was that I should succeed him, so he trained me from that point of view.

He decided that before he went on leave I should put in three months surveying the eastern part of the Calabar region and the western versant of the Cameroons. Here indeed the maps needed much correction. In many respects they were fantastically drawn and did not correspond with actual geography. For instance where and what was the "Rio del Rey," supposed to be the frontier between England and Germany when the British Cameroons was handed back to Germany?[1] So in February, 1887, I started in an immense "house canoe" of old Yellow Duke's to explore and roughly survey the "Rio del Rey."

Yellow Duke was a really worthy old man, the house-slave of one of the "Kings" of Old Calabar. I think in course of time he had become in his search for respectability a Presbyterian. At any rate he used occasionally to attend the Presbyterian Church in Old Calabar. He was a tremendous trader in palm oil and palm nuts. Both alike came from the wonderful Oil palm which was the main wealth of Old Calabar. The palm oil was of two quite distinct kinds—a rich-looking, pleasant-smelling, red or orange liquid which exuded from the outer husk of the palm nut; and a clear white, transparent oil proceeding from the actual kernel of the nut. Both were equally valuable.

Yellow Duke during a long life had built up for his "master" —some kinglet of Old Calabar—a considerable commerce in these two oils. He sent his traders far away into regions between the basins of the Cross River and the Cameroons, trafficking with unknown natives for these two oils; and transferred them from his collecting depôts in fleets of hundreds of canoes to Old Cala-

[1] Consul Hewett had to perform this task in the early spring of 1887, before leaving for England.

bar, through the bewildering maze of creeks which I was to survey and map. The fixing of the future German frontier was to depend on this mapping, and we were anxious that it should not traverse the curiously distinct boundary line between the Bantu and the non-Bantu natives. Yellow Duke, whatever may have been his origin, was classed as an Efik of Old Calabar. He always struck me as thoroughly respectable and compared to most of the other Efik chiefs he was scrupulously clothed.

In those days—the 'eighties—the Efik people of Old Calabar like the Duala of the Cameroons, were on the verge of complete nudity, the nudity, I think I may say, of innocence. It was only in the case of married women that custom entailed a little tuft of cloth or bark. The Baptist Mission in the Cameroons had seldom or never pointed out to the Duala or Isubu that they were naked. Young, unmarried women used to come to church quite modestly without a stitch of clothing and take part in the service. In Old Calabar between 1882 and 1888 Efik men of importance were given to calling on the Consul or the merchants clad in little more than a yachting cap or a helmet or some other head-gear. They might wear a fold of cloth slung loosely about the thighs which when they were seated they allowed to fall to the ground. But Yellow Duke was swathed about his lower limbs in cloths which hung down to his ankles, and clad above his waist-belt in coat and waist-coat.

I had many adventures during the three months of surveying the affluents of the lower Cross River and the streams which flowed from the western versant of the Cameroons range. Yellow Duke's huge canoe—constructed from the trunk of a giant tree—had a little house in the middle which served me as sleeping quarters at night or a refuge from the rain in the daytime. In front of the house was a pleasant, shady space where I sat on a chair with a table secured in front of me. On this table my surveying, reading, writing could be done or my meals laid. Forty paddlers, twenty on either side, before and behind the little house, paddled or poled the canoe, which also held, besides myself, an interpreter or two, an Accra cook, a personal servant, and some-

times a guide. There were also two milch goats, two or three hairy sheep for eventual eating, a number of tame Muscovy ducks and fowls, whose lives were generally reprieved by their laying eggs, a tame monkey or two and a varying cohort of pet birds. The little house held in addition to my bed—though I often slept on shore in a native house—my boxes of clothes, books, presents for natives and trade goods. Elsewhere, under canvas covers, were the men's rations and blankets.

It was surprising what this immense canoe could carry—passengers more than fifty in number sometimes. Of course she would have been unsafe in anything like a "sea," in waves that were much larger than ripples; but I only remember once an accident which came near to a complete disaster. We had been up a new river that apparently entered the sea directly by its own mouth, and we had reached the limit of its navigability in the interior. Such natives as we could catch sight of lurking in the thick bush seemed very wild and hostile; the current became so strong that the men could not paddle against it. I decided to turn round and descend the stream. We did so, but the vehement force of the water bore the vessel under an immense bough which stretched across half the channel. The canoe sank, I clambered on to the limb of the tree and was pulled on shore by the boys; otherwise my floating home went to the bottom—seemingly—the ducks rose to the surface and swam away. . . . I stood on the sand—possibly the shore of a forested island—a ruined man; my surveys, note-books, trade goods, treaties, botanical collections—everything—*lost!* But my agony of reflection only endured a few minutes. A hundred yards farther on I saw the prow and house roof of the canoe reappear in the shallow water, and gradually the whole vessel emerged from the flood and was stranded on the beach. We hurried down to examine it. We had lost our ducks; some of the hens were drowned; a monkey had died from the shock: that was about the extent of the incurable damage; except that the covers of some of my most valued books are colorless and sagging to-day after their immersion in the Ndiang River in March, 1887.

Whilst I was surveying the intricate network of streams between Calabar and the Cameroons, Consul Hewett was (very reluctantly) handing over to the Germans the erstwhile British possession of Cameroons Mountain and the Victoria township. When we both regained Old Calabar he was so ill he had to be carried on board a steamer and leave for England. He installed me as Acting Consul for the Bights of Biafra and Benin—the Oil Rivers, as we were beginning to call the vast Niger Delta, between Lagos and the Cameroons. I had now the opportunity of solving its knottiest problems which Hewett had envisaged but had lacked the physical health to disentangle and clear up. The most important of these difficulties was the position and rights of the chief settled near the mouth of the Opobo River—the famous Jaja.

Jaja had begun life as the slave of the King or one of the chiefs of Bonny. I could never ascertain decidedly what part of the Niger Delta had given him birth, but I think he was an Ibo, from Bende, and was sold as a slave when he was twelve years old. During the 'fifties and 'sixties he had become noteworthy by his ability. In the 'seventies he seems to have definitely settled down on the banks of the Opobo, a river which though it has several estuarine creek connections with the main Niger was derived from independent sources in the Ibo country. From being a trusted slave trading for his master Jaja rose to the position of an independent chieftain. The British war vessels visited his town occasionally; their commanders found him intelligent and hospitable, he gave them amusing entertainments and elaborate feasts. Among other extraordinary persons attracted to his "court" was an American Negress from Liberia: Emma Jaja Johnson, as she styled herself. I don't think she was ever a wife of Jaja: she was elderly and very plain. But she had become his secretary, after being governess to his children. Yet she looked into his theory of dispute with the Consuls and told him he had no "case."

The point was this: Jaja, early in his history as an independent chieftain—for he had been recognized as such by Consul Living-

stone [1] who made a treaty with him in 1873—wished to constitute palm oil and palm kernels throughout all his domain his own monopoly. He would farm the palm forests of the interior, be the sole seller of their oil products, and compensate the natives who brought in the oil or the kernels. He in fact would do all the trade; and as he had fixed a price at which the European merchants could buy these things from him, he resented the fluctuations in value of palm oil in the European market and the consequent occasional change of purchase price on the part of the merchants. After several years of disputes, he selected one firm with an agency at Opobo—Messrs. A. Miller Brothers of Glasgow—and sent all the oil to them.

No doubt the large and constant quantity he placed at their disposal compensated them for the slightly increased cost in the purchase; or they may have hoped that if the other firms had to abandon Opobo and they secured the monopoly they might bring Jaja to reason regarding the selling price. At any rate they had had in force a monopoly of oil purchase for some two years in the Opobo district, which materially increased the prosperity of their firm.

Amongst the questions to be solved was the area of Jaja's territory. If it were only ten square miles from the coast inland and could be fixed at that, it might have been better worth while to consider this ten square miles as being Jaja's personal property, his "farm," the produce of which he could dispose of as he pleased. But the Opobo River and its mouth with a "good" bar was the port for all the eastern portion of the Niger Delta, east of Bonny and west of the Cross River (Old Calabar).

Jaja had been spending a proportion of his great wealth on the purchase of many rifles—it was said he had four thousand—and several small field pieces, and was from month to month making himself the great Chief of the eastern half of the Niger Delta. He was seeking to become the overlord of the vigorous Ibo people behind his swamps, and had begun to send armed men

[1] Charles Livingstone the brother of David who was given this consulate after the Zambezi Expedition.

to form garrisons on all the river mouths between Opobo and the Cross River. In fact when I arrived at the Niger Delta in 1885 and took stock of the situation I decided there were two powerful native states with whom one had to deal carefully: The kingdom of Benin on the west—with its important coast vice-royalty under the chief Nana; and Opobo, under Jaja, to the east of the main river. I had no quarrel with Nana or Benin, perhaps because before I visited them I had settled the Opobo question; but Jaja represented the whole crisis of our Protectorate over southern Nigeria: our attempt to establish freedom of trade.

As soon as Consul Hewett had gone and I had attended to matters of pressing business at Old Calabar I went to Opobo in July, 1887. On the east bank of the estuary were five Liverpool firms, members of The African Association of Liverpool; on the west bank was one, Messrs. A. Miller Brothers of Glasgow. Jaja's chief town was on the west bank, several miles from its mouth. The five firms had been obstructed in commerce for a year or more because they wanted to trade direct with the native producers of the oil and not through Jaja, at Jaja's prices. The five firms in question belonged as I have said to The African Association of Liverpool. Miller Brothers in those days stood apart, independent of any League or Association, though they were credited with possessing an understanding with the Royal Niger Company. The firms of The African Association had a year or two previously brought out to Opobo steam launches or little river steamers. They proposed sending these to the inland markets, near the plantations of oil palms, and therewith purchasing and transporting to the port at the mouth of the Opobo the palm oil and palm kernels of the interior beyond the mangrove swamps.

Jaja answered this movement by barring the way to navigation with booms slung across the river where it narrowed and digging narrow canals for the passage of his trading canoes; and when I had purposely struck into the worst of these booms and ordered its removal as an illegal bar to the navigation of the Niger rivers he further obstructed trade by threatening the Ibo and Kwō

peoples with punishment if they should bring their oil for sale anywhere else than to his market places or (possibly) to Messrs. Miller Brothers' house.

Jaja looked upon Consul Hewett's departure as a moral victory: he considered he had driven him home and that it would be easy further to establish his position by giving a handsome entertainment to the British war vessels which might occasionally visit the river mouth and hear of the restiveness of the five firms excluded from the local trade. My arrival came as a disagreeable surprise, enhanced by my youthful appearance. At first he declined even to discuss the matter, telling me my "father," Consul Hewett, had gone home and that he could only resume the discussion when he returned. I showed him however one or two despatches from the Foreign Office asking for a full report on the Opobo difficulty and pointed out that they were addressed to me personally as Acting Consul. Moreover I had come to the Opobo River in a gunboat, the *Goshawk,* under Lieut.-Commander Pelly who stayed with me till the end of the controversy.

J. H. Pelly was what I used to call "an unmitigated trump." As his name is no longer in *Who's Who,* I fear he must be dead; for he won distinction later on in the Persian Gulf which caused his name to be recorded in that compendium. He was short of stature, tight-lipped, twinkling-eyed, and very—quietly—determined. He was either a teetotaller or nearly so, and always spruce in his dress and tidy in his ship. He was no fool and required to be satisfied about the justice of any case in which he was asked to interfere. The *Goshawk* was a little, old-fashioned, slow-steaming gunboat, but he effected wonders with her. His officers and men seemed always in the pink of health and the best condition. He was the British Navy at its very best.

Captain Hand of the *Royalist* was the senior naval officer in command on the West African station and he met me in Opobo and lent me considerable assistance, making a journey with me under much discomfort and some danger to the verge of the Ibo country to satisfy himself that Jaja was really causing the alleged

obstruction and monopoly in the palm oil trade. But without definite instructions from the Admiralty he would not undertake any coercive and punitory action, though he fully endorsed the views I expressed. Other coast business carried him away for a few weeks; and his departure having encouraged Jaja in the belief that there were divided counsels and a difference of opinion, the latter proceeded to more violent measures to enforce his monopoly of trade and obstruction to water passage through his territory. At last wishing to nip his scheme in two before he could assemble all his widely scattered forces and retire with them to the Ibo country, I applied to the Foreign Office for permission to bring matters to an issue and either persuade Jaja to go with me to the Gold Coast Colony and there have his case tried, or declare him to be at war with the British Government and then take action against him.

I waited at Bonny for the answer. In those days the ocean cable had only got as far toward the Oil Rivers as the mouth of the Bonny River, forty miles from Opobo. The creeks through which one had to pass between the two places were much too narrow or shallow for the passage of a gunboat or any ship; the journey could only be made by native canoes. I appreciated fully all the risks of being caught by Jaja's people and quietly "put away." But fortunately I had sometime previously made friends with the very civilized King of Bonny, who spoke and wrote English like an Englishman and dressed as we do. The kingdom of Bonny had once ruled over Opobo, and Jaja had been one of the king's slaves. Some unfortunate intervention of Consul Livingstone had recognized Jaja's independence and prevented Bonny administration of the affairs of Opobo. I managed however to enter into communication with the young king, whose great-grandfather had been converted to Christianity,[1] and he sent a State canoe of his own to fetch me and to take me back.

I despatched my telegram and a few hours afterwards—"very

[1] His conversion made a great sensation in Evangelical London in the 'forties, and Bonny in the main was the original of Dickens' "Borriaboola Gha."

quick response!" I thought—received what I naturally took to be the answer: "Your action with regard to Jaja approved. Further instructions will be sent after communication with Admiralty."

Accordingly I returned to Opobo under the protection of King George Pepple and prepared for action. I summoned Jaja to a meeting at Messrs. Harrison's house (my headquarters) or, if he preferred it, on the beach outside, where I would read to him my decision and invite his acceptance. I gave him my word that if he *refused* my conditions he should be allowed to return to his town before any act of hostility took place.

He came, with many canoes and an armed escort of seven hundred warriors, each with a Snider rifle.

I reviewed the circumstances of this long struggle between him and the Consular authority and stated there was only one way of arriving at a solution, outside a resort to arms: that he should proceed to Accra on a mail-steamer with a few attendants, that I should accompany him; and there the case between us should be tried by a person to be appointed by the British Government. To every one's surprise he assented and went quietly on board H.M.S. *Goshawk*. I followed. The *Goshawk* took us to Bonny where we transferred ourselves to a mail steamer which in two or three days landed us at Accra. Oddly enough, during our passage to Accra I noted "Jaja has never shown such friendliness toward me before. All through the daytime he is my constant companion. He will sit by my side while I am writing and amuse himself by looking over my sketch book and asking questions as to its contents. He occupies the Ladies' cabin on board the steamer, with his wife, Patience, and his housekeeper and amanuensis, Emma Jaja Johnson. He is further accompanied by a cook, a steward, three servants and one Accra carpenter."

To Jaja the sight of Accra (the first civilized town he had seen) was a source of wonderment and for a time distracted his thoughts from his own troubles; so much so that he intimated to the Administrator of the Gold Coast (Col. Frederick White) that

if he were sentenced to be exiled from Opobo to Accra he would be quite content, being an old man. Either he had never looked much at the pictures of cities given in the English illustrated papers, or had judged Europe to exist on a wholly different plan to Africa.

Admiral Sir Walter Hunt-Grubbe, Naval Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope and West African station, had been appointed to try Jaja for his breaches of treaty and to investigate his case generally, but he could not arrive immediately at Accra; so having much other business to attend, I went back to Opobo and Old Calabar. I returned to the Gold Coast at the close of November, 1887. Sir Walter Hunt-Grubbe gave Jaja a very fair trial, spent, indeed, several days beforehand mastering all the written and printed evidence. At the conclusion of his investigation he found the old man guilty on three counts of the breaches of treaty with which he was charged; on the fourth count the accusation was not fully proved. Jaja was therefore deposed, and no succeeding chief of Opobo was to be elected; Jaja was further sentenced to a banishment of five years from his country, and a choice of residence offered him—either in the British West Indies, St. Helena, Ascension, or Cape Colony. He chose St. Vincent in the Windward Islands.

Those of my readers who have long memories may remember that Lord Salisbury pardoned him after four years' residence at St. Vincent, that he was returning thence to Opobo, but fell ill on the voyage and died at one of the Canary Islands. His wealth, which must have been considerable, was secured to him, and during his exile the district of Opobo made him an allowance at the rate of £1000 a year. So that I do not think he could be regarded as harshly treated. And the quick result of my intervention was an enormous increase in Opobo trade, on the part of the natives as well as of the Europeans.

The settlement of this test case—a case watched from all points of the Protectorate coast—ended the tyranny of the "middle-man" which had been the great obstacle to a wide development of trade in the vast Niger Delta for a hundred years.

The Niger River had really been discovered from Senegambia on the west and from Lake Chad on the east; but its delta and outlet into the sea remained undetermined till the plucky journey of the Lander brothers in 1830-31 (carried through despite the utmost difficulties imposed by the Ibo, Ijō and allied Delta peoples). Its main stream had been ascended from the sea northwards by naval or semi-naval expeditions which the middle-men could not well arrest; but these had done little to penetrate the deltaic lands on east or west, and trade from the main Niger in those directions was greatly cut off or hampered—especially above Lokoja—by the Fula power or political influence; so much so, that in the 'seventies it had almost come to an end. Our Consulate or Vice Consulate of Lokoja had been closed, and save for missionary persistency very little was being done by British traders to penetrate Nigeria until the end of the 'seventies and early 'eighties, when Captain George Goldie Taubman had brought about the fusion of—what was it, thirteen?—small companies into one, and had bought up and absorbed two rival French companies, favored by Gambetta. These were to have made the Lower Niger French and closed it against British trade. Sir George Goldie—as he afterwards became—had drawn attention to and started to rivalize the efforts of the German explorer, E. R. Flegel, to map and penetrate the eastern Niger and Benue countries. Flegel naturally hoped to secure them for Germany; Goldie resolved they should be British.

Consul E. H. Hewett had done much by treaty-making between 1883-1885 to secure the Niger Delta and the Lower Niger for British influence; George Goldie Taubman's Niger Company (once—1879-1886—known as the United African Co.) had negotiated treaties of its own along the Lower Niger and western Benue which formed the basis of its charter granted in 1886. But a good deal of the Cross River district on the southeast remained untouched, uncovered by treaties; the Benin kingdom on the west had not been visited; and Jaja of Opobo still barred the way to trade developments in the Ibo country between the main Niger and the course of the Cross River.

Consul Hewett had also won over to a British Protectorate all the Cameroons coast north of the Spanish territory of the Muni River, save for about twenty square miles in the southern portion of the Wuri (Cameroons River) estuary. This, as related, had been sold by "King" Bell to Dr. Nachtigal, the German envoy, and had been made the basis of the bullying German demand for a vast colonial dominion.

We had given way under Earl Granville; and as evidence of a desire that Germany likewise should have a Colonial empire, we had allowed them to assume from this paltry bargain that they had a right to 192,000 square miles of West-Central Africa; and early in 1887 had added thereto the Cameroons Mountain where the Baptist Mission had acquired considerable landed rights which they had used for the founding of townships. After the spring of 1887 however our territorial claims were cut off from the Cameroons and the eastern half of the Cross River Basin. I had however resolved to secure what remained along the navigable stretch of the Cross River—as will be described later—and to extend my Consular journeys if possible to Benin, as well as visiting each mouth or outlet of the Niger Delta which I could induce a gunboat's commander to penetrate. Not a few of the Niger "mouths" at that time were imperfectly sounded and mapped, and naval commanders in giving in to my enthusiasm for geographical discovery might be prejudicing their own careers; so it was not surprising that my propositions were not always convincedly received.

Between December, 1887, and May, 1888, however, I entered or tried to enter every one. The mouth of the Kwō-ibo I had visited from the land side; Bonny (Obani) I had been to many times, and at the close of 1887 I steamed up the broad Bonny estuary to the firm land and open prairies of Okrika, rich in cattle. New Calabar was less familiar: I refer to its three important trading centers of Abónema, Dégama and Bágama. But its chiefs and people belonged to the Ijõ group, the dominant or exclusive race of the coast fringe of the Niger Delta from the Apata Creek (west of Benin River) to Opobo on the east. At

New Calibar[1] (as the Abónema-Dégama-Bágama trading centers were generically called) trade was so prosperous that I do not recall any troublesome palavers having arisen between natives and white men. At Brass on the other hand there was much trouble and a menace of outbreak which occurred some months after my return to England.[2]

The trouble on the occasion of my visit was chiefly connected with new trade developments of the Royal Niger Company. Its direction at Asaba had apparently begun to prohibit or obstruct independent trading on the banks of the main Niger below Abo, before the stream became deltaic. Or it had in some way interfered with the trade in palm-oil on the part of the Brass middlemen. To the latter this conception of a great ruling combination of merchants (the Royal Niger Company) was a new thing.

[1] I have never seen any good explanation offered of the place or racial term "Calabar." I imagine it is derived from the Portuguese "Calabarra"—"the bar is silent," namely fairly safe for vessels to cross. At the mouths of many of the rivers the bar or sandy ridge becomes dangerously shallow at low tide and the breakers roar and foam over it. Old Calabar certainly had a deep and silent bar, and possibly the entrance of the New Calabar River was the same. Otherwise there was no special connection or relationship between the peoples. Those of Old Calabar were Semi-Bantu, and the people of New Calabar were Ijōs—allied in speech to the inhabitants of Opobo, Bonny, and the Estuarine Niger.

[2] The cause of the Brass trouble was the policy of the Royal Niger Company in trying to establish an exclusive commerce for itself and its dependent native tribes on the main course of the Niger River from Akasa northward. The natives of Brass of course had been accustomed for generations to seek for their palm-oil inland in close proximity to the Orashi and other confluent branches of the main Niger. When the Niger Company sought directly or indirectly to oppose their doing so, the Brass tribe avenged themselves first on the nearly-related Akasa people. The Brass warriors organized from their inland town of Nimbe an expedition against Akasa which took black and white people by surprise. I do not think they made any direct attack on the Royal Niger Company's houses, but they wiped out the native villages around them and brought back many prisoners and dead bodies. Then ensued at Nimbe and elsewhere cannibal feasts on a great scale, in which many native Christians joined. I was summoned to the Foreign Office to give an opinion as to what should be done in the way of punishment. The Secretary of the Church Missionary Society—Robert Needham Cust—likewise attended. A telegraphic enquiry was drawn up and sent to Archdeacon Crowther (son of the famous Negro Bishop), who resided at or near Nimbe and was in charge of the Brass Mission. He was asked what punishment should be inflicted on the guilty persons. He replied "Suspension from *all* Church privileges."

They were always a truculent lot, the Brass people, and on the occasion of my visit they uttered a good many wild threats against "Akasa"—as, from its seat at the mouth of the main Niger, they styled the company. I went to see a collection of chiefs at the Brass capital of Nimbe, promised to present their grievance to the British Government, but cautioned them against taking any action themselves. Nimbe I found to be like all these Ijō towns: a squalid place, approachable from a complicated branch of the Niger (some thought it the main stream of that river) by a narrow and tortuous canal.

The people, toward me, were boisterously, noisily good-natured, but I could see how dictatorial toward the European they had been and could be. Down to a few years previous to my first visit to Brass, the natives like those of Bonny had their totemistic animal to whom they tendered a slavish worship. In the Brass district the sacred, tribal animal in whose species the soul of the tribe was supposed to dwell was the African python, perhaps the hugest of existing snakes, a distant relation of the South American boa constrictor, which it has probably exceeded in size in tropical Africa or Malaysia. In Bonny down to the end of the 'seventies the worshiped fetish was the monitor lizard, locally miscalled the "iguana." [1]

Until 1878 this reptile worship was so real that the British Consular authorities in the "Oil Rivers" lent it their sanction. Europeans under the Consular jurisdiction were forbidden to kill the sacred lizard of Bonny or the still more sacred snake of Brass, and were heavily fined by the British Consul if they infringed this prohibition. On one occasion in Brass in 1878 an agent of Messrs. Hatton and Cookson's firm found a large python in his house and killed it. When the misdeed became known to the Brass chieftains, they made a descent on the factory with their armed followers, dragged the agent out of the house on to the beach, tied him up by his thumbs, spat in his mouth and inflicted other indignities on him. Then they broke open the store and took out about £20 worth of goods which they confiscated.

[1]This name was imported from the West Indies into West Africa.

Consul Hopkins hearing of the disturbance arrived in Brass, considered the case, and fined the unfortunate agent another £20 in addition!

At Bonny the monitor lizards (five to eight feet long) became a sickening nuisance at the same period. They devoured the European traders' fowls, turkeys, ducks and geese with impunity; they might lie across the road or the doorways of houses with their six or seven feet of length and savagely lash the shins of people who attempted to pass them, with their whip-like, serrated tails. If any one wounded or killed a monitor there was no end of a to-do: the offender if a European was assaulted or robbed by the natives, the British Consul harangued him on a man-of-war and fined him into the bargain. In other parts of the Delta it might be the shark or the crocodile, the pelican or goliath heron that was worshiped; but nowhere was this zoolatry carried to greater lengths than at Bonny or Brass. For its effectual abolishment, which was of the greatest benefit to the well-being of natives and Europeans, we owe our thanks not to the intervention of Government officials, naval or consular, nor to the bluff remonstrances of traders, but to the unceasing labors of the agents of the Church Missionary Society, who by winning the natives from these absurd practises had brought about such a change of affairs that by the time I was revisiting the Niger Delta as a Consul the python would have been promptly killed at Brass if it made its appearance, and the monitor lizard at Bonny was relegated to the woods and swamps.

As regards this last mentioned animal there was even a revolution of feeling. In the opening months of 1882 Bonny town was still infested with numbers of these great sluggish lizards. The missionaries however—at Easter time—screwed the courage of their Bonny converts to the sticking point. A grand slaughter of lizards was arranged to take place on Easter Sunday. As soon as the morning bells of the Mission church rang out a large number of Bonny men and boys armed themselves with matchets and sticks and commenced the slaughter of the lizards. By the end of the day there was not one left alive in the town. So great were

the numbers slaughtered that the stench became for the rest of the week almost insupportable. But this holocaust killed the old superstition and marked a real revolution in the people's minds.

A change similarly abrupt a year or two earlier had put an end to the python worship at Brass. Before that time if a python seized a child in the streets in its coils and commenced to slaver it with its viscous saliva, the mother, so far from interfering to save it must stand by and call out her thanks and summon her friends and relations to rejoice with her that the python-god had so honored her family as to devour her child.

From Brass I went on through a maze of creeks to Akasa near the actual outlet of the main Niger or Nun River. Though very unhealthy Akasa was still an important place, the secondary headquarters of the Royal Niger Company. There was not a good bar at the river outlet and the place had a curiously depressing aspect and effect on most European minds. I suspect nowadays it is almost deserted; but at the time of my visit the Forcados-Warri entrance to the Niger Delta, far away on the west, had not been thoroughly surveyed and adopted by steamers feeding the Royal Niger Company's stores. It was soon to come into favor as the best means of entering the Niger; in fact one or other of the gunboats that came to pick me up was to proceed afterwards to survey the Forcados entrance and the facilities it was thought to offer for safe access to the Benin River on the northwest and the main Niger on the east. From Akasa however I made a steamer journey up the Niger to Abo to visit the first town of importance on the undivided river above the delta, and to see something of the Ibo territory from the west.

The Ibo country lying between the Lower Niger and the vicinity of the Cross River to the east was nearly a hundred and forty miles from north to south and seventy to ninety miles from west to east. The Ibos speak a well-marked language distantly related to other groups of tongues such as Igara and Nupe and not without faint Semi-Bantu affinities. Their speech had been studied and made known by missionaries since the middle of the 'forties.

Yellow Duke of Old Calabar.

The people as late as the close of the 'eighties were still reputed cannibals, but their cannibalism was not of a ferocious type, as it often became among the Ijōs; it seemed to be confined to eating superfluous slaves or great criminals or war captives. Their country was densely populated in those days and their towns had a distinct character with rectangular, well-built houses of clay and thatch, interspersed with groups of magnificent trees and flowering shrubs, seemingly purposely cultivated or tended by the citizens. The towns never struck an observer as crowded. Each house or little group of houses stood by itself in an independent compound. The open spaces between these compounds —the streets—were kept scrupulously clean, being frequently swept with brooms made out of palm-fronds which were industriously used by the boys and youths who had to keep the town in order. These places consequently were most pleasant of aspect to the weary, sun-smitten traveler, with their neat-looking houses (often tastefully arranged inside), their magnificent shady trees, the branches of which might be hung with parasitic orchids and become the home of a myriad chattering, gaudy-plumaged weaver birds. Not infrequently the umbrageous trees would be supplied with a wooden settle at their base where one could sit in the cool shade. The sanitary arrangements of the towns were very superior to what prevailed in the coast districts among the Ijōs and the Efik people. Certain localities were set apart as latrines for men and for women, and unto these all the inhabitants must resort. Consequently the towns and villages were free from the nauseous bad smells so prevalent in those along the littoral.

The Ibos, moreover, were an exceedingly industrious people: clever smiths, making many iron implements; weavers of grass cloth, gifted with marked æsthetic taste in designing their textile fabrics and in decorating the interior of their houses, in all of which and in their social arrangements they were superior to the degraded coast tribes, who had lost whatever ancient culture they may have had—if they had any—and had not yet become thoroughly imbued with European civilization. I looked upon the Ibos as the "most hopeful" tribe of the Lower Niger. It had

been they, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, who had created the trade with the white man at the river mouths of the Delta—the Ijōs, the Kwōs, and the Jekris of the Benin coast were twenty to thirty years ago only "middle-men," non-producers, dwelling for the most part in squalid villages on the borders of mangrove swamps.

The Ibos were industrious agriculturists, possessing fine herds of cattle, goats, and sheep, and quantities of fowls and Muscovy ducks.[1] They were far from being united under one paramount chief, but the town of Bende (which I made several unsuccessful efforts to reach, especially from the Cross River) was regarded as a semi-sacred city where dwelt a junta of fetish-men, "doctors," magicians. This was not entered and the "bad" magic broken up till about twenty years ago. There was the still more sacred center of Arō, near the Cross River, but I think this lay outside the Ibo range in a country peopled by the Ibibio (Kwō) tribe.

"Ibibio" was the name attributed to the Kwō people who dwelt in the deltaic country west of the Cross River. Apparently they were not near akin to the Akwa Semi-Bantu who inhabited the Lower Cross River and the Rio del Rey under the names of Ekoi or Ejam. The Kwō people were related to the Efik of Old Calabar and to the almost uncountable tribes of the western Cross River.

There was another people inhabiting the lower Opobo before the invasion of Jaja and his indiscriminate following of Ijō people. These were the Andoni, whose language from the little I have seen recorded of it I was never able to classify: it seemed neither Semi-Bantu nor related to Ijō or Ibo. They have probably by this time been absorbed as a separate type by the more vigorous surrounding peoples.

The Kwōs were great road-makers. Instead of the customary narrow native path (a foot-wide track meandering through ob-

[1] The miscalled "Muscovy" Duck (*Cairina*) of course was never in Muscovy except in a zoological garden or a museum. It is a native of Tropical America, introduced into Africa and Tropical Asia by the Portuguese.

trusive vegetation) the Kwōs of Ibibio took pride—thirty, forty years ago—in making broad smooth roads from village to village. These they kept clean of weeds and bordered with fine shady trees and neat hedges which enclosed plantations. Their villages however were not so orderly and neat as the Ibo towns, and the inhabitants were disgustingly dirty in their manner of living. I was told, unlike their neighbors to the north and east, they made a point of never washing.

But they were not addicted to cannibalism, and in disposition were good-tempered, placable, and industrious. In my day they displayed a curious predilection for acrobatic performances. They would walk on their hands, turn double somersaults and take high jumps.

The Efik people of Old Calabar and its neighborhood are said to have been of common origin with the Kwōs and to have originated in the Ibibio country at the head of the Cross River Delta. About a hundred and eighty years ago they seem to have reached the lower part of the Kwa and Calabar Rivers and to have displaced the preceding Akwa people. They entered into commerce with the Portuguese who came to the Cross River and the Rio del Rey in search of slaves. During the Napoleonic wars the Portuguese were displaced by the British, and the Efik "aristocracy" grew up under English and Scottish traders in palm oil and very persevering Presbyterian missionaries. Their Semi-Bantu language was studied and described from the middle of the nineteenth century.

Their chiefs or "Kings" professed to be of long-recorded descent. The two principal monarchs among them were in my day King Eyo Honesty VII. of Creek Town and King Duke Ephraim IX. of Duke Town. "Honesty" was an inherited second name, attributable a hundred years ago, no doubt, to the possession of that rare quality in a trader. Both "Duke" and "Ephraim" I fancy were traders' corruptions of native names. The King of my day I found to be a Christian, the husband of one wife, and a thoroughly Europeanized man, who spoke, read, and wrote excellent English, always dressed in European clothes,

lived in a European house and was a thoroughly estimable character. His colleague of Duke Town, Old Calabar, though very amenable to Consular advice and a good sort of man as an African chief, had still much more of the untutored savage about him than King Eyo. When I first worked in the Consulate as Vice Consul, Mr. Hewett had to reprove King Duke for coming there on business with simply a tall hat on; otherwise in a state of nudity. After his attention had been called to the want of respect evidenced in this carelessness as to clothing, the costumes he next assumed at official meetings were disturbing to one's gravity of countenance. The last time I saw him, when he came to bid me good bye in May, 1888, he wore pink tights, a cabman's many caped coat, a red chimney-pot hat, and blue spectacles. The missionaries accused him of being a cruel man naturally, but as I never had a case of cruelty brought to my notice I can not say. Though he was not—in my time—a professing Christian, he was well disposed towards the Presbyterian missionaries, and subscribed annually to the two Missions established at Old Calabar.

Other chiefs of importance in my day were John Boko Cobham v., and Asiboñ Edem III. "Cobham" I fancy was a mispronounced and misspelled native name, and Asiboñ was rendered "Archibong" by the traders. Asiboñ was rather a headstrong character in my time, because his father had been king of Old Calabar. The chieftainship however was elective and at his father's death King Duke had been elected as the principal chief. Both John Boko Cobham and Asiboñ vacillated in clothing; sometimes donning royal robes trimmed with real or imitation ermine, and not infrequently appearing at my house in nothing more pretentious than a yachting cap. John Boko Cobham however struck me as being a shrewd, well-instructed man, a natural lawyer, versed not only in the intricate native code, but also acquainted by means of his own studies with the main principles of our English jurisprudence. All these chiefs spoke English—more or less.

The interiors of the Calabar houses were not devoid of taste, and the plans of their dwellings gave a faint suggestion of the

North or of Arab influence, as though they had brought down in this direction some influence of the northern Niger peoples. Their houses were generally built in the form of a square, the narrow apartments inclosing a central patio or yard, open to the sky, in the middle of which a tree was planted, occasionally hung with charms and fetishes. They were very fond of brass-work. They obtained sheets of brass from European traders and having cut out circular plates they would stamp on these fantastic designs by means of a large-headed, sharp-pointed nail and a stone used as a hammer. The work was usually done by women, quite untaught. The designs were in many cases really graceful and chiefly consisted of flowers and fruit in conventional forms. Some traders said they introduced "mermaids." They may have learned this myth from the Portuguese who revived old Mediterranean stories at the sight of the manati suckling its young at the breast. The manati at the time of my stay in the Oil Rivers was not uncommonly met with in the mangrove-bordered estuaries.

The Cross River is a lengthy stream quite independent of the Niger system. It had been ascended by Consul John Beecroft and a party of missionaries in a small steamer at the end of the 'forties or beginning of the 'fifties. This exploring party got as far as the point marked "Rapids" on old maps where the supposed main stream of the river left the fringe of lofty mountains, the western boundary of the Cameroons.

I had wished to make the ascent partly because it was advisable to conclude treaties to confirm British influence, and partly because I heard it was a very populous region and guessed that the natives would be of considerable interest in regard to their languages. No steam launch was available, and the stream was not likely to be deep enough for the passage of any small gunboat. So I was constrained once again to borrow Yellow Duke's long canoe with its little house in the middle, like an elongated Noah's Ark. With this I ascended the (idiotically misnamed) "Cross" River as far approximately as Ekosoro, beyond the district named or misnamed "Atam."

After leaving a region seemingly called by a double name—

Iko-Morūt—we passed through an uninhabited area of twenty miles. The peace and quiet seemed delicious after the constant contact with noisy villages. We saw in one place a chimpanzee coming down to the riverside to drink; in several glades there were herds of surprised elephants. But as we neared a large village that was probably Obubra we were accorded a boisterous reception. A horde of excited people armed with guns and spears waded out into the river and compelled the canoe to stop, in fact dragged it summarily into shallow water. Three or four lusty savages pulled me out of the canoe, mounted me on the shoulders of the biggest, and carried me off at a run to the town where I was put in a hut with the door open. Here I had to submit to be stared at for an hour by hundreds of inquisitive savages, unaware as to the fate of my Kruboys and Efik servants. Almost over my head, hanging from the smoke-blackened rafters of the house, was a smoked human ham, black and bluish green. About a hundred skulls were ranged round the upper part of the clay walls in a ghastly frieze.

But the hour passed and presently my Calabar interpreter and personal servant, Joseph Eyamba, stood before me and told me quietly that all was well—so far—though they had been through an anxious time. My captors reappeared looking as friendly as possible, and now asked me through the interpreter to give some account of myself.

I said I had come on a mission of friendliness from a great white Queen who was the ruler of the White People and wanted to enter into friendly relations with—I had to pause not knowing the name of the place—"With 'Ededama' " suggested the interpreter—I repeated the name. I should like to "make a book with them," I added, to take home to the Woman Chief who had sent me out. To do this we should have to return to the canoe. Accordingly my big bearer who had conveyed me thither again presented himself; I scrambled on to his shoulders and he trotted down with me to the waterside and placed me with unexpected gentleness in the canoe where with great relief I noted, so far as a cursory glance round could satisfy my eyes, that nothing had

been removed or mishandled. The forty Kruboys and Calabar paddlers sat, semi-prisoners, on the beach, looking at first very miserable.

I extracted a Treaty form from my despatch box, and three or four persons of prominence (or so they seemed) crowded into the canoe to make crosses on it with my ink; but the proceedings were altogether too boisterous for serious treaty-making. I was longing to get away, as from various indications I realized we had come to this farther inhabited region on a market day, when a great deal of palm wine had been drunk. So after the crosses had been splodged on the treaty-form and I had made up my present of cloth and beads, my crew was seated and ready to resume paddling while good humor prevailed.

The chief men of the town however insisted on giving me a return present—a hundred yams and two sheep; and at parting an old chief or medicine-man bestowed on me a necklace of human knuckle bones from off his own neck. This I have still in my possession.

Above Ededama the banks of the river on either side were thickly inhabited, but the people became increasingly turbulent. Although our enforced interviews ended in uproarious friendship, yet to begin with the shouting warriors seemed undecided as to whether they should not kill and eat my Kruboys.

Under these circumstances I thought it better not to pursue my explorations any farther but to make a judicious retreat while the natives still doubted how to deal with us. Our descent of the river (it was the short dry season and the stream was at its lowest) was much more rapid than the ascent. In one long day we covered the upward journey of three days; in a second spell of twelve hours paddling we had returned to regions faintly in touch with Old Calabar civilization. This was called the country of Arun. Here we rested for three days in absolute safety and regained the Calabar River in a leisurely fashion. It was an interesting trip which revealed to me the great variety of Semi-Bantu languages along the Cross River and the very interesting and diverse native types. Some of the Negroes seen at places

like "Atam," near the junction of the Cross River with the Powerful Ewayoñ affluent from the north, had refined, handsome faces, with thin well-shaped noses and expressive eyes. I could not ascertain to what tribe they belonged. They were usually quite naked and certainly were not Fúlas.

I next proceeded on a gunboat to try to examine one of the least-known parts of the Niger Delta, even yet: the district between Akasa and the River Ramos, south of Forcados. The commander of the gunboat liked not the aspect of the bars at these somber river openings, so I had to give up any idea of exploring them. This region has only been fully mapped and opened up quite recently. Several officials sent to hold stations here lost their lives from native attacks. One of these men, before he was killed about twelve years ago, told me in a letter that the naked bush-folk were not Ijōs, but belonged to an even more primitive tribe speaking an unknown language unlike Ijō. Since his death, however, I have heard nothing more of this region between the Forcados and the direct outlet of the Niger at Akasa.

My final objective in the Delta before making preparations to return home on leave was a visit to the Benin River, to search for the unused balance of presents brought out for treaty-making by Consul Hewett, to enquire into the complaints of British traders, and if possible to visit Benin City and see the King of Benin. The gunboat which conveyed me thither from Old Calabar was to enter the Forcados mouth of the Niger and explore the various channels leading to the Benin River. The direct entrance to this estuary had a bad bar, and the discovery of the indirect approach by the Forcados mouth, the Warri and Sapele creeks (which in an eastern direction communicated with the main Niger) quite changed the commercial prospects of the Benin traders and accentuated the idea of getting into direct communication with the King of Benin who up till then had signed no treaty with us.

This remarkable native state in those days and later much

inspired my curiosity. What was there in its geography and its people which should have generated its striking development of art in metal-working and design, and have made it the one powerful native state in the vicinity of the Niger Delta? One read of no similar kingdom in all southern Nigeria, Lagos, or the Cameroons. Benin had been of alluring fame since the fifteenth century, when it was visited by the Portuguese who were faithfully portrayed in their costumes and their armature of cross-bows and bell-mouthed guns by the Negro artists in bronze. When in the early part of the nineteenth century attempts were made to find the outlet of the Niger several of these explorations were commenced by way of Benin City. Yet access to Benin for several centuries had not been easy, geographically or politically. The Bini people proper inhabited the region between the Ovia River on the northwest and the Jamieson stream to the southeast; but east and south of the Jamieson River were the Sobo and Warri tribes which spoke dialects related to the Bini language and had probably been subject to Bini rule a century ago. The coast district west of the Benin River estuary was till about 1893 subject to the semi-independent rule of a Jekri or Ijō chief named Nana, usually called the Viceroy of the King of Benin.

Nana before 1888 was deemed to be a very truculent personage by the traders. I went to the coast settlements at the mouth of the Benin River to meet him in the winter of 1887-8, and found him different to the traders' descriptions: he was a fine-looking Negro, dressed in somewhat Muhammadan fashion in flowing garments. I investigated his complaints and found them in most cases justified. The trading houses came to an agreement with him and it was understood that the interior markets under Nana's control were open to them. Nana then gave me an invitation to come and see him at his town in the interior (Ogbobin?). I decided to trust myself to him, and accordingly was taken up to this place in a magnificently arrayed canoe. I was greatly astonished at its large buildings of white-washed clay, neatly thatched, its broad and well-swept streets and the good order of its population. I was lodged in a really comfort-

able house where he fed me with well-cooked meals, and in the afternoons and evenings entertained me with interesting and sometimes spectacular displays of athletic sports and dancing. It was almost like taking a part on the stage in a fantastic ballet. Hundred of women dressed in silks and velvets and armed with large long-handled fans of horse-hide or antelope-hide executed elaborate and on the whole decorous dances. Perfect order was maintained. A full moon lit up the strange scenes which were also aglow with rosy light from the immense bonfires.

I have seldom enjoyed more any African experience than my visit to Nana: the comfort of my lodging, the good, well-cooked food, the ordered quiet; his politeness and regard for the value of time. He himself talked fairly fluently "Coast" English, so that intelligent conversation was possible with him. In addition he was a considerable African linguist in the tongues of the Niger Delta. He was greatly interested in my attempt to write down these languages; and far more intelligent in African philology than most of the white men (save missionaries) in the Niger Delta. I wished I had made his acquaintance a year earlier as he would have been a valuable adviser in Delta politics. Consequently it was with much surprise and disappointment that I learned some five years later of his having got into conflict with the Administration of southern Nigeria, possibly in connection with the Benin reluctance to open up treaty relations. The Protectorate Administration banished Nana from his "viceroyalty" for a number of years; but I fancy he was at length allowed to return, a broken man, and he is probably dead by now from old age. I hail him with friendliness across an interval of thirty-four years!

From the Benin River I again returned to Old Calabar; and then set out for England on leave of absence, Mr. Hewett having returned for a few months to wind up his affairs and make ready to retire on a pension in 1889. My voyage home in June, 1888, was the first trip made in the steamers of the Elder Dempster Line that could be called by me "agreeable." The food was

wholesome and well-cooked and the cabins were clean. From the Gambia River homewards the voyage was made exceedingly interesting by the presence on board of the first Chimpanzee named "Consul." He was the property of an amusing and interesting Administrator of the Gambia who had acquired him a year previously, possibly from the verge of Portuguese Guinea. Apparently he re-named the animal "Consul" in reference to myself; for a close friendship sprang up between me and this very intelligent ape. In the course of a few days Consul and I became almost inseparable. He slept in the next cabin to mine and came to me every morning when I was shaving, watching the process but never interfering with razor or brush. He was generally allowed—being very cleanly—to sit at my table during meals. All went increasingly well till after we had left Madeira. At Funchal there had come on board a lady with a baby. The baby's cradle in the daytime was placed on the upper deck in the fine June weather. The chimpanzee had become exceedingly jealous of this baby, who had aroused both interest and attention among the passengers as it was pretty, good-tempered and quiet.

One day I noticed that at luncheon Consul failed to present himself. I went to the upper deck to see if he were there and arrived just in time to intercept his attempt to throw the pretty baby overboard! He had taken it out of its cradle and was making for a side of the ship to hurl it over—I should think—when I arrived on the scene and took it from him. The child smiled at me most good-humoredly, but Consul's face expression as he turned away was tragic. He had afterwards to be put into an iron cage and remain imprisoned till we reached Plymouth. At Plymouth railway station he sobbed and screamed when I failed to accompany him. But one way and another he had cost his owner some hundred and fifty pounds and was not purchasable for any sum I could afford.

So ended my two-and-a-half years' connection with the Niger coast and the Cameroons: for I never returned there. I offered to do so, as during my residence there between the commence-

ment of 1886 and the summer of 1888 I had only been ill once with Black-water fever and I had felt at the close in touch and sympathy with the whole region. I had drawn the one thorn—Jaja—which had poisoned the relations between the European traders and the native producers; I had got into amicable terms with the Germans in the Cameroons and the Spaniards in Fernando Póo, and had placed British trade in both those regions on a better basis; I had avoided quarrels with the Royal Niger Company, realizing that its Niger monopoly was to be only a temporary infliction; I had paved the way to a good understanding with Benin and had settled many local quarrels on the Cross River which imposed obstacles to trade. I had written down and studied—more or less—forty languages—Bantu, Semi-Bantu, Niger Delta—in preparation for my work on the Bantu and Semi-Bantu languages; had collected, skinned or bottled, or otherwise preserved and sent home many specimens of small mammals, birds, lizards, snakes, centipedes, spiders, scorpions, beetles and butterflies of the Cameroons Mountains and the Niger Delta, besides forwarding to Kew botanical collections from the Upper Cross River and the forests of the Cameroons. I had photographed many types of Niger coast and Cameroons Negroes, and the landscapes they lived in, and had done much rough surveying on the Upper Cross River, the intervening country leading to the Cameroons, the hinterland of Opobo, and the Benin River.

But I had prevented Messrs. Miller Brothers of Glasgow from securing a monopoly of trade with Jaja on the Opobo River. Old Mr. Alexander Miller died at a great age the other day (1922) leaving—I think—£2,000,000 as his fortune. So my assertion of Free Trade in the Niger Delta can not have injured seriously his commercial prospects; though it may have prevented his becoming four times a millionaire. Nevertheless his firm loomed largely in the eyes of politicians who counted votes; and his influence dissuaded the Foreign Office from giving me the succession to Consul Hewett, and the task of establishing the southern Nigeria Protectorate undertaken by Sir Claud Macdonald in 1891.

CHAPTER IX

Arrived in London toward the end of June, 1888, I established myself at Queen Anne's Mansions, in a small but comfortable flat on the sixth floor. My previous residence at St. Margaret's Mansions in Victoria Street had a sad ending. The artist-tenant to whom it was sub-let came to grief financially, paid me no rent, and eventually decamped without leaving any address. The lease had just expired and the rooms had been relet. Troubles such as these often assailed in those days persons holding far-away appointments, whose interests were not safeguarded vigilantly in London. I had however little time to worry over this dilemma. I was lucky to secure so promptly this establishment at Queen Anne's Mansions, whence henceforth I made my home in London till 1901. This comfort I owed to the presence there of Oswald Crawfurd and his first wife, the sister of Sir Clare Ford . . . later on Ambassador at Rome.

I had not been more than a few days in London when it was intimated that Lord Salisbury wished to see me. This was considered startling, especially as I was only a Vice-Consul. Villiers Lister who gave me the intimation was delighted; Sir Percy Anderson, the head of the African Department, smiled benignly; but Sir Clement Hill, the Chief Clerk in the African Department, surprised me by his outburst of jealous rage. "I have been in the Foreign Office since 1871," he exclaimed (he was then a clerk resident in the Foreign Office and this angry outburst took place in his rooms up-stairs where he had asked me to dine with him), "and—will you believe me? Lord S. has never once asked to see me and wouldn't know me if we met in the street!" I could only express my regret, but could hardly forego my interview till Hill's outraged feelings had received satisfaction.

The meeting took place. Its alarming nature soon ceased to

affect me since the interlocutor was so shrewd, sensible, acquainted with African questions and conditions, and retentive of memory. The principal subject of the talk was Jaja and the circumstances of his exile to the West Indies. The Irish members of the House of Commons had taken up his case, inspired by Miller Brothers—so 'twas said. They had moved a reduction of the Foreign Office Vote by a hundred pounds to be withdrawn from my salary. Lord Salisbury glanced at notes to refresh his memory on certain points; having done this, he treated of African questions in a larger way. Much regarding the future allotment and administration of Africa was still unsettled. "I understand you have been in North Africa—Tunis, was it not?—On the Congo, in Zanzibar and up Mt. Kilimanjaro? Have you followed at all what is going on in Nyasaland? The Arabs? Well: we must have some further talks on the question at large."

I left his room a little awed, but secretly much elated. It was a great step in advance to meet a Secretary of State who, as far as Africa was concerned, knew what he was talking about. But my elation was naturally very much increased by receiving a day or two afterwards a letter from Lady Salisbury, inviting me to spend the next week-end at Hatfield.

I went down there under circumstances allowably described in my novel, *The Gay-Dombeys*. At Hatfield station I was met by a very kindly, middle-aged lady, who with several other persons detailed by the hostess had come to receive and welcome visitors. There were one or two other visitors besides myself in the carriage. They called her "Poo-ey." I could not go to such lengths of familiarity, despite her kind smile and attitude of having known me all my life. So I was rather hampered in my conversation till the next day when with great difficulty I identified her as Lady Salisbury's younger sister, Miss Alderson. Lord Cranborne received me in the hall and took me to my room—the "Hornbeam" room as it was named, all the bedrooms being given names of noteworthy English trees. Then I, with great courage (as I felt), came down-stairs and sought out my hostess and the tea table.

The forest country of Cholo, Shire Highlands.

Lady Salisbury was as gracious as Miss Alderson. She was dispensing tea on some outer terrace and there were seated round about representatives of noble houses. She made me feel at home and pointed to a chair close to her tea table; then having poured out my tea she brought me into the general conversation by a remark and a question. This was not altogether to the liking of a peer who bore a strong facial resemblance to a character created by the principal designer of *Ally Sloper's* fancies: "The Dook Snook." He was so like that I wondered the resemblance failed to occur to his mind, for he must have seen *Ally Sloper* at railway stations. But besides the resemblance in his make-up he talked very much as that character was made to talk—scraps of French, glares through the eye-glass, and an antique conservatism that seemed to excite much merriment in Lady Salisbury's mind. I gathered from his remarks that he was—relatively—in a rather impoverished condition, and chiefly made his home in a London flat of great gorgeousness decorated with paintings by Jan van Beers.

After tea I ran into Lord Salisbury—quite unintentionally, as may be believed. He was conversing with Sir Robert Morier, our ambassador then at St. Petersburg. But apparently my arrival was not inopportune, for I was arrested and introduced to Sir Robert, whom as a matter of fact I had first come to know in 1883 when he was minister at Lisbon. Then ensued a walk on the terrace and general conversation on Africa; next, the smoking room and Lord Cranborne, his younger brother Lord Hugh and Lord Hugh's tutor, who years afterwards I discovered to be Canon Hensley Henson, now Bishop of Durham. Lord Cranborne provoked me to conversation, which in my description of African chimpanzees trenched dangerously near the subject of evolution. Mr. Hensley Henson intervened rather aggressively on an anti-evolutionary basis. Lord Hugh seconded him; but I managed to withdraw without committing myself, helped by Lord Cranborne, who struck me at that time as being a most amiable young man, anxious that every guest of his father should

enjoy himself. I note these remembrances without guaranteeing their accuracy. I came to know Hensley Henson in after years and liked him greatly, so perhaps Lord Hugh's tutor from Oxford was some other Henson; or more likely, after he became Vicar of Barking his views on the processes of Creation broadened.

The dinner of that Saturday was unforgettable. A splendid banquet in a magnificent dining hall; a choice orchestra discoursing good music in the music gallery; and most of one's fellow-guests persons of interest in appearance, name, or achievement.

The evening that followed was altogether enjoyable. Lady Gwendolen Cecil organized theatricals out of the large company of guests. She, I remember, played Lord Randolph Churchill in a wonderful moustache. I—among other impersonations—was part of a whale, and a Moorish slave dealer in charge of a crew of very large, unwieldy female slaves. . . .

The next day, Sunday, we went—some of us—to service in the chapel and others for walks in the hay-fields. After a very gay and talkative lunch, I found myself invited to a walk through the park avenues by Lord Salisbury, to accompany Sir Robert Morier. We discerned, as we passed, his son, Lord Edward, attempting to explain to a number of young men and maids the game of golf, and the outcries led me to believe that Arthur Balfour had come down to expose its principles and practise. But I may have been mistaken in his being actually present. At any rate I soon became absorbed in the nearer conversation, hearing developed what appeared to be Lord Salisbury's plans as to the future political allotment of Africa, supplemented by the observations of Sir Robert Morier.

Much that seemed to one at the time accidental was no doubt purposed by Lord Salisbury. I can not, for instance, conceive myself to have been bold enough to have gone uninvited for this hour's stroll, or to have listened unpermitted to this unrolling of plans. The Niger—whence I had come—was touched on lightly; but the behavior of the Arabs in Nyasaland occupied a good deal

of Lord Salisbury's attention. The Zambezi question and the Portuguese; British interests on Nyasa and Tanganyika, the Egyptian Sudan and even Somaliland were surveyed with acumen. Sir Robert Morier had only seen portions of North Africa but he had made some study of African geography and European ambitions; while as to Lord Salisbury his knowledge of the known conditions of the continent seemed to me remarkable then, since he had *seen* little more than Cape Colony, Natal, and the tourist's Egypt.

"What a pity it is no one could put the whole African question lucidly before the public; in some newspaper article, I mean," said Lord Salisbury as we turned back from our walk once more towards the ground where they were essaying golf. I had a sort of feeling his eye rested on me for a moment before it looked ahead. At any rate this feeling implanted in me the sudden desire to present the reading public with a sketch of what I assumed to be our legitimate ambitions. I thought to myself that night, after I had retired to my bedroom, of the points in the conversation along the avenues; I jotted them down and took them away in my suit-case. Some weeks later I had finally written out my article and I am under the impression I submitted a copy of it to Lord Salisbury or in some way obtained his approval of its publication. At any rate it was published on August 22 (1888) by the *Times* (*Great Britain's Policy in Africa.* By an African Explorer). I was at the Foreign Office that morning in the African Department. Sir Clement Hill, the head-clerk, sent for me. He was reading the *Times* when I entered. "Did *you* write this?" he asked. "Yes. And I think I may say Lord Salisbury knew of my doing so and did not disapprove."

"Well: all I can say is, it is a very extraordinary proceeding and I must make further enquiries."

Presumably he did and nothing eventuated.

Somewhere about this time I first met a curious couple, if indeed the word "curious" is permissible, since they were law-

abiding citizens. They were Mark André Raffalovich and his governess—Miss Gribbell. Miss Gribbell's brother was a lieutenant-commander in the Royal Navy, or possibly later on a captain. He commanded one of the gunboats in service on the east coast of Africa, and was a very pleasant fellow. I voyaged with him somewhere between Zanzibar and Aden, or met him at any rate on that coast, and he told me how his sister had taken charge of the young Raffaloviches [1] and assisted to educate them, and of the problems they presented in embarking on an independent life, as they had great wealth, extraordinary talent, but some leaven of eccentricity.

As if it had been pre-ordained, among the first personages I met at London dinner parties on my return, were Miss Gribbell and her former pupil, Mark André Raffalovich. I took Miss Gribbell in to dinner, and the first fact that she drove home, was that my pronunciation of her brother's and her own surname was incorrect: it was not "Gribble" but "Gribbéll." I said I would remember, and then we discussed modern literature, and she told me how her ward had published a book of poems, of which indeed a few days later she sent me an example—*Tuberose and Meadowsweet.* This had been published about three years before, in 1885. I was introduced to Mr. Raffalovich shortly afterwards, and went to dine with him and Miss Gribbell in some very beautiful rooms which they tenanted in Kensington, near the Albert Hall.

Raffalovich was certainly blessed or cursed with a strange appearance. He was short, angular, thin, red-lipped and large nosed. I understood that he was, at any rate, partly of South Russian stock, but his mother may have been French.

I afterwards met at his rooms, his brother, who was more normal and ordinary in appearance, and his sister, who soon afterwards married William O'Brien, the Irish "patriot," just before or just after he was sent to gaol for some political offence.

[1] Their father was said to be a native of Odessa or southern Russia and their mother a Frenchwoman.

I never heard that the marriage turned out other than happily; in fact, I never heard of her again, except as an occasional writer in the *Times*.

Mark-André later on moved to a house in South Audley Street, the furniture and decoration of which were one of the land-marks of the elevated taste which was uprising in London. Miss Gribbell who there took charge of his household was a good-looking, clever woman of middle age and considerable ability. I remember sitting next to her one night at dinner, and admiring (without saying so) her beautiful and tasteful dress, and admiring still more her inflexible visage when a stupid old gentleman, on the other side of her, let his roll fall into his turtle soup with such a splash, that the greater part of it shot over the front of her dress.

Eventually they left London for Edinburgh, which better suited Raffalovich's health; and here they were joined by a man who used to be a clerk in the Foreign Office Library, but who turned Roman Catholic and entered the priesthood. I believe he converted them both to Roman Catholicism, and henceforth took charge of their souls.

I was sorry when they moved away from London, because, firstly they showed one how beautiful a London house might be made, and how perfect a meal might be served there; and secondly, one met all the most interesting people of London in their rooms, even if some of them were fantastic, self-conscious, too far in advance of the times, or too absurdly retrograde.

I was not aware whether Raffalovich published any further book of poems. His *Tuberose and Meadowsweet* was an amazing production for a very young man, born apparently in the Crimea, and only learning English in his school-days. With one or two rare exceptions the phraseology was apt and expressive, and the rhyming clever; yet there seemed to be not one grain of sense throughout the whole collection of verses. It gave one quite a shock to see the poems described as localized in Edinburg—Bath—London, and so forth, and to realize that they dealt with little else but roses and rapture.

"Magic, magic on thy hair!
Kisses, kisses, from thy brow
Firm and soft and warm and fair,
Resting on thy lashes now!
Magic, magic, in thy hair,
Lover, lovers, I and thou!

"Dear laburnum be thy hair,
Oleanders kisses be;
Mouth of mine lays rosily
On laburnum lying there.
Smooth laburnum be thy hair,
Oleanders kissing thee,
Thy pollen-colored, sweet, delicious hair."

Among the many ladies old and young who swept through his beautiful rooms in South Audley Street I looked in vain to identify the owner of the pollen-colored hair; but this may have been a mark of beauty reserved to the people of Nordic Russia.

I remember about this time meeting Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. She lived as I did at Queen Anne's Mansions. I rather think at first we had no regular introduction, but we were two lonely people who took to dining and lunching in the restaurant, at the same table. She seemed to me a kindly old lady of Victorian aspect, wearing a cap with flowers on her gray hair. Her eyes, under the gold-rimmed spectacles, seemed rather prominent and unfocussed. Her conversation struck me at once as very witty. I understood a little later that she was the author of papers of very conservative tone in the *Saturday Review* of the late 'sixties, entitled *The Girl of the Period,* but I also realized that she was the author of a book a little later in date, which had particularly arrested my attention, as being published several decades in advance of its times—*Joshua Davidson.*

I had not read her attacks on *The Girl of the Period,* and had I done so, should probably have thought them very old-fashioned and prejudiced. The curious thing was, that even as far back as

the 'eighties, these seem to have continued as her views regarding *Woman* and *Woman Suffrage.*

Her enthusiasm for the time being, the end of the 'eighties, seemed to be over Frank Harris. She could at one time talk of little else than the talents she ascribed to him; his marriage, approaching or accomplished, and his position as Editor of the *Fortnightly Review.* According to her, she was the medium through whom he met his wife. He was going to be the wonder worker of the immediate future, the promoter of great movements in the Press.

Through her or through one of her friends, I came to know Frank Harris and his wife. I could see they were not a happily-matched pair, though the wife struck me as a nice, kindly woman. I understood she had considerable property, and came from Yorkshire, but I can not vouch for the correctness of this remembrance. I believe some years later they were separated; but through the early 'nineties they lived in one of those funny, little, squeezed houses in between the big ones in Park Lane, which for all I know, may have been swept away by millionaires' mansions in later days.

I spent the later months of the summer of 1888 at a house in Liss which my father had taken for rest and enjoyment. It was seven years before the days of the perfected Safety bicycle, and I had therefore only a hired carriage or my own legs with which to explore the really remarkable beauties of East Hants and West Sussex. Within an area roughly marked as lying between Alton on the northwest, Petworth on the southeast, Petersfield on the southwest and Blackdown Hill on the northeast there still lies one of the most romantically beautiful portions of England. I revisited it in the late summer of 1922 and was rejoiced to find its beauty unextinguished by gypsies, chars-à-banc, speculative builders, military camps, or golf links. The extraordinary loveliness of Selborne must have often aroused a desire for its extinction in the minds of beings who have made Bournemouth hideous and the coast of West Sussex a Walworth-Road-by-the-sea.

In November I was given my formal appointment to Moçambique. The post conferred should more appropriately have been the Shiré Highlands (Zomba), but the Consul in what we now call Nyasaland still held that post though he had come home ill and was awaiting a transfer. The question of intervention to determine a frontier with the Portuguese which had been a subject of dispute since the days of Livingstone, became urgent in the winter of 1888-9. The war between the African Lakes Company and the North Nyasaland Arabs had been going on since 1887. Captain F. J. Lugard had impulsively gone to Nyasaland in that year to the assistance of the African Lakes Company, and with other volunteers—notably Alfred Sharpe—was endeavoring to capture the principal strongholds of the Arabs near the northwest corner of Lake Nyasa, which strongholds—hedged or mud-walled towns—commanded the road from Nyasa to Tanganyika.

The modern history of Nyasaland of course begins with Livingstone's discovery of the Lake in 1859. The south shores of Lake Nyasa were either sighted or actually reached by a Portuguese (Jaspar Bocarro) early in the seventeenth century, and enough remained of his report to give it a vague and precarious existence on the map of Africa, enhanced in the 'forties by the assertions of the German missionary Rebmann that it was there. Rebmann (who afterwards spelled his name with a single terminal *n*) was a Württemberger and fellow-countryman and companion of Dr. Ludwig Krapf who settled in and explored the hinterland of Zanzibar in the 'forties of the last century. While Krapf wandered inland and discovered the snow-crowned volcano of Kenya, Rebmann first saw and proclaimed the existence of Kilimanjaro. He came into contact with wandering bands of Anyanja natives of Southwest Nyasaland ("Maravi") and printed an exceedingly interesting vocabulary of their language in about 1856.

Livingstone and Kirk actually reached the south shores of Lake Nyasa in September, 1859. The preliminary settlements of British missionaries in that region died out in 1862, but there

was an exploring mission brought there by Lieutenant Young, R. N., in 1867 to investigate the false rumor of Livingstone's death.

In 1875, as one of the effects produced by Livingstone's real demise in 1873, there arrived in the Shiré Valley a remarkable party of missionary pioneers under the leadership of one of the world's great men, Dr. Robert Laws, still living and working at the time these lines are being typed. Next came the mission of the Church of Scotland in 1876 which settled in the Shiré Highlands. This brought out or provoked the coming of a knot of lay workers—among them the famous John Buchanan—from whom was afterwards constituted the African Lakes Trading Company. In 1883 the first Consul (Capt. Foot, R. N.) was appointed to ward off aggression on the part of the Portuguese and endeavor to forfend attacks from the slave-trading Yao chiefs.

Lake Nyasa seemed to point the way to Lake Tanganyika. The expedition in 1878 of Consul Elton, Herbert Rhodes [1] and H. B. Cotterill delimited the north end of Lake Nyasa. The brothers Moir of the African Lakes Company and other servants of that trading association wandered across the elevated Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau and undertook to convey to Tanganyika a small steamer for use on that lake by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society. This was done in about 1885. Soon afterwards the African Lakes employés at Karonga (N.W. Nyasa) began to come into conflict with the Arab settlements ten to twenty miles inland. These Arabs had become great slave-traders who with their firearms and enrolled fighters from Unyamwezi ravaged the naked Negro peoples at the north end of Lake Nyasa.

The transit of the African Lakes Company's men such as John and Frederick Moir, Monteith Fotheringham ("Montisi") to and fro between Nyasa and Tanganyika inevitably brought them into conflict with these North Nyasa Arabs, the leader or "Sultan"

[1] Herbert Rhodes was an elder brother of Cecil Rhodes, and after Elton's death he returned from North Nyasa to the Shiré Highlands. He lost his life in 1880, from the accidental setting on fire of his hut.

of whom was a half-caste named or nick-named "Mulozi." [1] Vast numbers of the attacked Negroes attempted to take refuge under the African Lakes Company at Karonga and other stations to escape impressment into slavery and transport to the Zanzibar coast. These Arabs—very few of whom were of pure Arab blood, most of them being half-caste or actually Swahili Negroes —attacked the Lakes Company's station. Appeals were sent for help to the Shiré Highlands; travelers like Lugard and Sharpe were enrolled; Captain Lugard in 1888 nearly accomplished a capture of the chief Arab stronghold, but was badly wounded and realized that without cannon an entrance into the forts could not be effected.

A kind of indeterminate truce was brought about in the beginning of 1889. But meantime another danger arose, the expedition of Colonel Serpa Pinto to seize the upper course of the Shiré River and establish Portuguese rule at the south end of Lake Nyasa. Secondary and tertiary causes of anxiety to the growing Scottish-English settlement in the Shiré Highlands arose farther from the invasions of southwestern Nyasaland by the Angoni warriors; and the advance in the contrary direction from the northeast of the Muhammadan Yao. The Angoni were mainly a serf population of Nyasa stock, disciplined and directed by men of Zulu origin, descendants of the "Bangoni" Zulus who had invaded western Nyasaland from Matebeleland in the 'twenties of the nineteenth century. The Muhammadan Yao had been caught by Livingstone invading and tyrannizing over the countries of the Upper Shiré and southern Nyasaland, in the 'fifties of the last century. Their hostility towards the whites was so strong, in 1862, 1863, that it balked his and the Universities' Mission projects for European settlement in that direction.

In the interval of time between 1862 and 1882, the Angoni danger had ceased or only affected the countries west and east of Lake Nyasa; the Yao had to some extent settled down, though they were still knit up with the slave trade; the North Nyasa

[1] *I. e.* "The Wizard."

Arabs barred the way to Tanganyika, but their hostility was limited by the pro-British attitude of their vaguely-recognized suzerain, the Sayyid of Zanzibar. But the Portuguese push towards the Upper Shiré and Nyasa was a serious menace to any extension of British influence north of Zambezi.

By the early part of 1888 Sir Hercules Robinson had by some proclamation brought the limits of British South Africa up to the course of the Central Zambezi. It will be seen that by the summer of that year Lord Salisbury was contemplating the carrying of the British sphere across that river, east of the reasonable claims of Angola and west of those extending from Moçambique. But—I gathered—in the autumn or winter of 1888, his projects had been foiled temporarily by the recalcitrance of Mr. Goschen who had replaced Lord Randolph Churchhill as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and who was one of the most resolute "Little Englanders" I ever encountered. It was suggested that I should endeavor to interest his private secretary, Mr. Clinton Dawkins, in the plans suggested for the solution of the Arab problem in North Nyasaland and the extension of British influence across the Zambezi. I made the attempt, but Mr. Dawkins was as inconvertible as Mr. Goschen, not in the least attracted by the glamour of Central Africa.

(All this time, between September, 1888, and March, 1889, I was working intermittently at my first-published novel, *The History of a Slave*: an attempt to give a "realistic" picture of Negro life in Nigeria and across the Desert to Tripoli. The portions of the book dealing with the country of the Cross River were truthful, of course; much of the interior Nigerian scenes were not drawn from direct observation but from the accounts of European travelers in eastern Nigeria. The illustrations were the better part of the book, some of them having been depicted from sheer reality in Africa; others from Negro models in a studio at Queen Anne's Mansions, with "properties" lent by the Royal Niger Company. The work appeared first of all in the *Graphic* in 1889—the Editor being much abused by parents and schoolmasters for the impropriety of the pictures.

The "impropriety," needless to say was only in their imagination. The *Graphic* paid me well for this story, but when it was republished a year later in book form it proved a complete failure.)

In March, 1889, I prepared to leave London for Moçambique, the Central African projects temporarily knocked on the head by Mr. Goschen's refusal to contribute any sum towards the cost of treaty-making, and by the indifference which the Colonial Office showed to Lord Salisbury's projects for enlarging the British Empire in Africa. My heavy luggage had already been despatched to Moçambique, and I called at the Foreign Office to bid farewell to the permanent officials. One of them, Sir Villiers Lister, said: "Before you go, I'll just remind Lord Salisbury you *are* going in case he would like to see you." A few minutes later he returned and said I could go in and bid his Lordship good bye.

I entered Lord Salisbury's room.

"Since we last met," he said, "there has been a change in the affairs of Nyasaland, both for the better and the worse. The Portuguese seem now determined to push the matter forward to a settlement north of the Zambezi, either by taking as much as they can get or coming to terms with us over Nyasaland. D'Antas, the Portuguese minister, was here yesterday—he says by the bye you can talk Portuguese? I suggested to him I might send you over to Lisbon to talk the question over with their ministers—Barros Gomez, for example—and see whether it is possible to come to an understanding about frontiers which would keep the Portuguese out of the Shiré Highlands and Central Zambezia. Of course if we could come to any arrangement of that kind it would be a capital thing. Do you think you would like to go there and try?"

I expressed my great willingness.

"Very well, then. Go in and see Lister and the Chief Clerk, and make the necessary arrangements."

I returned to Sir Villiers Lister's room. He was astonished, but I referred him back to Lord Salisbury. He returned presently and said I had not been mistaken. Accordingly the requisite arrangements were made and incidentally I was made

use of to convey despatches to Queen Victoria who was at San Sebastian in Spain, and other bags to the British Embassy in Madrid. Our Minister and Envoy Extraordinary at Lisbon, the Honble. George Petre—as he was then—was a charming personage. He might have shown himself icily neutral, disagreeably unhelpful over this mission, so abruptly confided to me. On the contrary he did his utmost to make my negotiations successful. Mrs. Petre had been at Paris during the 'sixties, one of the belles of the period. She was kindness embodied. Her stories of the Second Empire fascinated me and remained long in my memory so that I incorporated portions of them in my novel *The Veneerings.*

Señor Barros Gomez of course spoke French, as did all the other Portuguese ministers; but the merchants and commercial personages drawn in to the consultation were limited to the Portuguese language, and it was certainly an advantage that I should discuss the matter with them directly. After a week's argument I seemed to be near an agreement which would have conformed pretty closely to the boundaries of to-day. Then something happened. I noticed one day at my hotel in Lisbon a very English-looking man-servant talking to my own henchman (Turner). This I learned was the valet of Señor Luis de Soveral, who had recently come into notice as the First Secretary of the Portuguese Legation in London. The Portuguese Minister in London, Señor d'Antas, was a distinguished-looking man who impressed one at once with his distinction, his wide knowledge of the world. Soveral whom I had seen once or twice cursorily did not make on me so favorable an impression. There was little or no "distinction" in his appearance; he spoke fluently, even in 1889, the English of London, and he had had the good fortune to attract the kindly notice of the Prince of Wales. D'Antas was elderly, cared for none of the modern card games or sports, spoke but little English though a master of impeccable French. He always seemed inclined to advise his government to come to some reasonable understanding with Britain over the disposal of Africa.

I was told in Lisbon that Soveral belonged to a family that

had made its wealth in Brazil. Soon after my arrival in Lisbon, Soveral's uncle, avowedly a Brazilian man of wealth, called on me and talked about his nephew in London whose career he was supposed to have helped by a good education and an allowance which enabled him to meet the expenses of a life in high circles. He—Señor Soveral senior, gave me a splendid lunch at a Lisbon hotel, and toasted the future friendship and understanding between Britain and Portugal.

But the arrival of Luis de Soveral himself did not seem to conduce to this end. He intervened in the negotiations with the foreign minister and fresh frontier difficulties arose. The amendment was not large in area but it admitted the Portuguese to the east bank of the upper Shiré, and made the Shiré River throughout its course the Anglo-Portuguese frontier.

Mr. Petre submitted the arrangement with misgivings to the consideration of the Foreign Office, but it was rejected, because, of course, it ceded the one point on which Lord Salisbury felt he could not yield: the making over to Portuguese rule of the Shiré Highlands on which the British missionary and coffee-growing colonies had been for ten or twelve years established. I admit that at the time I did not feel the point so keenly. On the map the concession did not look very much, nor did the actual properties and plantations of the missionaries and the settlers cover much ground.

Before returning to England I obtained a week's leave in order to visit Oswald Crawfurd and his wife at Oporto. I much enjoyed this sight of northern Portugal in the spring. Crawfurd, whom, although Consul in Portugal's second most important town, I always pictured as living in Queen Anne's Mansions, was in the north of Portugal an important personage; and his wife—as already mentioned the sister of Sir Clare Ford, Envoy at Madrid, and daughter of Richard Ford the great guide-book writer—was hardly less so. Oswald Crawfurd spoke Portuguese admirably well. He took a great and intelligent interest in the Port wine cultivation and trade, and was very learned about vineyards. He possessed some of these himself

and made delicious white port and other wines. Of these he was generous to his friends, and for years afterwards I supported many a convalescence after fever in Africa on doses of his delicious white port.[1]

Once more I reached London and began preparing for departure to East Africa. The arrangement with Portugal seemed to have broken down, through the intervention (as I thought) of Soveral; and the haughty disdain of Lord Salisbury, who did not like the Portuguese; and of Philip Currie who shared this dislike. One day before I left I received an invitation from the Revd. John Verschoyle, the sub-editor of the *Fortnightly Review,* to come and dine with him. "You will meet an extraordinary fellow, over from South Africa, Cecil Rhodes."

As a matter of fact I had first heard of Cecil Rhodes in 1885, from the Revd. John Mackenzie. Mackenzie had been a missionary of the London Missionary Society who had acquired a great influence over the Bechuana people. In 1885, there had been taken by the British Government, recovering from the molluscous feebleness of the Lord Derby of that period, very decided action to save the Bechuana tribes from being overridden by the Transvaal Boers. The government of Kruger had conceived the ambitious project of stretching across Bechuanaland towards German Southwest Africa and bringing the Boer rule up to the Zambezi and beyond. Their chiefest enemies and exposers at that time were the London Missionary Society's agents, and John Mackenzie had passed from missionary work into the condition of a Government agent. He had somehow aroused the rivalry and enmity of Cecil Rhodes who in 1885 was a member of the Cape Parliament, and was ranked vaguely as a Pro-Boer. At least he was such in Mackenzie's opinion. Now, four years had passed by, and this same Rhodes was in London hoping to

[1] Oswald Crawfurd received a C. M. G. for his Consular services at Oporto somewhere about 1893. He retired soon afterwards and died about 1908. Mrs. Crawfurd, the first wife, predeceased him about 1898. He married a second time. In 1890, he published a book, *Round the Calendar in Portugal,* which was—is—one of the few works in English really describing the Portuguese with knowledge and humor.

get a Charter given to a proposed company he was founding which was to step in north of the Limpopo, thanks to an Agreement concluded with Lobengula. They would get various monopolies of mining and from the European point of view would rule the lands north of the Transvaal and perhaps those of Bechuanaland as well.

I accepted Verschoyle's invitation. I had often dined with him before when in England, from the beginning of 1885. Though sub-editor of the *Fortnightly Review* he was also curate in a large Marylebone living, his church—if I remember rightly —being that of St. Mary. How he became sub-editor of this Review I do not know. He was one of the strangest characters I ever encountered: young, rather good-looking, very blond and gray-eyed, Ulster, but of such broad theology that all the strait Christian doctrines seemed to have slipped through the meshes of his mind. Nevertheless he was really a hard worker in his parish, where, attracted, fascinated by the breadth of his theology I sometimes went and helped him, lectured to his children or his old people, gave away prizes, and gave some of the prizes that were given away. I seem to realize that Verschoyle had no more "faith" than I had; yet he worked desperately hard as an Imperialist and a kind of liberal conservative. He did far more work in those days for the *Fortnightly Review* than Frank Harris, his Editor. He had rooms of a certain untidy, not-over-clean magnificence in Fitzroy Square, which I believe is on the easternmost limit of W. 1. Here he gave at a moment's notice large dinners or small and cosy ones to *Fortnightly Review* contributors, to politicians and leaders of movements.

At one of these assemblages at the end of April or beginning of May, 1889, I met Cecil Rhodes. Frank Harris was there, whom I had known for some time. He was brilliant on this occasion, I believe; so in a different way was Walter Pater, and were two or three other writers; and Verschoyle was in high spirits, with broader theology than ever. But for me interest in what Rhodes was saying and what he was talking of doing

Above: A native of the Congo Forest.

Below: A fine-looking Bantu Negro of the Upper Congo (a Mungala).

Above: The aristocratic caste of Equatorial East Africa.

Below: A very prognathous Bushman from the Kalahani Desert in northern Cape Colony.

extinguished interest in every one else. I could not the next day remember exactly how the evening party had ended. After a hesitating quarter of an hour over oysters and soup, I fell to talking with Rhodes; and the rest of the company faded away. The next point at which I became socially conscious was after midnight, when to Rhodes and me, seated still talking earnestly on a dusty window seat, there came up Verschoyle who said rather crossly . . . "Sorry to seem inhospitable; but I must go to bed and get up early to-morrow morning. Shall I whistle down to the hall and ask them to call you a cab?" We assented, and in a hansom drove to Rhodes's Westminster Palace Hotel, where continuing to talk till daylight we settled as we thought the immediate line of action in South and Central Africa. I jotted down on paper the heads of the scheme I was to propose to Lord Salisbury, and the particulars of Rhodes's references—the Rothschild firm especially.

By this time it was broad daylight and the sound of voices came up from the Broadway outside. The ordinary traffic of the streets was in full swing on a fine morning in early May. "You must stay and have breakfast with me," said Rhodes. "Perhaps you would like a wash and brush-up. Hallo! We're both in evening dress!" . . .

"Well I will share your breakfast, and then take a hansom to Queen Anne's Mansions and change. The banks don't open to customers before ten A. M."

"All right. I'll write you a check on account—something to start with for the expedition and the presents to chiefs, and we'll choose a man to go out with you on our behalf and be under your orders."

At this time I was conscious of occasional rappings at the door but Rhodes gave them no attention: he opened a despatch box, got out a check-book and wrote me a check on the Bank of England for two thousand pounds. Then he shut the despatch box and passed through folding doors into his bedroom.

The knocking outside irritated me. I went to the door and

opened it. There I saw an angry-looking man who interjected enquiringly: "Mr. Rhodes?"

"These are Mr. Rhodes's rooms. Have you an appointment?"

"No, and not likely to have. I've come to see him to get my bill settled. . . ."

"Your bill—?"

"Yes. Owin' this three years. . . . His clothes. . . . Forty-seven pounds. . . ."

I went in and knocked at the double-doors. Rhodes, putting on a collar and tie, came forward. . . . "Here's a very angry man—a tailor—wants a bill settled—Forty-seven pounds. . . ."

Rhodes looked at the bill, which I had brought with me. "*Why* . . . it's my old tailor! Come in, man. If you *will* be such a fool as to misdirect your letters——"

He broke off, went with a collar unbuttoned to the despatch box, got out the check-book and wrote a check. "There!" he said handing it to the tailor who was trying to smooth his face into an amiable aspect. Then he remarked with an altered voice, "But you've made a mistake, sir. You've written 'fifty' and the bill's only for forty-seven."

"It's all right. I've added three pounds for keeping you waiting three years. But another time try to think where your customers are, and if a man's in Africa don't address his letters to Oxford or to London."

I drove back presently to Queen Anne's Mansions after my *nuit blanche,* fortunately with a light great-coat which masked my evening dress. Then a bath, a re-dressing, and reflection. I decided to see Sir Percy Anderson at the Foreign Office before doing anything and took Rhodes's check with me.

His was fortunately one of those dispositions not easily upset by unexpected news, either disastrous or embarrassingly favorable. Here was his scheme—as it had been, since our first meeting in the winter of 1883—rendered possible—apparently—from the money point of view. A man had come forward offering virtually to let us take over any degree of Central Africa

between the Zambezi and the White Nile, and find the money to run it, at any rate until such time as the British public should awaken to its value. And he gave the Rothschild firm as his guarantee.

"We'll soon test that, by the way," said Sir Percy, leaving me in his room while he went upstairs to the Private Secretary, who had some kind of a speaking tube or a telephone—if there were such things valid in 1889—which communicated with Rothschild's office in the city. He returned in about twenty minutes. "It's all right—about Rhodes's credit, I mean. He's good for a million or more."

He next decided to see Lord Salisbury and ask him to give me an interview. Remembering how difficult it seemed in those days to get speech or even sight of Lord Salisbury, I was a little surprised at learning about an hour afterwards that he would see me at five o'clock that afternoon. In the interval of time I went to a branch of the Capital and Counties' Bank different to the one where I kept my private account and deposited Rhodes's check with them, asking then to open a special account for my forthcoming expedition. Then I started for the Army and Navy Stores, went on to Silver's in Cornhill, and lastly to Liberty's in Regent Street to purchase or select camp equipment and presents for native chiefs, confident by now that the great journey to Nyasa and Tanganyika was coming off.

At five o'clock I was shown into Lord Salisbury's room.

As usual he wasted little time in preliminaries, but he only had a vague idea as to who Rhodes was. . . . "Rather a Pro-Boer M. P. in South Africa, I fancy?" I supplied a little more information. One of his brothers was already a Colonel in a regiment of the Guards; another had been an explorer of Nyasaland and had died there. . . .

However, as in Sir Percy's case, the reference to the Rothschilds seemed to weigh most surely. Lord Salisbury even hinted that perhaps the best solution would be for him to *see* Mr. Rhodes. . . . I exclaimed that *that* was the incident Mr. Rhodes most acutely desired. . . . Meantime, he added, my departure

could not be delayed . . . we had already become uneasy as to Serpa Pinto's doings . . . I agreed as to the anxiety and the need for celerity of movement; at the same time I pointed out, in desperation, that a projected journey into the very heart of Africa and negotiations with a warlike band of Arabs could not be organized in two or three days. . . . There were the treaty forms to be drafted and printed, the choice of a lieutenant for the journey, of a Vice Consul for Moçambique (Mr. Rankin having apparently declined to stay on in that capacity) the distribution of responsibilities, the question even of funds. Here Lord Salisbury intervened, "It would be preferable that the Foreign Office should pay your traveling and treaty-making expenses in Nyasaland, as we do not want to commit ourselves to handing over that region to a Chartered Company. Outside its limits I see no objection to Mr. Rhodes paying your expenses and meeting the cost of negotiations. I learn also that inside Nyasaland the African Lakes Company claims to have concluded agreements in order to forestall the Portuguese. However, all that must be looked into departmentally. . . ." He referred me to Sir Percy Anderson for the arrangement of details and bade me good bye.

I went to see Rhodes a day or two afterwards to meet the man whom he had chosen as his representative and my companion. I must admit I was disappointed as to his judgment and his reasons for the selection. "My dear chap," he said when the individual—whose very name I have forgotten—left his sitting-room at the hotel—"if you don't like him, chuck him at any time. I don't guarantee him. He is good-looking and well set up, says he has spent several years in the army out in South Africa. . . . He's a native of Cape Town, by the bye. . . . Rather fancy I've met him out there. . . . Good recommendations. . . . But chuck him at once if you're dissatisfied. . . ."

There was no one else at the moment offering; this man at any rate professed to be able to talk Kafir or Zulu and had—he said—been a long way "up country," towards the Zambezi. I gave him money for his passage to Quelimane via Durban,

letters to various agents, and authority to draw funds at Durban for the recruitment of twenty Zulu ex-soldiers or police, if he could induce them to sign on for service north of the Zambezi.[1] Fortunately I chose the agents at Durban of the African Lakes' Company, for the furnishing of money, and they were cautious people.

Then occurred another hitch. Suddenly it was announced at the Foreign Office that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was going to put an awkward question in the House of Commons relative to Mr. Rhodes and his application for a Charter to be given to his Company. It was thought the question asked at an inopportune moment might completely *dérouter* Lord Salisbury's plans (I can not say why). How would it be if I—who slightly knew Mr. Chamberlain through Captain George Goldie Taubman of the Niger Company—sought an interview with that statesman, answered any questions he was entitled to ask, and dissuaded him from putting his query in the House? So I wrote to Chamberlain and he made a morning appointment at his house in Prince's Gate.

I was shown into his library where I found him looking at some large maps of Africa suspended on a wall of the room. They were all of the 1862-1867 period. He had nothing later showing even an approximate sketch of the great rivers and lakes. Their glazed surface was recalcitrant to pen and ink, and I had with my finger nails to try to indicate the approximate outline and courses of rivers and lakes. I soon gave up as hopeless this attempt to illustrate Central African geography.

Mr. Chamberlain was very quizzical. He professed to believe only in the Niger and to do that because it produced palm oil. As to Central Africa, he was not much affected by Portuguese claims; he was only anxious that no injustice should be done to the Boers. I explained that as yet the Boers only inhabited portions of South Africa, were scarcely to be met with any-

[1] In those days and for long afterwards the Kafir-Zulus of South Africa had a great dread of Africa *north* of the Zambezi as they suffered so severely from malarial fever.

where north of the Limpopo—I had to borrow a pen and sketch in the upper course of the Limpopo—and that if he wanted exact information as to the steps that were now being taken it would be given him confidentially, but that questions asked in Parliament and answered under present circumstances might create an awkward situation. He agreed therefore, a little ironically, to suspend any further action.

At last I was ready to go, in the second week of May, 1889. My servant and my heavy luggage had already departed from London by the British India Company's steamer. I was to catch this up at Suez and had about ten days to spare. Sir Percy Anderson asked me to spend a week-end with him at Hedsor Wharf, an exceedingly pretty old house of Lord Boston's, on a quiet mile of the Thames below the Hedsor-Clieveden heights. I arrived early on Saturday afternoon, and met for the first time his step-daughter, Winifred Irby, who was to be my wife in later years. She was then only seventeen, but impressed me as being very grown-up. She took me for a walk along the river bank where there was a mile of "reserved" water—really the original course of the Thames. Here, many years before, a new river-bed had been dug for the Thames to the west and the land opposite Clieveden and Hedsor cliffs had become a picturesque island; so that although this part of the Thames Valley was only some twenty-five miles from London, it was singularly "private" and beautiful. There was at any rate a mile of quiet water ending in a magnificent weir, and rising on the east in some six hundred feet of wooded cliff to beautiful heights beyond. On these heights in beech and chestnut woods of great stateliness stood Hedsor House where my wife's brother, Lord Boston, was living. Hedsor Wharf, six hundred feet below, was orginally a riverside farm, which had been sweetened into a picturesque dwelling with lawns and flower gardens between it and this tranquil reach of river.

Here I spent a quiet week-end with Sir Percy Anderson, his wife and step-daughter. On Sunday we went up to Hedsor House and lunched with his young stepson, Lord Boston. On

the Monday Lady Boston—who when her son shortly afterwards married, changed her surname to Anderson—took me to Clieveden, then belonging to the Duke of Westminster. Nobody was at home (fortunately, I thought) so we wandered unhampered about the lovely grounds. As a last picture of England I carried away with me the landscape gardening in front of Clieveden House in the middle of May.

CHAPTER X

Lord Salisbury was so impatient for me to be gone and commence my treaty-making that it was useless to explain that (in those days) steamers only plied between England and the mouth of Zambezi once a month. So having despatched my servant and my very extensive baggage from the London Docks, I decided to leave myself for a little tour in Switzerland and join the British India Company's steamer at Brindisi or Port Said. Sir Villiers Lister advised me to try Bignasco in Italian Switzerland, and then join the Brindisi route at Milan or Bologna.

Accordingly, feeling delightfully free of care and without responsibility I arrived at Victoria Station one morning early, with but little luggage. The booking office clerk gave me a book of tickets for Locarno at the head of Lago Maggiore.

Presently I espied on the platform, evidently also going abroad, Douglas Freshfield, his delightful wife (a Ritchie and a cousin of Thackeray) and two young persons, whom I afterwards found to be a daughter and a niece. I greeted them, but said nothing about my momentous designation or my little holiday by the way. We got into separate compartments. At Calais we again greeted one another; at Basel we found ourselves, dishevelled but hungry, eating breakfast at adjoining tables. At Bellinzona we were associated on the platform, having descended here, and left the great express. This series of coincidences began to exasperate me. "Where are you going?" each said to the other before we entered the Locarno train.

"To a place you have never heard of," I said rather pompously, "To Bignasco" . . .

"Bignasco—never heard of it——?——!" gasped Freshfield. "Why we *created* the place. . . . I am part owner of the hotel!"

However, this conjunction bore most happy fruit, as far as I was concerned. The Freshfields made me share their conveyance or conveyances which drove us for some twelve rapturously beautiful miles from Locarno to Bignasco, along the wonderful Val Maggia. Bignasco was only about fifteen hundred feet up, but had snow heights and waterfalls all round. The wealth of wild flowers about the place in May was something I have never seen the equal of elsewhere, in or out of Switzerland. We spent eight days in this Paradise, and then moved on together as far as Milan, after which I had to make for Brindisi and Africa, never having before or since enjoyed myself so completely.

At Zanzibar I was the guest of the Euan-Smiths. Sir Charles Euan-Smith had been the eventual successor of Sir John Kirk. He was an Anglo-Indian official who had entertained Royalties effectively in his Indian district, and partly through their advocacy had been given the influential post in East Africa vacated by Kirk. But he was not an unwise choice for the work that had to be done. He had a good command of French and Hindustani—for various reasons both important languages at Zanzibar; he was lavishly hospitable, the husband of a delightful wife, very witty, and of a kindly nature. I have come near to painting the portraits of both of them in my novel *The Man Who Did the Right Thing*—to which I refer any meticulous reader who wants a closer acquaintance with two nice people, one of whom, at any rate, is now dead. (Sir Charles secured the British Protectorate over the Zanzibar Islands and did much to help me in Nyasaland. He was then promoted to be Minister-resident in Morocco, and went to Tangier under the impression that much the same policy was favored there; that is to say, that he was to strive to obtain a British Protectorate over Morocco. Whether Lord Salisbury or the Foreign Office under Lord Rosebery encouraged such an idea, which would have incurred the implacable opposition of France and Spain, I can not say. But Euan-Smith ostensibly failed against the passionate resistance of the Moorish Government and was withdrawn. After an

interval of non-employment, a somewhat grudging justice was done him and he was nominated Minister to Colombia, South America. He never went there, however, and retired soon after the appointment was published.)

To a great extent, I find, in writing one's memoirs one has to pronounce an opinion on people from a personal point of view. I am quite willing to admit that X may have been a great man, but as I found him in the circumstances of our association unamiable, deceptive, or cantankerous I decide for myself that he is to be described with much qualified praise or even on a note of blame. Similarly in summing up a man like Charles Euan-Smith, since he helped my schemes (which I knew to be honest schemes), since he was delightfully witty—what a quality *that* is!—since he brought about the Protectorate over Zanzibar with diplomatic shrewdness, I am disposed to judge his mistake in Morocco with great lenience (for it was a mistake originating in our Foreign Policy), and to opine that if he had been persuaded by an increase of salary and position to remain in Zanzibar, the subsequent history of British East Africa would have been far less checkered.

In Zanzibar, thanks to a suggestion from Euan-Smith, I found the very man to suit me for a Vice-Consul, an Acting Consul at Moçambique: W. A. Churchill. Seeing how much time pressed, how every day counted in the race against Serpa Pinto, this was most fortunate, for I suspected I should have to be long absent from the coast and my Consular headquarters.

W. A. Churchill was the son of a particularly Consular family. His father had long, long ago been Consul General at Algiers and had—much too good-naturedly—exchanged that post with Sir Lambert Playfair for Zanzibar; and there he died at the commencement of Sir John Kirk's career. William Churchill's two brothers, Sydney and Harry, rose high in the Consular career, but it seemed to the much younger William that there was no opening for him. Three brothers in the same service might seem too much indulgence for the Foreign Office. So he came out modestly to Zanzibar and took up a position there in

a mercantile house. Sir Charles Euan-Smith pointed him out to me and laid stress on the fact that he had a gift for languages. I engaged him on this recommendation and found I had secured a treasure. He soon learned Portuguese; he already knew French, Italian and Swahili, and everything else a Consular officer should know. If he be dead now, it is pleasant to know by his record that he had a long and successful Consular career.

Owing to the fact that he was so competent I was soon ready to leave Moçambique with my Swahili followers, the fifteen men who were my nucleus of a caravan.

Moçambique in 1889 was not, I suppose, very different to Moçambique in 1922. It was a little, narrow, flat island, scarcely more than two miles long, situated rather out at sea on the south side of not-very-broad Moçambique Bay, with the much larger Mokambo Bay to the south and Conducia Bay to the north. A flat and mangrovey projection of the mainland was a mile and a half to two miles distant on the west. The harbor on the north side was fairly good and admitted ships drawing not more than twenty-six feet. The coasts all round about were flat and fringed with mangroves. The only piece of high land visible was a flat-topped, table mountain called by the Portuguese "Mesa" and situated some fifteen miles to the northwest.

In 1889 the power of the Portuguese over the mainland and the Makua tribe was so non-existent that their soldiers dared not land opposite Moçambique, and the only point to the north was the town of Ibo, also on an island, in about 13° of S. latitude. South of Moçambique they held no landing-place till you came to Quelimane which was situated at the northern extremity of the Zambezian Delta. Then again, south of the Zambezi there was little or no sign of Portuguese occupation or civilization till you came to Inyambane. South of the Limpopo mouth there was Delagoa Bay. But the town of Lourenço Marquez on the shores of that inlet was only marked by one or two ramshackle houses, prior to 1870. As soon as the southern half of Delagoa Bay was claimed by the British under the gift or sale of a local chief in the early part of the nineteenth century, the Portuguese awoke to

its importance and raised counter claims of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries which were admitted by the arbitrator. But I must confess that I who had been and remained a pro-Portuguese after my West-coast-of-Africa journeys in 1882-83 was not able in 1889 to feel very strongly as their advocate in regard to East Africa. They were then probably to be seen at their best—a very seedy best—on and near the lower Zambezi—Quelimane, Sena, and Tete. And here, one felt they had been much awakened and strengthened by the interposition of Livingstone in 1858-63.

There were one or two quite imposing streets and fine, handsome houses in Moçambique which dated from the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. One of these was the British Consulate, apparently a house rented from a Portuguese owner, but almost a palace, with agreeable, flat roof-spaces for seats and promenades, and a garden quite respectable in size considering the smallness of the island.

In the course of a fortnight, with much help from Churchill, I had completely furnished the house and redecorated some of the rooms. We had to help us, besides my English servant and my black butler, a curious, crippled, somewhat negroid American sailor, whom Churchill had drawn in out of pity (he was shipwrecked, poverty-stricken, and desolate). I may have remained there more than a fortnight, waiting for sea transport to the Zambezi; but I know in the time we accomplished marvels of cleansing, repapering, painting and decoration; we reduced the acre of garden to orderliness and husbandry from a condition of wild jungle; and when I returned to Moçambique early in 1890, the house and its surroundings seemed to me charming and homelike. The crippled American sailor was still there. He stayed on past my recollection of the place.

At last the surveying gun vessel, H.M.S. *Stork,* came in with confirmatory news about Daniel Rankin's discovery of several months earlier: the Chinde mouth of the Zambezi, which at high-tide had some seventeen to nineteen feet of water on its bar, perhaps more. Rankin who had come out to Nyasaland with

Consul Foote eight or nine years previously, had latterly attached himself to the Moçambique Consulate and become a Vice Consul there. He had learned the Makua language as well as Swahili, and had printed stories and legends in both, particularly in the dialect of Makua (which he called I-tugulu) spoken on the mainland round about Moçambique. I don't think I ever saw him. He disappeared from the Moçambique Consulate before I came there, though I fully appreciated his services in discovering the Chinde branch of the Zambezi Delta.

This discovery, indeed, almost of itself altered the fate of Nyasaland. Hitherto, so far as I understood the Livingstone problem, no entrance into the sea from the Zambezi Delta registered a greater depth of water at high tide than ten or eleven feet.

Ocean-going vessels of so little draught were not safe along the agitated East African seas from Somaliland to the Zambezi mouths. Of course there were exceptional cases in Livingstone's time, the early 'sixties, and later in the 'seventies, of vessels—small steamers—leaving the Thames and steaming out past the Cape of Good Hope or through the Suez Canal, drawing no more than ten feet and entering the Zambezi River through one of the southern openings. Once in the Zambezi, they might in those days of fuller streams have passed up the Shiré River to its first cataracts. Such a journey had been made traditionally in the early 'eighties by the *Lion,* a little cargo steamer from London drawing ten feet. But for one such successful effort the proportion of disappointments and disasters was disheartening. Now Rankin had discovered,[1] and the *Stork* had verified and proved by its own passage into the Zambezi though drawing thirteen and a half feet, the practicability of the Chinde mouth. This was one of the northern outlets of the great river, not very far south from

[1] The discovery was really made by a Portuguese planter who reported it to Mr. Rankin who in turn transmitted the rumor to the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. This body in 1888 made a grant of money to Mr. Rankin to enable him to investigate, with the result that he verified the discovery at the beginning of 1889. When Rankin crossed the Chinde bar it was the full wet season and he found a depth at high tide of twenty-one feet. But the lowest depth all the year around in those days was not less than seventeen feet, and the average was nineteen feet.

Quelimane. Vessels drawing thirteen feet could be depended on as thoroughly sea-going, able to navigate the Indian Ocean, and such could now enter the Zambezi Delta and steam up the undivided river channel beyond the maze of mangrove creeks.

This is what the *Stork* did with me in July, 1889. I had actually traveled from Moçambique to Quelimane in an ordinary mail steamer, with the nucleus of my expedition on board. This nucleus consisted of an English soldier-servant (Turner), my old headman of Kilimanjaro days—Ali Kiongwe—and fifteen Makua porters engaged "with the consent of the Portuguese authorities" at Moçambique.[1]

The British Vice-Consul at Quelimane—Alexander Carnegie Ross, who after a long and distinguished Consular career is still Consul General at San Francisco—told me he had heard a disturbing rumor that a Portuguese official named Cardozo had just tried to induce the Yao chief Mponda, who had a large town near the exit of the Shiré River from Lake Nyasa, to sign a treaty declaring himself a Portuguese subsidiary. Otherwise there was no sign that the Portuguese were attempting to interfere with the Upper Shiré or any portion of Nyasaland where our influence was dominant.

I had already heard at Moçambique that the man I had engaged in London to represent the British South Africa Company had arrived at Quelimane without any Zulu escort or any equipment, and had become such a wastrel and drunkard that he had either been sent away by Mr. Ross to avoid trouble, or had himself left and gone back to Natal. Fortunately I encountered at Quelimane Mr. John L. Nicoll of the African Lakes Company, going home on leave. I engaged him as my assistant and he ultimately became a Vice Consul.

The Portuguese officials at Quelimane showed me no ill-will

[1] I put the words about the porters in quotation marks as they come from an old report to the Foreign Office. The Portuguese Governor-General at Moçambique seemed at the time of my preparation to have no knowledge of Colonel Serpa Pinto's intentions forcibly to annex the Shiré Highlands region, and consequently showed no opposition or unfriendliness in respect of my expedition to the Shiré and Lake Nyasa.

Sergeant-major Ali Kiongwe, the author's faithful Zanzibari assistant between 1884 and 1901.

when they heard I was proceeding to Lake Nyasa through the Shiré Highlands, and was intending to enter the Zambezi directly by the newly discovered Chinde River. Hitherto, of course, for many years since the Livingstone period, every one had gone to the Shiré by way of Quelimane and paid some measure of duty on all goods and merchandise, save mere personal luggage. They had made their way up to the Kwakwa River (on the estuary of which the town of Quelimane was situated) and then passed along this narrowing stream till they were only a few miles from the Zambezi banks. Apparently the last portion of the journey to the port of Vicenti situated on the left bank of the main Zambezi River was made along a narrow, artificially-dug canal. Actual water communication between the Zambezi and the Kwakwa seemed to have dried up or been blocked by growth of water vegetation. From Vicenti the African Lakes Company's river steamers plied easily in those days up and down the Zambezi-Shiré Rivers to the port of Katunga on the Shiré, just below the Highlands.

Our experience was very different. Mr. Nicoll was left at Quelimane to obtain a fresh equipment and regain the Shiré by the orthodox route. My caravan, my luggage and myself were transferred to the *Stork,* which put to sea, found the Chinde bar, steamed across it without let or hindrance, and anchored off the south bank of the Chinde River. There were no natives to be seen. But the ground on the south side of this estuary had been cleared. After a short pause we pulled up anchor and prudently, with much sounding, steamed up the Chinde, the largest ship of all previous time to have penetrated the Delta of the Zambezi. Without any incident or interruption our voyage went on sedately —we felt we were making history—till we came into sight of the Portuguese towns of Mazaro on the south bank and Vicenti on the north. Then arose a clamor of native voices, distant but so great, so amazed and awe-inspired that we realized the part we were playing. No such sight had ever been seen on the Zambezi before; so large and powerful a ship had never hitherto penetrated its waters. We did not stop at either place but steamed

on slowly, cautiously. The commander (Balfour, son of the Edinburgh botanist professor) aspired at first to push as far as the Zambezi-Shiré junction, to some point which might be argued to lie beyond the agreed limits of Portuguese rule. However, as any arrest of the *Stork* on a Zambezi sandbank might awaken contentions and difficulties her course was stopped near Vicenti and we continued our journey to the Shiré in a flotilla of boats till we encountered the African Lakes Company's river steamer, *James Stevenson,* near Morambala.

Morambala Mountain is the first noteworthy piece of scenery encountered on the progress up the Shiré. It is an abrupt, picturesque highland of about four thousand feet in height, an outlying ridge of the mountainous region which lies westward of Moçambique and east of the Shiré. This is still an insufficiently explored part of East Africa and includes the patch of the Mlanje Mountains, nearly ten thousand feet in elevation at its highest point; also the Chiga range and Mubwi Hills—three to four thousand feet, due east of Moçambique—the noteworthy Mabō Mountains (7-8,000 ft.); and the fantastic peaks and tablelands of Namuli (8,000 ft.), the stately cone of Chiperone (8,000 ft.), and the famous Shiré Highlands (3-7,000 ft.), from Mt. Cholo on the south near the Ruo River, to Lisiete on the north near the Lujenda and Lake Nyasa. Among these mountains Mlanje is the most noteworthy, as it is the loftiest. Above six thousand feet it grows the Mlanje "cedar" (*Widdringtonia whytei*), a conifer of southern type elsewhere appearing on the mountains of Cape Colony and—it is said—on one height of seven thousand feet on the Congoland-Zambezia frontier.[1] It is not of course a true cedar—much abused name!—True cedars are only found in the Atlas range of North Africa, in the Lebanon, and the Himalayas—but belongs to the Cypress group of conifers, though in growth and aspect it is singularly like a cedar. This Widdringtonia was one of the many discoveries of my seven years in Nyasaland.

[1] *Widdringtonias* once inhabited France in the Eocene and early Miocene and gradually passed southward through Africa.

At Morambala we bade farewell to Commander Balfour and the staff of the *Stork* who had performed such a daring and noteworthy feat in conveying our expedition to the Shiré River. The *James Stevenson,* a steamer of forty tons capacity belonging to the African Lakes Company, was to perform the rest of the river-transport to the port of Blantyre (Katunga) on the Shiré of the cataract region.

But from her captain we learned (1) that Colonel Serpa Pinto's expedition lay encamped on the Shiré's banks between us and the Ruo confluence and (2) that—worse by far than the Portuguese—the rebel chief Mlauri, whose village lay on the west bank of the Shiré not far from Katunga, might forcibly prevent the *James Stevenson* from reaching Blantyre's Port.

Mlauri was either one of the fourteen or fifteen so-called Makololo brought to the Shiré by Livingstone, or he was the son of one of them. He believed himself entitled to recognition as the chief Makololo potentate; and because this recognition was withheld by the British Consul he was practically at war with the white people.

On reaching the vicinity of Serpa Pinto's camp, just below what we regarded as the "British frontier"—the Ruo-Shiré confluence—a boat came off enquiring through a Portuguese officer if I were on board and in that case if I would come off and see the Colonel on shore. I agreed to go, though the white men on board the steamer thought I was going to be arrested and detained. My reception and treatment were quite otherwise. I knew all about Serpa Pinto's remarkable exploration of Angola and his passage thence on the reverse of Livingstone's route, down the Upper Zambezi and across to Lake Ngami and the Transvaal. I spoke to him in Portuguese on reaching his camp. He answered me in that tongue, and then continued in very good English, so that we carried on the conversation in that language over a thoroughly "English" tea and mixed biscuits. He told me he was on his way up the Shiré to reach Mponda, the Yao chief at the south end of Lake Nyasa, "who had concluded a treaty with the Portuguese," but that the Makololo were opposing his

progress and threatening to fight him. As he seemed to be questioning me regarding his line of conduct I was quite frank. I said he could force his way through as he had several hundred men with him and a strong expedition; but that his victory would almost certainly lead to hostilities between Britain and Portugal.

"But all I want is to see Mponda."

"Now, Colonel," I answered, "what possible interest can there be for you in a small chief at the south end of Lake Nyasa, that you would risk a serious misunderstanding with my country in forcing your way there? You have a very powerful expedition, I can see. We were told its destiny was to be the bringing of the great region of Portuguese Zambezi under effective control as far as Zumbo—a long way off—and we did not object. Why not go there and do that? Why quarrel with us over the small district of the Shiré Highland? We recognize the east shore of Lake Nyasa as Portuguese, and altogether some three hundred thousand square miles between the Zambezi and Delagoa Bay and between the lower Shiré and the Ruvuma River. Why force on a quarrel over this small area that no Portuguese has ever visited?"

He seemed impressed by what I said and promised to give the matter his consideration. I believe, indeed, he did so, and soon afterwards left the Shiré River and returned to Moçambique, giving up his command to Lieutenant Coutinho who appears to have been the main agent in combating the Makololo and threatening the Shiré Highlands.

The *James Stevenson* continued her voyage, but a much more serious enemy remained to be encountered in the person of Mlauri, the recalcitrant Makololo chief. Before reaching his stronghold however on the right bank of the Shiré we stopped on the outskirts of Elephant Marsh to take in wood for burning; and I decided to go on shore with a rifle and a sketch-book. I heard distant shots as though some sportsman had preceded me. Presently I almost stumbled over the carcass of a magnificent waterbuck which had just fallen and expired. It had such a splendid head that I put my rifle down, and began to sketch it.

Presently I heard the dry burnt stalks of the long reeds snapping and realized some one was standing behind me. I looked round. It was a comparatively young and active man with bright eyes, clad in a blue shirt much blackened about the sleeves with the burnt grass, breeches or knickerbockers tucked in gaiters. He wore a stout felt hat, and although so carelessly costumed one felt from his pleasant voice that he was a gentleman. He asked, with deprecation of greed, if I had shot this beast or he. "I fired at two of them and brought down one which I see is a female. Did I kill the male as well?"

"Yes, you must have done. I have not fired my rifle. But I thought 'what an opportunity for a sketch.' Do you want to take it away?"

"Only when you've done with it. Are you—are you Consul Johnston?"

"Yes."

"My name is Alfred Sharpe. I'm coming back to Nyasaland for a shoot. My boat is tied up near here."

The recent history of Nyasaland came into my mind. He was —I found—the Alfred Sharpe who had been wounded in the first fighting with the Arabs and had gone to Natal to be healed of his wound. Here, it seemed, was the very man I was looking out for, to take the place of the utter disappointment from South Africa. Whilst I mused and sketched, he proposed making tea for us at his boat and using the milk of the female waterbuck he had killed. Her udder was full. I consented willingly to have a cup, and over it we talked rapidly and decisively. He told me he had held a Colonial appointment in Fiji, but it and many others had been cut off to effect economies; that the Colonial Office had offered him instead a post on the Gold Coast, but in the meantime he had had a great yearning to shoot big game in Africa; that it was not altogether wasted time, as in 1887 he had killed elephants enough to bring him in a considerable sum of money. Then he had got mixed up in the Arab war, was shot in the leg, went down to Natal to have it treated, and here he was back again, wishing to kill a few more elephants before returning to his wife and

family in England. But he would be delighted to take service under me for some months, at any rate.

So he was then and there engaged. As in most other cases of selection I judged him from his voice, face and manner, rather than from credentials difficult to verify in Central Africa. I was, as it happened, as fortunate in him as a colleague, as in Nicoll, whom I had met in Quelimane. By the time Sharpe and I met again at Blantyre I had made him a Vice Consul, subject to Foreign Office approval. He started ahead of the steamer that evening with his crew of paddlers and reached the Shiré Highlands a day or two in advance of my expedition.

We were again delayed on the river by an anxious interview with Mlauri. When the *James Stevenson* reached the neighborhood of his town on the west bank, it was made quite clear that she had to stop there pending Mlauri's decision. Not only had the Portuguese advance filled the Makololo chief with misgivings, but he had two or three unsettled quarrels with the Scottish planters and missionaries . . . quarrels arising from the blameworthy actions of boisterous white men not in the service either of the Missions or of the Lakes Company. I determined to go on shore and see Mlauri, but as I could not speak Chi-nyanja, and Mlauri (I was told) did not understand Swahili, I looked around for an interpreter. The Revd. Alexander Henderson, a prominent member of the Church of Scotland Mission who was traveling up to Blantyre in the steamer and whom I had met in Edinburgh the preceding spring as a consultant over the Portuguese proposals, kindly offered to interpret for me.

We landed together, pushed our way with as little force as was necessary through a mob of gunmen and found ourselves in Mlauri's presence. That chief with a gaudy, colored blanket round his loins and a tall white hat on his head seemed to me an angry-looking savage; but he had two rickety chairs brought out of his house and placed by his side. We tried them cautiously; they collapsed when we sat on them, and left us sprawling on the ground. Shouts of derisive laughter followed, but not from Mlauri who did not seem to have intended the mishap. Other

seats were called for and Mlauri commanded silence. Mr. Henderson translated my protests and advice, advice to Mlauri to suffer the Portuguese advance without resistance, on my assurance that it would not be permitted by the British Government to take permanent effect. Mlauri however reiterated his intention of fighting the Portuguese if they advanced north of the Ruo-Shiré junction. However he seemed a little mollified by my assurances that we would not recognize his country as coming under Portuguese rule; and the return journey to the steamer was almost friendly in its character.

Arrived at Katunga I found Mr. John Moir awaiting me. He had brought down with him for my conveyance a wild mare—*The Nightmare,* I subsequently named her, after several years' experience—who (supposing me to be an equestrian) might convey me speedily over the twenty-eight miles of rough mountain road leading up from Katunga to Blantyre, an ascent of nearly three thousand feet. This mare apparently realized that there was a possibility of meeting tsetse fly on the river level of Katunga, so no time must be wasted there. I was no sooner on her back than she made for the ascending road and seemed to me to gallop the whole way up it till she reached the outside of her stable at "Mandala," the African Lakes Company's suburb of Blantyre. I managed fortunately to remain on her back, but the approach to Mandala made me feel deep sympathy for Mazeppa. There were avenues that overarched, pergolas that were too low, and my attitude as the mare flew with me up to her stable door—and not to the front of the mansion where a deputation was waiting to receive me—was crouched and clinging.

I surprised Mrs. Moir very much by walking into her kitchen from the back premises and explaining who I was. She introduced me to the deputation in front and I gave them the gratifying news that a real solution of the status of Nyasaland was approaching, and that the country of their colonization—the Shiré Highlands—would not be handed over to the Portuguese. As, in the next few days, I rode and walked about Blantyre and its vicinity I realized why such an attachment was felt for it.

The climate in the dry season was perfectly delightful at this elevation of nearly four thousand feet—as Livingstone had so often felt. The scenery was alluring—trees, mountains, verdure, cascades, flowers at all seasons, roses in the gardens blooming all the year round; streams and streamlets of running water; avenues of cypresses (introduced from South Africa), a church of striking architecture designed and built by the Church of Scotland Mission. A ride towards Zomba (where the Consulate had been built) revealed still more remarkable mountain scenery. . . . It was a country which roused one to enthusiasm. . . .

From Blantyre I despatched Mr. Sharpe on an almost impossible errand. He was to march over mountains, across tumultuous rivers, through strange and untested tribes till he reached Zumbo, on the north bank of the central Zambezi. Then crossing the Luangwa River he was to proceed northward making treaties with the chiefs outside the Portuguese sphere, and to journey thus into Katanga and return by Lake Mweru and the Awemba country. He secured a caravan of twenty to thirty Atonga and Anyanja porters—and—went; with no more fuss and parade than if he had been merely starting for the Lower Shiré. To me, when he had gone, it seemed a desperate errand.

Nicoll was despatched to the Upper Shiré to take the tiny African Lakes Company's steamer, and voyage to Karonga at the north end of Nyasaland, and there intimate to the Arab chiefs, if they were at all bespeakable, that I was coming later on to consider terms of peace.

My own purpose was to march from Blantyre along the Upper Shiré making treaties where possible; and on Lake Nyasa to attract the attention of the Universities' Mission steamer, the *Charles Janson,* and voyage in her to Likoma Island in the center of the lake and there meet Bishop Smythies, an old acquaintance at Zanzibar four years previously. I wished to tell him the situation and as far as might be possible enlist his support and get his information relative to making peace with the Arabs. I intended, if he permitted, next crossing the lake to Bandawe and foregathering with the already celebrated Dr. Laws, who had

come out to the Zambezi and Shiré as far back as 1875, and eventually had settled down in West Nyasaland to establish the Livingstonia (Presbyterian) Mission.

This visit was made, and in it I learned a great deal I never knew before, for Robert Laws was an altogether remarkable man, in those days with black hair and beard and a fourteen years' experience of Tropical Africa. Bandawe was an exceedingly hot place on the shore of the Atonga district, in the middle of West Nyasaland. Behind—some twenty-five miles distant—there rose the escarpment of the Mombera plateau where the 'Angoni Zulus had founded a chiefdom and where their headmen still spoke the Gaza Zulu tongue. The Atonga among whom Dr. Laws was working were a comparatively small tribe speaking a Bantu language rather different to Chinyanja, and related to the Henga and Tumbuka tongues. They had soon become accustomed to seeking work among the Scottish settlers in the Shiré Highlands and on the coast of Lake Nyasa, and later came to play an important part as soldiers in the development of Nyasaland. Yet, but for the intervention of men like Dr. Laws and the British Government behind him they might have been wiped out by the Angoni Zulus. These Angoni only ruled by their overmastering influence, for their "people" were pre-existing tribes whom they had come to dominate and govern.

Affairs on the lake were so pressing that I could only spend two or three days drinking in wisdom from Dr. Laws. I had resolved as part of my scheme to seek the acquaintance of an important Arab in Nyasaland who lived as a ruling chief in the lands south of Bandawe and the Atonga country: Tawakali Sudi, the "Jumbe" or Prince of Kotakota (Ngotangota). ("Jumbe" is an old Swahili word meaning "prince" or "viceroy." It has died out on much of the Zanzibar coast but was preserved here in Nyasaland, and for half a century had been given to the Arab who represented, more or less, the authority of the Sayyid—nowadays the Sultan—of Zanzibar. The Jumbe of Kotakota in Southwest Nyasaland had done so for some thirty years. His memories included the sight of Livingstone in 1863 and again in

1866—"Bwana Daudi" he always called him. I had first heard of Jumbe at Zanzibar from the Sayyid or Sultan, and had been recommended to try him as an intermediator in solving the Arab question at the north end of the Lake; in fact the Sultan of Zanzibar had given me a letter of introduction.)

So the *Charles Janson* took me on board again at Bandawe and landed me finally on the Kotakota coast near the mouth of the Bua River. Her captain, Mr. Belcher, hesitated to deposit me at the great Arab town because he was uncertain as to whether Jumbe was not an ally of the North Nyasa Arabs.

From my rather miserable camp in the wild bush near the Bua I sent on Ali Kiongwe as an envoy bearing the Zanzibar Sultan's letter. I waited anxiously his return. Two days afterwards he came back jubilant, wearing a handsome *kanzu* given him by Jumbe, with a dozen or more sturdy porters bringing presents of food, and placed at my disposal for the transport of my own luggage to Jumbe's town. "Khabari njema, Bwana, kabisa! Tulipokewa kizuri, wallah! Barua ya Sayyid ilitusayidia kwema," [1] said Ali Kiongwe confidentially; for he always assumed in the hearing of Africans at this time that I was so great a personage, as a servant of the Queen, that I did not *need* "help," though I was always willing to receive favors and acknowledge them gracefully. So the next day we set out, crossed the Bua in canoes, and walked the fifteen miles to Jumbe's town. Here my reception was dignified and friendly. Scores of Arabs and many more Arabized Negroes dressed in their Zanzibar clothes received me as I walked up to where Jumbe was standing. He had a kindly face, though I could see at once he was a half-caste, not an Arab of pure blood. He was not loquacious—for which being then very tired I was thankful, for although I had become fully cognizant of Swahili, when very weary physically remembrance of it would desert me.

Jumbe indicated a large, rambling Arab house as my headquarters, with ample, shady verandas and considerable privacy;

[1] "News good, master, completely. We were received finely, by God! Letter of the Sayyid helped us well."

and with a tact and intuition of which I never found him failing suggested that I should spend all the rest of the day in repose and quietude and defer the opening of my business till the morrow. I was thankful for this, and I remember with what relief I had my bed set up in a cool, dark room of the house, got into it and went to sleep for the afternoon.

The next day I visited Jumbe with some ceremony in his ramshackle, untidy house, with a huge swaying veranda of coarse thatch and an outlook over Lake Nyasa. Coco-nut palms—rarely seen so far from the sea-coast, had been planted in front, together with clumps of papaws. The intensely blue waters and the brilliant green vegetation prevented the scene from being squalid, though the general untidiness of the town nearly justified that adjective. After the usual compliments in Zanzibar-Arabic broadly pronounced, we proceeded to business. I gave in Swahili a general description of the political crisis in Africa—the conflicting interests of the Germans, Portuguese and British; of the Arabs, and of the Yao, Nyanja, Angoni-Zulus, and other native tribes of Nyasaland. It was, in fact, either a struggle, or a peace and a compact between the Black, White and Yellow. This metaphor so seized the fancy of my audience that I illustrated it by three strips of cloth, placing the White between the yellow and the black and forthwith the colors of British Central Africa came into being. (Jumbe and his associates belonged of course to the Yellow section from the general average of their complexions.) If Jumbe came to terms with me on the lines of my proposed treaty, he would arm and mobilize a sufficient number of his fighting men—say four hundred whom I would pick out—and place them under the control of competent leaders who would follow me to the north end of the lake and compel the Arabs there to make peace; if they refused, Jumbe's force would join the native levies of the African Lakes Company ("Mandala," as it was termed) and turn the Arabs out of their strongholds, make war on them unceasingly till they were driven out of Nyasaland.

Other articles defined roughly the limits of Jumbe's territory, and abolished within it for ever the slave trade. The Agreement

also provided that Jumbe should receive a subsidy at the rate of £200 a year, so long as the treaty was observed. After one day's deliberation with his headmen Jumbe assented to my propositions. The Treaty and the supplementary agreement were signed by both parties and the British flag was solemnly hoisted at Kotakota.

So far, good. I should have been glad if at this juncture the *Ilala* had been sighted, and if after ceremonious farewells I had been able to take my leave and proceed to Karonga to rejoin Mr. Nicoll.

But there was no sign or rumor of the little steamer, so I stifled anxiety and turned my attention to sketching and portrait-painting which excited much interest among the natives. I continued to be treated by Jumbe with unwearied hospitality, the more noteworthy since owing to erratic circumstances I had very little with me save clothes and travel necessaries and could give him no present. I almost used up his stock of candles, and consumed all his supplies of tinned fruits which had come overland from Zanzibar. The only thing I could offer him in return for his hospitality was a bottle of yellow Chartreuse. He was a very strict Muhammadan, especially in eschewing alcohol, but he suffered much from asthma. He appealed to me repeatedly for medicine, and as I had no drugs with me I was in despair, until it occurred to me that a small glass of Chartreuse might at any rate distract his thoughts even if it did not remedy the asthma. So I gave him a taste of what he called "the golden water." He at once declared himself cured and the least I could do was to hand him the entire bottle. He made it last him for months, and it was the one thing—he told me afterwards—that he felt obliged to deny to his head wife, the lady Siena.

Still the steamer did not come; but for the moment a more immediate anxiety arose. Jumbe proposed sending in command of his whole force a burly man whom he looked on as a great military leader. He had nothing of the Arab about him though he dressed as one, but seemed to be a Negro of local origin. This man, he told me, was dying apparently and rather suddenly

of a mysterious malady, which, when I saw the patient, I could only define as Elephantiasis. The scrotum was enormously enlarged so that it hung half way down the thighs and the skin of the abdomen and groins was puffed out and corrugated. The man could no longer walk and was getting into a ghastly condition because his wives, believing he was going to die, had deserted him lest they might at his death be accused of having caused it. My heart sank in despair, but I called in Ali Kiongwe to counsel. We obtained a native lancet, a clumsily sharpened prod of iron, and with this and my own razor I made a small incision in the small gland at the angle of the right groin. A clear liquid flowed out and in the course of twenty-four hours the swelling was enormously reduced.

But the little incision we had made with the razor widened and widened and its edges sloughed apart and were so insubstantial that they could not be sewn together. Through the livid opening I could see into the man's anatomy—bowels and bladder—to a degree that I thought hardly consistent with recovery. But he did recover. The only accessible remedy I could think of was paraffin—water for washing was in that neighborhood full of bad germs. Jumbe fortunately had a good supply of paraffin for his lamps and we anointed the wounds with linen bandages steeped in paraffin. For a week I had to make chicken broth twice a day and prepare any other invalid food we could obtain in the raw material, because the man's three or four wives would not return and take any responsibility off my shoulders. But at last when the miraculous cure—as it seemed—was widely reported they strolled in to my compound to gaze at a reviving husband; and when at last the *Charles Janson* lay at anchor before Kotakota and Jumbe's commander-in-chief could be gingerly removed to his own dwelling, his wives took over the case and promised to follow my directions regarding diet and remedies. Two months afterwards I heard the invalid was able to walk, and he certainly lived for years afterwards. I used to see him when I revisited Jumbe, but I can not remember any signal evidence of gratitude on his part.

When we had lived for three weeks at Kotakota, still without news of the *Ilala,* I asked Jumbe's advice. He suggested we should try Arab magic to ascertain the fate of the steamer. One of his diviners was called in and brought his apparatus of sand —"raml." He juggled with this for a half hour and then interpreted and gave out the result. "Your 'istima,'" he said, "was caught by a storm and was driven on to a sand bank near Rifu" [the narrowest part of the lake] "and there lies a total wreck."

This was cheering news! And it was almost accurate. The *Ilala* had met with this fate and did not navigate the lake for months later. After reflection I again sought the diviner for a further prognostication as to the future. He promptly responded. After consulting his box of sand he informed me that in seven days the "Istima-ya-Askaf"—the Bishop's steamer would come to my relief.

And sure enough, at the end of the fifth week of my stay, the *Charles Janson* came to an anchor off Kotakota with Archdeacon Maples on board.

Maples who became later Bishop in succession to Smythies was a charming man, as indeed were the majority of the Universities' Mission men. I had met him years before in London at the Anthropological Institute, where he lectured on the Makua people and their language. He had heard of the *Ilala's* breakdown and had come instead to pick me up; otherwise my expedition might have languished at Jumbe's, or its suspension have forced me into a hazardous march of three hundred miles overland with Jumbe's erratic forces; which, however, though deprived of their supposedly efficient commandant—the invalid mentioned—did actually reach Deep Bay. Here they received a message through the commandant—Lieutenant Richard Crawshay[1]—to say I had

[1] Lieutenant Crawshay, who if still living must be Colonel Crawshay, began soldiering with the Royal Inniskillen regiment in Natal. He obtained leave to join Lugard in the defence of the African Lakes Company in North Nyasaland. He joined my administration in 1891, became a Vice-Consul and served for some years in North Nyasaland. In 1899-1902, he rendered important services to the British Government in the Boer War. In 1907, he explored Tierra del Fuego and published a beautifully illustrated work on its birds. He made many noteworthy discoveries in the mammalian fauna of Central Africa.

made peace with the North Nyasa Arabs and they therefore were at liberty to return to Kotakota.

Mr. Nicoll who had preceded me at Karonga by nearly a month had done wonders. He had brought about a truce with Mlozi, the principal Arab, and prepared him for seeing me and negotiating a peace. So that this was made within a week of my arrival. I then voyaged all round the north end of Lake Nyasa—not then occupied by the Germans—delighting my eyes in its superb scenery—banana groves, waterfalls, picturesque and tidy villages, forests of botanical interest, containing amongst other things a variety or sub-species of oil palm which resembled that discovered by Sir John Kirk in the interior of Zanzibar Island; and high mountains, superb in coloration and rich in vegetable growth. This wonderful Livingstone range rose in the north to an altitude in Mt. Rungwe of about ten thousand feet. I decided to secure the harbor of Parumbira for the African Lakes Company, as offering them a better protection than Karonga and being farther removed from the Arab towns. My efforts in this direction were nullified the next year by the Treaty with Germany which fixed the Songwe River as the boundary; and later on the Germans, equally struck with the advantages of Parumbira, made it their headquarters on the lake.

On my way back to Karonga I landed in the Songwe Delta or the "marshes of the Songwe" as they were called in the wet season. I traversed them on foot with Mr. Kidd, the sub-agent of the Lakes Company, and remember them for two reasons: firstly the enormous herd of buffalo we found browsing on the vegetation; and secondly, the crocodiles. The buffalo were in such numbers and so unaccustomed to assault that they hardly moved out of our way, and it seemed almost an act of treachery to fire at them. And even more striking than the buffalo were the horrible crocodiles which lay in every crack of mud and rill of water, lashing with their tails, snapping with their immense jaws, and evincing a nightmare eagerness to consume the humans who nervously tripped across the labyrinth of dried-mud, reed-beds and water channels.

Mr. Nicoll having negotiated for weeks had prepared the Arabs for my terms. I arranged to meet them in the bush, six miles beyond Karonga, stipulating that they should only bring a small escort and I would do the same. I was accompanied by Mr. Nicoll, Mr. Monteith Fotheringham, Ali Kiongwe, a Makua servant and twenty armed Atonga. Mlozi and about eight of the leading Arabs represented the other side. I read out in Swahili the terms of the treaty and after a brief discussion it was accepted, signed, and peace was declared. The Arabs had brought a fine bull which was forthwith killed as a sacrifice and its flesh divided up between both sides. I ate a little of it as beef at my evening meal. The Arabs came next day to an entertainment and feast at Karonga, where the British flag was hoisted and saluted with great ceremony. Mr. Crawshay next arrived from Deep Bay with a large number of Wahenga, whose three or four chiefs signed further treaties. Then I set off on my important journey to Tanganyika.

Influenced by Dr. Kerr Cross I made my route thither with rather a divergence to the east. We climbed the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau, passed through the enchantingly lovely country of Bundale with the climate of an English June, rounded the shoulders of mighty Mt. Rungwe with frost at night, and then descended into a land that seemed to lie under a curse.

This was the valley or depression of the long Lake Rukwa, which Dr. Kerr Cross and I found extended much farther to the southeast than was suspected. Only its western portion hitherto had been discovered by Joseph Thomson. We scrambled down from the edge of the plateau through mountain gorges by a winding, constricted path, set on either side with clumps of spotted aloes with blood-red flowers on blood-red stalks and sharp-pointed, fleshy leaves. Then we beheld a vast plain stretching north and west, with the lake filling a portion of it and branching into gulfs between hill ranges. On the west side of the lake its waters had shrunk, and flats of sickly green took the place of water reflecting the sky. When we reached this area of sickly green the qualifying adjective remained true: the water was salt

Above: The author in his garden at Zomba.

Below: On the Zomba plateau (about 5000-7000 feet) just above Zomba Township, capital of Nyasaland.

or brackish, and this gave the reeds their look of sickliness. We camped on the old lake bed under the shade of acacias.

After an interval suspicious, naked Negroes approached, and through them we got into touch with the chiefs of a town lying far away to the east, at the water's edge. I was at once struck with the different physique and facial features of these chiefs, whom in later years we should have decided were of "Hima" race. Their language, which I eagerly took down, showed signs of distant affinity with the Hima tongues of the Victoria Nyanza. But in spite of intelligent, handsome faces these men inspired me with distrust, and Ali Kiongwe, an unrivalled "intelligence" officer, was constantly warning me of treachery afoot. On the third night of our stay near the lake border I planned a withdrawal. As soon as the full moon rose, we silently withdrew from our encampment. The Uwungu town was about five miles away to the east, and I had already realized, after seven years' travel in Africa, how disinclined to adventure, after the sun has set, is even a ruthless African bandit. So, with the glorious light of a full moon, and preserving a remarkable degree of silence we stole westward through the shadowy acacia trees, over white sand and hard, dry mud to the rocks which marked the ascent to the five thousand feet high Nyasa-Tanganyika Plateau. We scrambled up the precipitous gorges set with aloes, we disturbed flocks of chattering baboons, but we scarcely halted for more than a few minutes till we could turn round on the edge of the plateau and face the sunrise over the sinister eastern plains.

After this we accomplished wonderful marches of thirty, thirty-five miles a day. I had received in one of the Arab towns as a present, a peace offering, a wonderful specimen of the Nyamwezi breed of asses. She was a female and her name—which she recognized when called out to her—was Hidaya. She had a smooth shining coat of gray with a broad black stripe on each shoulder. Until Nicoll was also mounted I did not like to be the only white man that rode, but fortunately when we had got back again to the plateau at some camping place near the settlement subsequently called "Fife," we met a Nyamwezi caravan going

west for trading purposes. This in itself was an interesting occasion, for I had heard much about these Nyamwezi people, their intelligence, and the part they had been playing in opening up Savage Africa.[1] I seized the opportunity for the writing down of two or more Nyamwezi dialects or languages. I also noticed several spare asses trotting along in addition to those that were being ridden by the men. One of these I bought for three pounds' worth of cloth and presented to Nicoll. We were now both mounted and both on vigorous asses the size of well-grown mules; so that we could ride ahead of the caravan, or back to pick up straggling porters or out to shoot or sketch or photograph. What a relief, when one was so weary of trudging as to be unwilling to go even a short distance off the beaten track to look at a strange tree or investigate the spoor of game! It was thanks to the two asses that—our loads being light—we proceeded across this uplifted plateau at the rate of thirty miles a day. All the tribes seemed friendly and there was much writing down of languages.

Yet outside the larger villages there was grim evidence of deeds of bloodshed. The path to the main gate of the chief's stockaded village would have on either side a row of tall stakes surmounted by the rotting heads of enemies or criminals. Below the skulls was sometimes the simulacrum of a body made of straw, tied to the stake. Some of the skulls had lost all the flesh of the face but still preserved the head-hair; others were absolutely bare, with hollow eye-spaces and gleaming teeth. A few appeared to be comparatively fresh with recognizable features, but smelling very badly in the wind.

Some plausible and pleasant explanation was vouchsafed on enquiry. At any rate the conduct of these tribes was irreproachable towards us; and when, more than half way towards Tangan-

[1] The name Nya-mwezi means "of" or "concerning the moon" and may be related to the name which traditionally hung about Ruwenzori, the "Mountain of the Moon" from the moon-like aspect of its snowy heights. The name Nyamwezi (Mwezi means "the moon" in many Bantu languages) was first recorded by the Portuguese of these people in the early eighteenth century.

yika, we got into the Mambwe country our reception was intensely friendly. Our porters had an easy time, for the villagers would rush out, carry their loads to the next village, and rouse up further carriers there so that we were conveyed in the most friendly fashion to within sight of Tanganyika, whose gleaming waters we saw superbly set forth beyond a foreground of sumptuous forest.

There was little woodland on the plateau, which gave one the misleading impression—the anticipation perhaps of a hundred years hence—of being planted with immense fields of waving corn, the wild grasses which grew in such luxuriance resembling wheat somewhat in their growth and aspect. These "cornfields" sheltered a great variety of ground orchids, about the same height as the grass, with superb flowers—sulphur yellow, purple, orange, and white. Reedbuck antelopes browsed in these meadows and merely looked up at us with astonishment and impatience as we passed. The caravan was in no need of food so I hesitated to break the friendly silence with a shot lest it should arouse suspicions of our intentions among the human population.

At one point on our road across the plateau we came rather near its abrupt edge, and looked down over the course of the River Saisi. About three thousand feet below we could see enormous herds of game, amongst them—we thought—giraffe. It is a curious thing in the distribution of the larger fauna of Africa to note what a distinct break occurs at the abrupt rise from "German" East Africa to the heights of the Nyasa-Tanganyika Plateau. In East Africa is still found the giraffe which extends its range to Ubena, the Rufiji River, and the eastern flanks of this elevated highland, but does not—apparently—surmount it. It is wholly absent from British Central Africa, except to the west of the main Zambezi.

As we got to the northern edge of the plateau and could look down on the distant expanse of Tanganyika, I pitched on one spot—my camp for a day or so—which seemed singularly well suited for a future town, possibly the chief station of the Tanganyika district. I made a treaty with the Ulungu chief and

purchased the site, on the edge of a beautiful forest through which the road descended to the lake level. I called the future town "Abercorn," after the Chairman of the British South Africa Company. Whether it still remains a town after the ravages of the Sleeping Sickness—which did much to depopulate south Tanganyika—I can not say. Whilst halting here I sent on messengers to the London Missionary Society's station at Niamkōlo on the shore of the lake, to prepare the missionaries for our coming, which otherwise might be a disagreeable shock or too sudden a relief. Captain Swann—the commander of their little steamer, the *Good News*—met us in the forest on the road down from Abercorn. He became better known in after years as A. J. Swann, than by his title in the Mercantile Marine. In those days he was still a young man, lithe and good-looking, and already the father of a small family by the shores of Tanganyika, where his plucky wife had lived with him for some five years. At Niamkōlo there were five other missionaries. The head of the mission was the Revd. David Jones who had for several years made good and discerning studies of the Bantu languages of Tanganyika from Mambwe on the southeast to Guha on the west. If I had looked for any reward for pushing through to Tanganyika with a year's arrested supplies for this Mission, I got it in the wealth of language material Mr. Jones put at my disposal. This I long afterwards utilized in my *Comparative Study of the Bantu and Semi-Bantu.*

After a few days spent in treaty-making with the Mambwe and Lungu chiefs, and in doing what I could to set right the affairs of the London Missionary Society—they had been well, rather than ill treated by the Arabs, but there were certain entanglements with native affairs not of their seeking—I accepted very readily the offer of Mr. Swann to serve as guide and interpreter with the natives and went off in his large sailing boat since the *Good News* was laid up. We visited first the southeast corner of the lake where the shore scenery was superb with precipitous mountains and unprecedented waterfalls; then we turned about and steered for the coast of Itawa, the land at the southwest angle

of Tanganyika. We crossed the bar of a broad river mouth and entered what seemed to be a peaceful lagoon, though farther up it narrowed to a tumultuous river, plunging down from the hills. On the east side of this broad estuary was the station of Kabunda, a far-famed Arab trader who had been for years a consistent friend of the English missionaries. Though popularly known as an Arab he was really of Baluch race and a British subject. "Kabunda" was his Tanganyika nick-name; I have forgotten—if I ever knew—his designation at home in Asia. He was a tall, portly, good-looking man with rather a white skin, and his wife —he claimed—was also a Baluch or at any rate came from Asia. She was quite a civilized person, and was not at any rate veiled in our presence. As she could talk Swahili I was able to converse with her. She prided herself on her cooking and housekeeping generally. I certainly had a very comfortable bedroom, and though the food provided was rather rich it was palatable and "Indian" in flavor. Her curries were so good that I felt my appetite should be apologized for; during my week's stay with Kabunda I had a degree of comfort rare then in the very heart of Tropical Africa.

I had come so far and done so much that I thought I deserved a week's rest; so whilst Swann sailed about on the lake along the broken coast of Itawa, arranging for the negotiation of treaties, I sat and sketched in the day-time on the shores of the estuary near Kabunda's village. Gazing westward one had before the eyes a remarkable conjunction of mountain, river, marsh, estuary, sandspit and open lake scenery; and in the immediate foreground on the water and the clean sand such a variety and congeries of bird life as was rare even in Tropical Africa. Some cause or seasonal movement had brought the fish down from the upper reaches of the stream or up into the calm waters from the lake.

The estuary of this Lofu River was of unruffled smoothness. Most waterbirds detest the rough, sea-like waters of great lakes or the ribbed current of a rapid stream. If one turned one's gaze towards the open lake one only saw small gray gulls with black

barred faces and black-tipped wings, and large scissor-billed terns with crimson beaks flying with seeming aimlessness over the troubled waters. But in the estuary what an assemblage of bird forms! There were pelicans of gray, white and salmon pink, with yellow pouches, riding the water like swans, replete with fish and idly floating. Egyptian geese—fawn-colored, white, and green-bronze; spur-winged geese, bronze-green, red-faced, white-shouldered, white-flecked; African teal colored much like those found in England; a small jet-black pochard with a black crest and yellow eyes; whistling tree-duck either chestnut and white or black and white, zebra-barred; huge *Sarcidiornis* ducks with knobbed beaks and spurred wings, and a beautiful plumage of white and bronzed-blue, with a green-blue speculum in the secondaries of the wings. All these ducks and geese hung about the fringe of the reeds and the papyrus. The ducks would be diving for fish, but the geese were more inclined to browse off the water-weed. Every now and then a disturbance would occur; I might cough and they would be recalled to my presence; or one of Kabunda's children would come down to the bank and tell me a meal was ready. Then the ducks would scutter over the surface or the geese rise with a clamor for a circling flight.

Farthest away of all the bird-assemblages would be a long file of rosy flamingoes sifting the water for small fish and molluscs. They were so far off that their movements were scarcely perceptible; against the green background of the marsh they looked like a vast fringe of pale, pink flowers in full bloom.

Small bronze-green cormorants were plunging into the water for fish, diving and swimming under water and flying away. Fish-catching on a more modest scale, quite close to where I might be seated sketching, would be carried on by black-and-white Ceryle kingfishers, who with their bodies nearly erect and the head and beak directed downwards poised themselves in the air with rapidly-fluttering wings and then darted unerringly, head foremost, on some tiny fish under the surface of the water.

On the sandspit two dainty crowned cranes were pacing the sand and the scattered, wiry grass looking for locusts. Their

coloration of golden aigrettes, black velvet topknots, white cheeks, crimson wattles, blue-gray necks and backs, snowy white wings fringed with gold, chocolate pinions, and black-gray tails was most striking and seemed even to be consciously displayed to my eyes, for these birds are very tame throughout Central Africa.

The quacking of the ducks, the loud cries of the geese, and the compounded sound of splashings and divings and scuttering flights across the water were dominated from time to time by the ear-piercing screams of a fish-eagle, perched on one of the taller poles of a fishing weir. The bird was as full of fish as he could hold, but yet seemed annoyed at the guzzling going on around him, and therefore relieved his feelings at off moments by piercing yells. He was a handsome bird; head, neck, and breast snow-white, the rest of the plumage chocolate brown.

Add to the foregoing enumeration of birds, stilt-plovers of black and white with exceedingly long, slate-gray legs; spur-winged plovers with yellow wattles; curlew; sandpipers; crimson-beaked pratincoles; sacred ibis, pure white with indigo-purple plumes; hagedash ibis, iridescent-blue, green, and red-bronze; verditer-blue, red-beaked gallinules; black water-rails with lemon beaks and white pencilings; black coots; other rails that were blue and green with turned-up white tails; squacco herons, white and fawn-colored; large gray herons; purple-slate-colored herons; bluish-gray egrets; small white egrets, with yellow beaks, or large, with feathery plumes; Goliath herons—nut-brown, black-streaked, yellow and pinkish-gray; small black storks with open and serrated beaks; monstrous, bare-headed marabu storks; and dainty lily-trotters, black and white, golden yellow, and chocolate brown: and you would still only have got through half the enumeration of this extraordinary congregation of water-birds on the estuary of the River Lofu, a few minutes' walk from Kabunda's home . . . now, I should imagine, to be seen no more: shot out by European invaders.

However the week's rest came to an end, my drawings had to be put away, and I had to give up the fascinating task of writing

down new Bantu languages. Not only was I desirous of making one more treaty to include all Cameron Bay within the British sphere, but I still longed to broach to bold and capable Mr. Swann the grand idea of embarking in his repaired steamer and going the full length of Tanganyika, there to secure by treaty the north end of the lake ("The Cape to Cairo"): when a mail arrived from Nyasaland. By this I learned, in an exaggerated form, of the northward march of Lieutenant Coutinho and the seeming conquest by the Portuguese of the Shiré Highlands. Public opinion in Europe—judging from the newspapers—seemed blowing up into an angry gale. It was necessary for me to get back to the Shiré Highlands and still more to a telegraph station on the coast. I broached my schemes to Swann of securing by treaty the north end of Tanganyika as well as the south, obtained his promise of co-operation, agreed when the Portuguese trouble was over to send him men and supplies and the needful authority, and then—reluctantly—set my face southward. The Tanganyika of those days was a Paradise; later it was to be ravaged by wars, depopulated by Sleeping Sickness, and afflicted in many other ways.

Had the *Good News* not crumpled up in some forgotten disaster of navigation just before I came, I should now certainly have adventured in her as far as the north end of Tanganyika to complete the continuity of the Cape to Cairo project. But I was informed that the Portuguese had entered and occupied the Shiré Highlands and established themselves at the south end of Lake Nyasa, and that as a result war between Great Britain and Portugal was imminent. Afraid therefore of being cut off from the coast I resolved to hurry back. We had signed a treaty with Itawa which carried the British frontier round Cameron Bay to Cape Akalunga: that fully secured to us access to the south end of the lake.

My return to Lake Nyasa was accomplished at an extraordinary speed—as I thought it. I made the transit in something like nine days, with porters relieved of half their loads and returning home. Fortunately there was a steamer waiting at Karonga; another five days brought us to the south end of Lake Nyasa.

Here I found tranquillity and friendliness where I had expected the reverse. Mponda had ceased to be a suspicious foe and was ready to be friends. He signed a treaty and professed to know nothing of the Portuguese, except an occasional wandering Catholic missionary. Nicoll and I rode our donkeys along the Shiré, and a very few days brought us to Blantyre—and still no Portuguese. Another day and we were at Katunga, having left behind our donkeys at Blantyre with great regret, against our probable return. Only when the *James Stevenson* anchored off Chiromo at the end of the British Sphere did I encounter our Portuguese rivals. Then I had a visit from Lieutenant Coutinho, who brought with him an accumulation of my mail bags and told me there was no war between our two countries; that the matter of frontiers was under discussion.

So I reached Moçambique under pleasant circumstances, and there had a good rest for a month. Then I went northward in a gunboat—it was early in 1890—to Zanzibar, and arranged with Euan-Smith for the departure of Ali Kiongwe for Tanganyika, with letters and authority for Mr. Swann. Kiongwe performed the journey with marvelous rapidity, thanks to Arab friends. The *Good News* had been repaired and Mr. Swann made a quick trip to Burundi, but the treaties concluded with the Barundi chiefs did not reach Sir Percy Anderson at Berlin in time to secure for us the continuous interior route to Uganda. Even if they had arrived before the signing of the 1890 Agreement, it is doubtful whether the German Emperor would have admitted them to discussion. It had become an *idée fixe* with him to break the chain in Central Africa of continuous British influence.

He tried to do so over the Nyasa-Tanganyika Plateau. When in 1889 I was pushing on through Nyasaland, orders of a not very strenuous kind were being telegraphed out to me not to proceed northward beyond the 12th degree of S. latitude, because my doing so was objected to by Prince Bismarck. These cabled instructions did not reach me till I had returned from Tanganyika to Blantyre. Why such orders were sent out I do not know, considering the firmness with which Sir Percy Anderson stuck to my Nyasa-Tanganyika treaties.

One feels at this distance of time that to readers of a new generation this treaty-making in Africa must seem a farce. Great European States would meet at conferences to partition Africa, Asia, Papuasia, Melanesia into spheres of influence between themselves: why should we have bothered to negotiate with Negroes, Arabs, Afghans, Siamese, Malays, or Papuans?

I can not estimate the importance of the set of native opinion in Asia, though I should have thought it, except in the case of Papua, even more important as a factor than in Africa. But in Central or West Africa, though the natives might not be able to read and write, they had a very clear idea what resulted from making a treaty. They memorized the terms though they could not read. If one proceeded to interfere in the conditions of a tribe without the treaty right to do so, there was sure to be a fight. On the other hand the fidelity with which any large native community abode by the conditions of an agreement, even when it meant in the vicissitudes of the time temporary defeat and expulsion from the home-land, touched me to the quick. I am sure we were right, preparatory to detailed and definite rule, to consult with the different native tribes and rulers as to whether they wished us to preside over their affairs in northern Zambezia and Nyasaland. For several years in some cases, where a ruling chief or a tribe declined to make a treaty we abstained from intervention in their domestic concerns, only enjoining on them that they must not transgress on the rights of neighboring states who had entered into treaty relations with the British Empire.

Whilst I was at Moçambique in the spring of 1890 news came from Mr. Sharpe relating the surprising results of his expedition which had started from Blantyre in the summer of the preceding year. He had made treaties as far west as the Kafue River, as far east as the Luangwa, as far north as Lake Mweru. He had entered Katanga, in the southern basin of the Congo, and had had interviews with its Nyamwezi conqueror, Msiri (locally known as Mushidi). Msiri however had firmly declined any British flag or Protectorate treaty, asserting that he would similarly reject proposals —if they ever came along—from the Belgians.

Joseph Thomson was apparently attending to the Bangweulu district, so the only portion of North Zambezian territory not secured or approached was the Barotse kingdom to the west of the Kafue. This we understood was being attended to from South Africa, through the Lake Ngami region. "British Central Africa" was therefore made safe.

CHAPTER XI

In May, 1890, I received permission to return to England via the Cape of Good Hope, so as to see Mr. Rhodes by the way, especially in regard to Mr. Sharpe's treaties. I left my steamer at Port Elizabeth, as that seemed then the best starting place for Kimberley. We had come to an anchor there on the dawn of Ascension Day, a hypothetic festival of the Church which I had almost forgotten, but which I found highly reverenced by Protestant South Africa and held as a public holiday on which no avoidable work was done: or at any rate not done after breakfast time. I left the ship (which I was to rejoin afterwards at Cape Town) at eight in the morning, and on the quay or pier I met a grave-looking man who offered me for sale at the cost of £6 the most magnificent kaross I have ever beheld. It was made of numerous skins of the caracal lynx, a handsome cat about halfway in size between a wild-cat and a leopard, almost without markings, its fur a reddish-brown gray. By one of those unexplained affinities in fauna between North Africa and Africa south of the Zambezi the caracal is found in both extremes of Africa, though I dare say by now in Cape Colony it has become extinct.

The price being only £6, I was just going to accept this valuation, pay for and take over the kaross, when a boisterous companion from the ship who had rather forced his company on me, dissuaded me. "If you wait till we've had breakfast at the hotel and come back you'll get it for a pound less." Like a fool I allowed myself to be persuaded; and telling the owner—a white man who had a naturalist's shop near the quay—that I would think the matter over whilst I had my breakfast, I walked on to the hotel. When later on I went to his shop it was shut and shuttered and the reason burst on my attention. This was Ascension Day, observed apparently at Port Elizabeth by the closing of all

shops after nine A.M. I dare say the fellow-traveler (whose memory I have ever since detested) sought out the naturalist subsequently and bought his kaross. This episode lingered long in my memory; and remembrance of it has often decided me to close a bargain summarily when it seemed fair and favorable, and waste no time in haggling for a few pounds or a few shillings.

From Port Elizabeth I traveled direct to Kimberley and went to stay with Mr. Rhodes in his little house—a few rooms on the ground floor—all buildings at Kimberley being then much on the same scale. Some one whose name I have forgotten—possibly Archibald Colquhoun—occupied one of the three bedrooms, Rhodes the second, and I the third. I remember hearing the name of Jameson mentioned, but he was then up-country. Rather to my surprise John Moir of Mandala was at Kimberley to see Mr. Rhodes about the incorporation of the African Lakes Company with the British South Africa Company. There were also J. A. Grant and Joseph Thomson pausing here on their way to Bangweulu; Rochfort Maguire returning from Matebeleland to England where he was to enter Parliament on a nomination of Parnell; and Archibald Colquhoun, the Administrator of Mashonaland. We were all photographed in a group by a Mr. Middleton. "This photograph will become historic some day," said Rhodes as he looked at the quickly made print. I wonder?

From Kimberley I traveled to Cape Town and thence voyaged to England with Rochfort Maguire. On the steamer was a clever and interesting young lady, Miss Emma Richardson, whose mother had been a Johnston of Ulster. She was returning from a visit to a married sister in Cape Colony, and amongst other things was a remarkable palmist. She told Rochfort Maguire's hand, and mine, and the palms of most of the first class and some of the second class passengers, for one of the usual ship charities which levy a toll. What she said to Maguire I did not hear; what she told me I still have in writing and it was more or less noteworthy, probably as an estimate of my character and disposition

at thirty-two years of age, and certainly as a forecast of my successes and failures. She foretold that at sixty or soon after I should reach a condition of health necessitating a critical operation from which I might not recover. If I did, I might attain a considerable old age. She named with something approaching accuracy the year in which I should marry and the kind of woman who would become my wife six years before this event became an actuality; and in general foreshadowed my career and the principal events in my after-life with a curious degree of accuracy, even if one only classes the feat as an effort to pronounce on the probable future of a personality about whom one has learned a little and divined much.

Four years afterwards I met Miss Richardson again in South Africa. By now—May, 1893—she had become the wife of a bank manager who had much to do with Mr. Rhodes's financial affairs. These brought him into contact with the Premier of Cape Colony at his Rondebosch residence when I was staying there. I have forgotten her married name, but when I came to stay with Mr. Rhodes at Rondebosch, she appeared one night at a dinner-party; and after the usual amazement at finding me there (when, if she thought about me at all, she imagined me to be in England) she confessed to me—I took her in to dinner—two overpowering sensations. One was fear of Mr. Rhodes, as it would never do to upset his business with her husband; and the other the desire to see the palms of his hands, gauge his character, his past, and his possible future.

It was a ticklish subject on which to face Rhodes, as I knew he had a great contempt for Palmistry. However, he was in a gracious mood that night, and consented to show his hands to this lady. She was wise enough perhaps to tell him very little, but made copious notes, and that same evening wrote out her impressions and sent them to me the next morning.

This was on May 7, 1893, a short time before any news arrived of the rupture between Jameson and Lobengula. Mrs. ——'s "fortune-telling," however, predicted some such event happening, and how enormously the outcome would add to Rhodes's power

Above: Capt. Cecil Montgomery Maguire.

Below: Commander Percy Cullen, C.M.G., head of the Naval Department, Lake Nyasa.

Above: Alexander Whyte, for years the author's faithful companion in Nyasaland.

Below: Hermann von Wissmann, Governor of German East Africa, 1893.

and prestige; but she went on to say that not long afterwards "the person in whom he placed the greatest confidence," would by some impetuous action bring his schemes apparently to ruin—"an utter smash in affairs, caused by an apparently trivial incident;" and though in after time his schemes would be successful, his projects during his lifetime would always be insecure.

The only mistake she made was in predicting a long life, partly arising from guessing wrongly at Rhodes's age. She imagined him in 1893 to be over fifty. He was in reality only forty.

To return, however, to my experiences in 1890. On our homeward voyage we called at Ascension Island, and I went on shore to inspect this really curious and interesting place which was then and is perhaps still regarded technically as "H.M.S. Ascension." Either I knew the Captain Commandant or he did not regard previous acquaintance as a necessary prelude for taking me over the low-lying parts of the island, where we saw the turtle pools near the sea-shore. There was not time to visit the volcanic peak in the center, which rises to a height of about two thousand eight hundred feet. On its steep flanks there is a certain amount of vegetation in which flocks of introduced guinea fowl and pheasants took shelter.

On going back to the ship the Captain presented me with two turtles of large size out of the collection. These were well attended to on board the steamer, and reached Plymouth alive and well. They further accompanied me to London. One of them I presented to the Zoological Society, and the other I sent to Lady Salisbury in Arlington Street, where it arrived in time, and most appropriately, to make turtle soup for a dinner of importance she was about to give to a variety of persons who had been engaged in negotiating an important agreement with Germany as to the delimitation of Spheres of influence or Protectorates in Africa.

Somehow the landing at Plymouth with these turtles, and the connection of my name with the scarcely-ended Portuguese crisis seemed to the Inspectors at the Custom House sufficient warranty for passing my luggage with a friendly wave of the hand. But it was otherwise with Mr. Maguire who had been so much away

from England in Hong-Kong and afterwards in South Central Africa that he had forgotten there could be any excitement in Ireland which would become attached to persons with Irish surnames. Prior to his engagement by Cecil Rhodes [1] as a private secretary, he had fulfilled the same duties (after leaving Oxford) with a Colonial Governor. But to the Inspector of Customs at Plymouth he seemed a highly suspicious person, not wholly unconnected with ideas of dynamite; consequently his luggage was examined to the minutest detail, and he might have finally missed the special express to London, if I had not returned to enquire and tell the Inspector who he was and all about him.

On our return voyage together he had told me something about one of his brothers in India which had impressed me with the feeling that if the British Government was going to take British Central Africa in hand and tackle decisively its most alarming problem, the Arab Slave Trade, Cecil Maguire would be the very person to handle the troops.

At Lady Salisbury's dinner-party to the negotiators of the Anglo-German agreement, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha—not long before known to us as the Duke of Edinburgh—was present.

He had apparently interested himself considerably in trying to promote this understanding. After leaving the dining-room he told Lady Salisbury he would like to talk over the question with me privately, so she led the way to the top of a staircase, which communicated with some undisturbed smoking-room below. The Duke walked swiftly, Lady Salisbury had a long train which tripped her up, with the result that we all three lost our balance and fell down the short staircase on to the carpet below. Fortunately the two elder people averred that they were not in the least bit hurt, and sat on the lowest step dissolved in laughter. Then Lady Salisbury left us to our conversation which interested me very much by its foreshadowing of long subsequent events, turning as it did on the outlook of the German Emperor.

[1] He was the son of an Irish parson whose cure was on the Duke of Abercorn's estate.

The author's first ideas as to the extent of British Africa, 1888-1890. Map drawn to illustrate them at a lecture given at Liverpool, October 21, 1890.

Sir Percy Anderson was at this dinner, just back from Berlin. He told me then how the North Nyasa and Nyasa-Tanganyika treaties had reached him just in the nick of time. The Germans had wished to claim the northern half of Lake Nyasa and the region between Nyasa and Tanganyika so as to approach the basin of the Congo in that direction, but the arrival of this sheaf of treaties had enabled him to make a firm stand along all the west coast of Nyasa and the eastern edge of the plateau up to the southeast coast of Tanganyika.

Curiously enough, my own thoughts at this time were rather more fixed on Nigeria. I had an increasing desire to return there, both for the Government and the Royal Niger Company.

In the early part of August, 1890, I received a letter from Lord Salisbury which took me by surprise. He informed me in very kind terms of the Queen's bestowal of a C.B., alike for my services in regard to the Niger Delta, Moçambique and Nyasaland. A little later in the year I saw him and he told me he wished to send me back to the Zambezi regions, to organize them into a Protectorate, and that Major Macdonald [1] was to undertake the management of the Niger Delta.

A great excitement in London in the early summer of 1890 was occasioned by Stanley's marriage with Miss Dorothy Tennant. Miss Tennant's mother, her brother and unmarried sister lived in a much-to-be-envied house, No. 2 Richmond Terrace, Whitehall—surely one of the most delectable sites for a private house in London? Her elder sister had married Mr. Frederick Myers the psychologist,[2] whom I had known otherwise before

[1] Afterwards Sir Claude Macdonald, Ambassador to Japan.

[2] Frederick Myers was one of the most remarkable—and at the same time, lovable—persons I ever met. He lived before his proper time. It is difficult to think of him as having died in 1901. Somewhere or when—I think down at Shrublands in Suffolk, where he was visiting Lord de Saumarez—he let me copy one of his poems afterwards published posthumously.

FROM BRUTE TO MAN

Through such fierce hours thy brute forefather won
Thy mounting hope, the adventure of the son:
Such pains astir has gloomy heart within
That nameless creature wandered from his kin;
Smote his broad breast, and when the woods had rung

and since the Stanley marriage, down to the time of his death; for he was a great friend of my wife's uncle, Lord de Saumarez. Dorothy Tennant I had first seen at a tea-party given by Stanley at his rooms in Old Bond Street in 1885. When I came home in 1888 she met me at the various dinner-parties and questioned me anxiously as to the chances of his lost-to-sight Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, and I professed an optimistic belief in its eventual emergence into safety.

When Stanley returned to London in the late spring of 1890, Dorothy Tennant was one of the first people to meet him (I think under the wing of the Baroness Burdett Coutts), and they soon announced their engagement. Stanley must then have been just fifty years of age.

I called on both of them when I reached London and was specially enjoined to be present at their Westminster Abbey wedding. Stanley at the time of his wedding looked almost a dying man. He sat during a portion of the ceremony, and tottered out on his wife's arm—I think—rather than giving her his. But he slowly recovered health and some degree of strength during the honeymoon, on which he was accompanied by the celebrated Dr. T. H. Parke of his great expedition.

Afterwards, succeeding a great lecturing world-tour, he lived tranquilly at 2 Richmond Terrace; and at a house he acquired in the western part of Surrey, near Pirbright, where amongst other things he designed in his hilly garden a remarkable edition (in miniature) of the Central African Lake and River system, with Ruwenzori—which he had discovered—rising as a sharp ridge between the Semliki and the Victoria Nyanza. He recovered

To bellowing preludes of that thunderous tongue,
With hopes half-born, with burning tears unshed,
Bowed low his terrible and lonely head;
With arms uncouth, with knees that scarce could kneel
Upraised his speechless ultimate appeal.
Ay, and Heaven heard, and was with him and gave
The gift that made him master and not slave.
Even in that stress and horror of his fate
His thronging cry came half-articulate,
And some strange light, past knowing, past control,
Rose in his eyes and shone, and was a soul.

health and strength sufficiently to make a remarkable journey out to South Africa (1897) to meet Cecil Rhodes. Here I think he traveled northwards till he saw the Zambezi and the Victoria Falls.

(My wife and I saw a good deal of the Stanleys, during the remainder of Stanley's life. One day—I think in 1899—Lady Stanley wrote to us, saying that her husband and she had decided to adopt a little child, who—I think she said—was a relative, near or distant, of Stanley, in North Wales. She told us that they were going to call the boy "Denzil" and bring him up as their adopted son. We went to see them and Denzil, and continued at intervals to do so until some years after Stanley's death.

During the funeral service in 1904 my wife was asked to sit next to Lady Stanley, and I was chosen as one of the bearers of the catafalque into the Abbey, and from the Abbey to the cemetery railway station in the Westminster Bridge Road; and thence accompanied the coffin down to Brookwood, where the remains were incinerated. When this was done we repaired to Stanley's house on the Surrey heights not far away. Here we were informed that Denzil was being brought up as Sir Henry's heir, which was indeed the case.)

Much of my spare time during the latter half of 1890 and the opening months of 1891 was taken up with an attempt to write the true life of Livingstone. This was a task most poorly paid—for I only received £100 down from the publishers for the completed work (which was afterwards re-published in a second or more editions)—but was undertaken at the earnest request of his daughter, Mrs. Livingstone Bruce. It involved my going to Scotland in the autumn of 1890 and staying with relations (Willy Anderson and his wife) who lived at no great distance from Blantyre. Willy Anderson was an expert photographer in those days, and he accompanied me about the scenes of Livingstone's youth, photographing anything likely to be of interest.

We found Blantyre (Lanarkshire) in that year (1890) very little altered from what it must have appeared when Livingstone

was still there—boy and youth. The gaunt, granite house in which he lived—not trumpery or ignoble in aspect, but with filthy surroundings; the factory in which he had worked, and the alleviatingly beautiful scenery of the Clyde. Many years afterwards I re-visited this neighborhood after lecturing in Glasgow and was shocked at its degradation and damning ugliness. A hideous monument to Livingstone, I think, had been erected on the outskirts, but the village was unspeakably filthy, everything possible had been done to make the Clyde ugly; and this ugliness and the daytime drunkenness of the sodden people made on one a very sad impression.

The persons chiefly interested in this biography were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bruce. Mrs. Bruce or Mrs. Livingstone Bruce as I think she was afterwards styled, was Livingstone's loved daughter Agnes, in whose education in France he had taken special interest. Her husband was a noteworthy person in Edinburgh, connected at one time with a great brewery, which also included Sir George Younger among its directors. For both of them I conceived a great liking. Mrs. Bruce was not only nice to look at, but was a well-educated woman of the world. She wished her father's life to be truly written without pandering to religious emotions.

She pointed out to me the way in which his scientific work had been overlooked, minimized in Horace Waller's two volumes on his *Last Journeys*. The Revd. Horace Waller had been at the commencement of the 'sixties a young lay enthusiast taken out by the Universities' Mission to work in Nyasaland. On his return home, after a brief glimpse of real Africa, he had studied for the Church and become a clergyman in Hampshire and a perfervid champion of Livingstone. But he cared for him only as a missionary, scarcely at all as a geographical explorer.

He admitted in his preface that he had kept most of Livingstone's scientific work out of his book, proposing that it should be published apart. It never was afterwards produced, excepting a small portion recovered by Mrs. Bruce. Livingstone's vocabularies and many of his notes regarding the distribution of birds

and beasts, of native tribes, and of botany, written down between 1858 and 1873, have seemingly been lost to the world. Whatever remained in her possession Mrs. Bruce placed in my hands and the documents were published in my book.

As soon as I learned that my new task was to be the organizing into an administered Protectorate of Nyasaland and northern Zambezia I began to select a staff to assist me. Alfred Sharpe was to be my Deputy Commissioner; a son of my old friend Philip Lutley Sclater was to be Surveyor and Roadmaker; and Alexander Whyte my Botanist and Natural History Collector.[1]

The post of Military Commandant, in charge of a contingent of Indian troops, was to be offered to Captain Cecil Maguire. Maguire was then secretary to an Indian Mobilization Scheme and was at Simla or with the Viceroy at Calcutta. Lord Roberts thought very highly of him, and as already mentioned, I had first heard of him through his brother Rochfort.

Numerous other subordinate appointments were to be made by me when I returned to Nyasaland. I left England in April, 1891, and met most of these people at Zanzibar, Moçambique, or the Chinde mouth of the Zambezi.

Somewhere about this time the treaty with Portugal, settling all the East African frontiers, was signed and ratified, and the dispute regarding the north side of the Zambezi was at an end; though Mr. Rhodes was most disappointed regarding the concessions *south* of the Zambezi, in Manikaland.

[1] Mr. Whyte was just sixty when he joined the service of the British Central Africa Administration as Botanist and Natural History Collector. He had been for many years a planter in Ceylon with varying success, but at all times was an industrious collector and transmitter of botanical specimens and a skilful taxidermist and a zoological student. I heard of him through inserting an advertisement in the *Times*, and submitting candidates to a committee of selection, over which Dr. Sclater of the Zoological Society presided. On their recommendation I engaged Mr. Whyte who rendered signal services thenceforth in British Central Africa, East Africa, and Uganda. On account of his ability and his maintenance of good health and physical vigor he remained at work in Africa till about 1906, winding up his career by two years as a botanical collector in Liberia. He died in 1912. His name is attached to the Mlanje "cedar," and to other discoveries in mammals, birds, fishes, insects, and molluscs.

Our first concentration was at Chiromo; but on our way thither, the two new gunboats (H.M.S.S. *Herald* and *Mosquito*) placed on the Zambezi landed us at a point much lower down than Chiromo on the right bank of the Shiré. This was just above the Ziwe-ziwe marsh, which in those days covered much of the confluence between the Zambezi and the Shiré. The Lower Shiré district (as I named it) brought the British Protectorate very near to the Lower Zambezi.

We chose the site for a town on the right bank of the Shiré and named it "Port Herald," after the name given to the principal gunboat; but this region to the south of the Ruo-Shiré confluence had in those days very few villages. Its inhabitants had been constantly ravaged by half-caste slaving caravans, and secreted themselves in the rocky hills and tangled bush of the interior. At Chiromo however, on either side of the Shiré, much better circumstances began through the presence there as chiefs of Livingstone's Makololo.

Much of the subsequent story of "British Central Africa" (as I named the Protectorate) can be read in my book which bears this title. There is no need to tell the whole tale twice over; I will merely expatiate on the more striking episodes and problems.

Almost on the morrow of our arrival at the confines of the Protectorate we were forced to resort to arms, the Yao slave-trading chiefs being our first assailants.

The southernmost of these Yaos was a group dwelling on and to the eastward of the great mountain mass of Mlanje. This splendid range of heights, rising nearly to ten thousand feet, is visible up much of the course of the Lower Shiré. On its eastern outskirts a Yao clan had established itself under several chiefs, the most noteworthy of whom was Matipwiri. Another Yao known as Chikusi had settled on the western versant of the mountain. The people indigenous to the Mlanje range were of Nyanja stock dominated by these Muhammadan Yaos.

I have no doubt Chikusi had been raiding for years unrebuked; but he chose to be very obstreperous at the time of our arrival.

A few Scottish planters had begun to settle in the neighborhood of Mlanje, and made an appeal to me on my arrival to intervene. Captain Maguire took the matter in hand. He led a force of Sikhs to the mountain, recruited a few native auxiliaries, attacked Chikusi, put him to flight; and so secured the Mlanje region that we had no more trouble there for four years, the mass of the people being of course eager for our help and protection.

I made my home and administrative headquarters at the Consulate which was re-named "The Residency," on the lower slopes of the Zomba Mountain. I think this has remained ever since the administrative headquarters of Nyasaland.

Zomba was the name given to a great block of tableland rising in its interior heights to seven thousand feet. It lay to the east of the Upper Shiré, and averaged ten miles back from the river. It was connected after a dip in altitude with the Kawinga Mountains which stretched out northeastward to the salt lake of Chilwa. This lake even as far back as thirty years ago was beginning to dry up. Some hundreds of years earlier it was probably the head waters of the Lujenda River which joined the Ruvuma. Even at the present time the waters of Chilwa and the source of the Lujenda are only separated by a few miles and a low ridge of downs.

The Zomba Mountains or tableland had been discovered by Livingstone and Kirk about 1859. It was to my mind a more beautiful region with more striking scenery than the surroundings of Blantyre, and it had been chosen by Consul Hawes as his headquarters. The Consulate which had been built for him by the Buchanan Brothers was a large brick building of somewhat ambitious design and stately aspect; a two-storied house, with fine large rooms and two round turrets at either end, up which staircases ran on to the first story of the main building. The official entrance to the main staircase was at the back where the ground rose in terraces to the mountain side. I doubt if the house was sufficiently finished for Mr. Hawes to live in it.

I had to complete the structure in many ways after I arrived there. I decided, for instance, to replace the untidy thatched roof with corrugated iron neatly bound at the edges; for one of the points about this material for roofage which rendered it so singularly ugly was the undulating wiggly-waggly edge. I had noticed in Natal that this unfinished look to corrugated iron could be got over by a stout, smooth, iron binding which gave it a substantial straight edging. I also made arrangements on the inner side for a double roof of timber with a space between it and the iron so that air circulating might relieve the frightful heat caused by the sun's rays on the iron roof.

The south front of the building was already nice-looking by the time I arrived there, because a passion-flower had been planted at each of the timber posts which supported the broad verandas. So rapidly did this passion flower grow that already by the time of my arrival it gave the house a frontage of verdure.

The surroundings, however, looked unkempt. There were straw-roofed clay huts for native servants, and brick outer buildings to serve as kitchens; but in the course of a year all this was brought into capital order. Everything rubbishy and temporary was cleared away, and substantial buildings were erected in accord with the design of the house, and so placed that in any native disturbance, the Residency might stand a siege; the buildings at the sides and back being arranged so as to form a hollow square.

On the south front Mr. Whyte arranged in terraces really beautiful flower gardens, banana avenues, and lawns. In the hollow square at the back, large cages were eventually built to hold my collection of pets. These were constructed out of materials sent up from Natal, and would not have looked unseemly in the Zoological Gardens. Here, during the six years of my tenancy dwelt leopards and serval cats, baboons and monkeys, and a variety of birds. Some of the birds, such as the guinea fowl and crowned cranes, were allowed their liberty, being easily domesticated.

The crowned cranes were quite a feature at Zomba. Except that they would not let one touch them, they were otherwise

extraordinarily tame, inquisitive, and intelligent. They spent much of their time raiding the precincts for grasshoppers and locusts. To discover and arouse these pests, they would tap or slap the herbage with their feet, and pounce on the insects as they rose. The guinea fowl also revealed strange qualities of intelligence and affection. They had been reared from wild chickens caught by the natives, and brought in for sale. One of them became so passionately attached to me that it was quite an object of remark. It used to fly up on to the veranda of my private rooms on the first floor, when the mid-day meal was ready, accompany me to the dining-room and stand at my side to receive scraps thrown to it. It delighted above all, to follow me on my short walks or rides, running with me or after me. But what it most enjoyed, was to come with me when I inspected more or less formally the guard of native troops. It used to look so ridiculous on these occasions, standing by my side, chattering at the men, that it had to be removed sometimes by a native attendant.

The magnificent leopard (as it grew up to be) was brought to us in the first year of my stay, as a little cub. Mr. Whyte reared it on milk. In the third year of its residence, though perfectly good-tempered, it was apt to be a little rough, especially with guests, who might be excused if they showed alarm when a largish leopard leaped on their backs; so I had a commodious dwelling constructed for it at the back of the house. Here I used to go of an afternoon, and push back the sliding door to take the leopard out for a walk.

When I returned from India in 1895, I brought with me great additions to my poultry yard and farm, in order to try to introduce various domestic beasts and birds of Indian stock. Amongst these was a small troop of Chinese geese. One morning I had just pushed back the wooden door of the leopard's cage, forgetting all about the geese, when suddenly they appeared, with the gander at their head. The leopard was emerging from his cage on to the cement path; the gander and his troop came straight at him with outstretched wings. I threw myself on the leopard's back, clutched his strong neck with all my strength, and pushed

him back into the cage. I think this episode testified to *his* docility and the courage of the Chinese geese.[1]

But Zomba was very wild in those times. Not only was it situated in the Yao country and subject to sporadic attacks from the Yao slave-traders and bandits, but it was in a country swarming with lions. Almost every night from sunset to sunrise you could hear lions roaring. I used even to think this incident delightful, as one lay after dinner, on long cane chairs smoking or drinking coffee, and hearing the solemn cries of these beasts from no farther away than the bottom of my garden fence. Occasionally they managed to break into the hollow square at the back, attracted by my collection of pets.

Amongst these was a portly wild pig, a *Potamochœrus,* which grew in course of time to be large and tusked. He was never caught by the lion, because of the intricate arrangement of his sty, but once in a way a lion would get entangled in the outer sty, and be at our mercy, so that we shot him through the stakes. Leopards invaded our premises more frequently than lions, attracted, perhaps, by the scent of the captive leopard, who, however, showed them no sympathy, sometimes arousing our attention by his growls. Nevertheless on occasions, the leopards would commit awful ravages among the herd of goats, killing perhaps seven in one night.

A hundred yards to the east of the Residency a path descended through a picturesque wood to the rushing waters of the little River Mlungusi (the Mlungusi joined the Likangala River and flowed into Lake Chilwa.) It rose in the very middle of the Zomba Plateau in a depression which seemed to be the remains of a lake at an altitude of five thousand feet. It coursed southeastward down the mountain sides in a series of truly lovely cascades and largely through a tunnel of superb trees. The music of its falls filled the ear at night-time. In 1897, my successor, Mr. Sharpe, turned its force to practical purpose, to generate power for an electric light station which lit up all the buildings at Zomba.

[1] After my departure for England in 1896, this remarkable leopard—as handsome as he was amiable—was presented by Mr. Sharpe to Cecil Rhodes and lived for many years afterwards at Rondebosch.

My affection for this place, with its superb views towards Mlanje, its access up picturesque mountains to an absolutely temperate climate above, its quietude only broken in those days by the cries of wild beasts, made me decide with little hesitation to constitute Zomba as the headquarters of the Nyasaland Government, in preference to Blantyre some forty miles on the south-west. The altitude of the two places was about the same—three thousand feet. But at Zomba you could ascend in the course of an afternoon walk up to seven thousand feet, and at Blantyre there was no altitude within easy distance above five thousand feet.

At Blantyre and in its surrounding suburbs there came to be in course of time a population of some two hundred Europeans. Here was a large establishment of the Church of Scotland Mission; and the Mandala suburb was the headquarters of the African Lakes Company. Round about was a noteworthy body of English or Scottish coffee planters and prospectors. The European population must now have grown to over a thousand.

The choice of Zomba for the Administrative residence had really been made by Consul Hawes, and I was glad to endorse it, because I realized the comparative value of the isolation, and the good effect on one's health of the superb scenery of which my eye never wearied. Although I really only continued what my predecessor had done, I was conscious as the months went by of a sense of hostility in regard to this selection, emanating from Blantyre. That place was pretty, but Zomba was superb. Blantyre was virtually "safe." At Zomba during the earlier years of my stay there was a somewhat thrilling sense of danger, attended by a pleasant feeling of security within its defences.

I had not lived there long before it was necessary to proceed to the south end of Lake Nyasa, to begin dealing with the traffic across the lake or the Upper Shiré of the slave-trading caravans; and also to affirm our position with regard to Mponda. This Yao chief, who commanded the exit of the Shiré River from Lake Nyasa, was beginning to make frequent demands for tolls from the steamers of the Universities' Mission and the Lakes Company, when they entered or quitted Lake Nyasa. He really held

at his mercy in those days all the British enterprise on Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika, since he could obstruct the use of the Shiré as a means of communication.

Accordingly, as soon as Captain Maguire returned from dealing with the slave-traders on Mount Mlanje, I asked him to organize an expedition up the Shiré to Nyasa, which would be accompanied by about fifty of our Sikh soldiers. Marching up the left bank we found ourselves at last opposite to Mponda's large and straggling town, at the place subsequently named "Fort Johnston."

The only reason we camped there first was its lack of habitations and its being immediately opposite the thickest-populated part of Mponda's town. The actual shore of Lake Nyasa was nearly three miles distant to the north. The reedy plain stretched eastward some twenty miles or more to the flanks of mountain ranges, where dwelt, we were told, a very formidable Yao chief named Zarafi.

As already mentioned I had made a treaty with Mponda in 1889, but on my arrival two years afterwards he was in a fickle mood, won over to opposition by the Arab slave-traders and their Yao allies.

Our arrival opposite this town, moreover, was an inconvenient event, as it coincided with the crossing of a large slaver caravan bound for the east coast, and, for the feeding of which a good deal of the Nyanja population to the west of the river, had been raided. I attempted to stop this caravan from proceeding eastward but was only partly successful.

Some of the slaves ran away and took refuge in our camp, but the majority of them were carried off to the eastern shores of the lake. Mponda decided to intervene on behalf of the slave-traders and fired at us across the river with little or no effect. Meantime our fifty Sikhs and our hundred negro porters—Anyanja, Atonga, Makua, and Swahili—set to work under Maguire's guidance and in three days had erected all round our little camp a formidable stockade, and on the river side an embankment on to which our three mountain guns were erected. I think in all five

days elapsed before we were ready to take the action I had long contemplated. When everything was ready I sent a letter in Swahili, written in the Arabic character so that Mponda or one of his resident Arabs might be able to read it, and told him the moment for his decision had arrived: that if by sunset the Arabs remaining in his town were not surrendered to us for examination, and unless certain other forms of surrender were not made I should bombard his town.

The letter was delivered on shore by one of our Swahilis and the man returned. No answer was given. The moon rose, climbed the sky, and lit up the scene, almost like daylight. We decided to give Mponda six hours' grace, but at midnight as no answer came, we fired our first shell. It was an incendiary, purposely chosen to set fire to the river-side buildings, not necessarily to kill. Three minutes later we landed another incendiary shell on the spot where we deemed Mponda's residence to be. The arrival of this shell and the roar of the flames succeeding its bursting, turned the whole place topsy-turvy. The people, to the extent of thousands, swarmed out of the town to the beach with immense clamor and cries for mercy, and later on two half-caste Arabs came off in a canoe with a message from Mponda, asking for grace, and promising to give in to my terms.

We said we would stop the bombardment on the understanding that Mponda came to meet me at daylight and handed over the Arabs for enquiry. Then Maguire and I sought to get a little sleep before the morrow's negotiations.

On the following morning there was no Mponda and there were no Arabs, and the town opposite appeared to be deserted. Maguire and I crossed over in canoes with a guard of soldiers, but the town was without inhabitants. However, in the course of a day or two Mponda from the hilly country at the back opened negotiations and entered into an understanding with us to stop the slave trade in his territories, and to recognize the land about our fort as British property, established at the south end of the lake to examine the caravans to the east coast and check the trade in slaves.

Soon after these matters were settled, peace was restored, with that rapidity so customary in those days in Africa. The African Lakes Company steamer came in from Lake Nyasa and took Maguire and most of the Sikhs on a tour of inspection along the southeast shores. Then she conveyed me down the Shiré to within walking distance of Zomba. Maguire promised after finishing the fort and arranging for its garrison, to be with me at the Residency by Christmas.

He never kept the engagement. I was busily writing despatches on the morning of the fifteenth of December, 1891, when unaccountably I was seized with the conviction that Maguire had been killed. I was so much affected by this obsession that I sent for Mr. Whyte, who talked to me reassuringly. In the course of the morning the impression wore off, and much business occupied my mind until December twenty-fourth. Then feeling that any hour might bring him within sight, I stood on my veranda looking to the west at the slope of the mountains, traversed by the road ascending from the Shiré. As I looked I saw a black soldier in khaki uniform, coming round the hill-slope. I put on a hat, ran out through the garden and up the hill with an instinctive feeling that if this man brought bad news I had better be there to prevent the news from spreading. A quarter of an hour's run and scramble brought me up to this exhausted Atonga, who flung himself on the ground at my feet and began to sob. Presently he gasped out words in Swahili to the effect that all was lost. Captain Maguire was killed, so was the Indian surgeon with the Sikhs, so were the two white men on the *Domira.* He and a few other negro soldiers had escaped and come down in canoes.

The news was exaggerated but mainly true. Maguire had followed up by enquiries the runaway slave caravan we had inspected, had believed it to be located at one of Makanjira's towns on the southeast coast of Lake Nyasa. He had put forty of his Sikhs on the Lakes Company's steamer *Domira,* and one of his mountain guns, and had gone to demand the surrender of the caravan. No answer being received, he had attempted

Above: Fort Johnston in 1895.

Below: The Sihk lookout at Fort Johnston in South Nyasaland in the days of the war against the slave-trading Arabs.

to land through the shallow water with his Sikhs and had been surprised by a band of Yao gun-men, lying concealed in a depression near the lake shore. He had been shot wading through the water. Several of his men had been killed, a few Panjabis had possibly wandered on shore and been taken prisoners, but were afterwards released in recognition of their common Muhammadanism (one of them I believe after incredible marches and sufferings reached a German station on the east coast of Africa). Over thirty Sikhs had been gallantly rescued by boats from the *Domira,* but the Scottish engineer and captain who effected this had been badly wounded.

The Parsi surgeon Dr. Sorabji Boyce, behaved with remarkable gallantry. He not only assisted the Sikhs to get back on the steamer, but after an interval of time, he entered into communication with Makanjira's Arabs, and endeavored to recover Captain Maguire's body. He had attended to the wounds of the steamer captain and chief engineer, and put them away in the cabin, so as to conceal the extent of the damage done. One of the Arabs, therefore, believing Boyce and Keiller to be the only surviving officers on the steamer, invited them on shore to negotiate, promising in return to surrender Maguire's body. They landed and were led by deviating paths a distance of two miles inland. There they found themselves in a camp of Arabs and Yaos, and in face of a truculent Arab named Saidi Mwazungu, a slave trader who hampered my administration for five years until he was killed in a fight on the west side of Lake Nyasa. Saidi informed Keiller and Boyce that they were condemned to death. His men poured volleys into them. Keiller fell dead, but Boyce was only wounded. He was therefore flung on the ground and decapitated.

The Sikhs who returned to the steamer worked with the utmost gallantry at night-time (all through the day they were fired at) to get the ship cleared of the sand-bank on which she was stuck. When she floated freely they lit the fires, directed by one or two Negro stokers, and the *Domira* steamed south to Mponda's. Mponda, it must be acknowledged, had been true

to his treaty, for the garrison at Fort Johnston must have been very small. The two wounded Scotsmen ultimately recovered and did much more service on Lake Nyasa. I always consider that the African Lakes Company behaved most considerately to my own administration at this time, in making so light of the damage sustained by their steamer. They really acted as if they shared in the failures as well as the successes of the administration.

I spent a horrible Christmas Day at Blantyre, having walked the distance there—forty miles—with little more than an hour's rest half-way. But I felt some comfort from the way in which all the white men at this place, missionaries, traders, planters, squared their shoulders to meet this reverse and proffered their services.

I have related in my book how the current of ill-luck slowly subsided, then turned, and finally began to run in our favor. A new commandant came out in place of Maguire; there was a great addition of white men to my administration staff, a reinforcement of Sikhs from India; and by the spring of 1893, I was able to take three months' holiday to go and see Mr. Rhodes at Cape Town. Interviews and discussions had become really necessary. My administration of "British Central Africa" required a larger force of Sikhs to keep the Arabs in check and ensure free communication with Tanganyika. I needed also to explain the situation to him in regard to the Portuguese. They had faithfully abided by the frontier defined in the 1891 Treaty. It was impossible—as he had proposed in 1892—for me to cooperate with his forces, south of the Zambezi, in marching through to the sea coast. Rhodes in those days always seemed to forget there was a Europe jealously watching our advance in Africa and ready to sympathize with Portugal at any infraction of her boundary.

CHAPTER XII

On my arrival in Cape Town in May, 1893, I found at the British South Africa Company's Offices, an invitation to proceed to Rhodes's newly occupied house at Rondebosch. This was an exceedingly pretty suburb of Cape Town about six miles out, closer up to the precipitous heights of Table Mountain. It was one of a series of opulent suburbs with country houses for the officials of the Cape Government. Not far away was the country seat of the Governor and High Commissioner at Newlands Corner.

The house at Rondebosch (it was burned down some years afterwards and entirely reconstructed) was a very handsome example of the old Dutch farmhouse on rather a grand scale. It dated possibly from the early part of the eighteenth century, and seemed to me rather a splendid dwelling, with a beautiful garden —not so much in detail as in scenic effect and glorious views, through the tree trunks, of the wall of Table Mountain.

The Rhodes I met then seemed to me in many ways and in appearance a decidedly different man from the Rhodes of 1889 and 1890. He had lost that look of keen masterfulness and healthy ability which had so stamped him in '89. He told me when we drove out in the afternoon, that some months previously, he had had an unexpected and nasty fall from his horse, out riding near Rondebosch; how he had lain unconscious for a few minutes on the road. He laid much stress on this incident at the time, though I have not seen it referred to in any account of his life; he told me himself he had *felt* a different man since this fall. His manner had become much more somber; he had long fits of sulky silence or dreamy taciturnity, alternating with rapid conversation so full of great propositions backed by monetary proposals, that one felt almost obliged to ask him to pause while a note-book and pencil could be fetched.

Once, just after I had retired to bed in a magnificently furnished bedroom, he sent his servant to summon me at midnight. I was told he wished to see me urgently, therefore I only paused to put on a dressing-gown over my pajamas. I found him in a window seat of his library, still in evening dress and apparently smoking a pipe. In the cases of much lesser men I should have concluded that he was partly inebriated or under the influence of a drug, but there was no adjacent evidence of champagne or whisky, and although his speech was rapid and his proposals were magnificent his utterance was perfectly distinct. On this occasion he invited me to take notes, remarking that he could not always be returning to this subject, and if I did not take down carefully what he said, he might not have the opportunity of speaking to me again. In about half an hour, he had sketched out a new, much greater and more extended scheme for the conquest of British Central Africa from the slavers, with a proportionately larger subsidy to carry the scheme into effect.

The next day I saw him again. He glanced through the notes I had written out, said they were correct, and signed them at the bottom.

The scheme, in fact, to promote which I had made this journey to South Africa, was settled after I had been four or five days a guest at Rondebosch.

I can not quite remember in this lapse of time why I stayed on, and did not at once return. It was not for the sake of the sumptuous hospitality and the really remarkable and interesting luncheons and dinners at which all sorts of special people appeared. I think it was that Rhodes asked me not to hurry away as there were many other points not connected with Nyasaland which he wanted to discuss. His moods were very variable. Sometimes he would drive me out in a sort of gig to Houts Bay, where the scenery was lovely—bold hills covered over much of their sea front with masses of wild, crimson-scarlet geraniums, the origin of our cultivated plant. We would draw up at a rather English-looking, old-fashioned inn, and lunch off cold sirloin of beef and similar homely fare, Rhodes sulkily reproaching me for my

enormous appetite, and eating very little himself. He would remain in the hotel, smoking or taking a nap, whilst I walked down to the sea-beach, and bathed or botanized. Then in the afternoon he would drive me back, and perhaps have said nothing on the whole excursion, except remarks about my appetite. Or on another day he would take me into Cape Town, to meet at lunch the members of his cabinet, and a selection of permanent officials, and occasionally look at me half-mockingly at the sight of my amazement at finding most of them drunk.

The extent of drunkenness in South Africa in those days would be unbelievable by the modern generation. This vice did not extend to the officials coming from England—Government Staff, Postmaster General, or some of the older members of administrations, such as J. X. Merriman or Sir Gordon Sprigg; but tipsiness certainly seemed the leading characteristic of the Cape Government during Rhodes's tenure of power.

I never knowingly saw Rhodes inebriated, or saw him at any time or meal consume any great amount of alcohol. And yet from this visit in 1893, I derived the impression of dealing with a very different man to the Cecil Rhodes of 1889—different in manner, speech and appearance. I ascribed the change in him vaguely to drugs, and in a correspondence I had with Sir Starr Jameson shortly after Rhodes's death, he admitted the possibility of this, but denied positively that the change in his manner, appearance and health was due to excess of alcohol. Nevertheless, alcohol was the curse in the early 'nineties of the British South African Company's men in South Africa. Their general action always struck me as a drunken sprawl over South Central Africa.

Their Secretary in Cape Town, Dr. Rutherfoord Harris, was very much of this type. He was a good-looking man with a pleasant manner, but according to Rhodes's own statement in quite early days—a rogue, and at times a furious inebriate. Jameson, when he gave up the medical profession to become Rhodes's right hand man, drank far too much; though in the after years of his life, he may have been a model of temperance.

From Rondebosch, or rather Cape Town, I traveled by rail into the Orange Free State, and had to get out at a desolate place in the middle of that state, and drive by coach to Harrismith. It was a long and bitterly cold drive, made additionally miserable by fleas. I was packed very closely between two exceedingly stout Boers, a man and a woman. They were friendly and kindly, and the warmth from their bodies alone kept me from freezing, but the fleas from either side prevented my sleeping through the long night drive. I have sometimes thought that the excessive cold endured in the Free State may have been the cause of what happened a few days later in Natal.

A gunboat had come into the harbor at Durban, to fetch me and take me back to the Zambezi. I had felt ill from the time of my arrival in Natal. The last day of my stay there was like a nightmare. I could not believe I was going to be so ill or understand what had happened to me. I had had much kindness shown me in Durban, so hired a carriage and felt bound to drive over the town and its suburbs saying good bye, although I have a suspicion that I was delirious, and a meticulous desire to pay these farewell compliments was due to the fever which possessed me. I had brought with me from Nyasaland a Sikh orderly; otherwise my luggage or myself might have gone astray. Seeing how ill I was becoming, he countermanded my directions to the carriage driver, who turned his horses to the quay, whence I was conveyed unconscious on to the gunboat, and put into a cot. The commander of the gunboat left at once for Delagoa Bay. Here he had me carried on shore to the British Consulate.

His surgeon and the British Consul nursed me through the crisis of the fever, which, as in most cases of Black-water, soon arrived and was soon passed.

Three days afterwards I was sufficiently recovered to be taken out to the gunboat, and a day or two later saw me landed at Chinde, and two days after my arrival there I was exercising on the sands the Basuto ponies which I had bought in Natal, and which had just been landed from a steamer.

Between July, 1893, and May, 1894, we again passed through

strenuous times. The Sikh reinforcement arrived from India, new officers came with them, including the invaluable Captain Edwards. We landed with a well-organized force in 1893, on the coast of Makanjira's country (Southeast Nyasaland).

Alfred Sharpe, the Deputy Commissioner, was with me. After two days' strenuous fighting, we captured all the towns in Makanjira's country; and on or near the site of Maguire's death, we erected a strong fort which we named after him, and which I believe has been ever since the capital of that district. Makanjira himself was not to be found. He had fled into the Portuguese territory, and, I believe, was killed a few years afterwards.

From this point we crossed the lake to come to Jumbe's assistance. Jumbe's forces had been driven out of all his district of Marimba, and were standing on their last defence at Kotakota. His chief opponent had—what he believed to be—a very strong town, with a river on one side, and a vast extent of marsh to the west. He considered this place to be impregnable, having no knowledge of the effect of even humble examples of modern artillery.

Our forces marched to an elevated piece of ground descending in cliffs to the bank of the river, and situated in a direct line not much more than two hundred yards from the walls of the town. The enemy had deemed himself completely secure on his walled islet between river and swamp. We waited to commence our attack until we had organized our camp outside the range of his muzzle-loading guns and cannon.

As soon as everything was ready, about seven in the morning, we shattered the mud walls of his stronghold with shells, and set the roofs of his thatched houses on fire. Many of his people fled into the marshes behind, and many were drowned. There still remained, however, the stronghold at the north end of the town, and this we had to take by an assault, in which one of our Sikhs was killed. He had been the first to leap and scramble to the top of the gate of entrance, and he fell back almost on to my shoulders, spurting blood over the front of my jacket, so that a false alarm went out that I had been wounded.

When we got inside this fortress the sight was terrible, showing the effectiveness of the shell-fire. About seventy men lay killed or at the point of death. There were a number of slave women also, badly wounded, though the bulk of the slaves were found unhurt in underground refuges.

These two successes virtually guaranteed peace in southern Nyasaland, and I resolved to take no further risks, until the scheme for Indian reinforcements had been fully carried out.

To have a much-needed rest, and to secure permission to effect a better understanding with the Indian Government by going out to India, and returning with reinforcements, I came home for a holiday in the summer of 1894 and produced a Blue Book on Nyasaland which made a small sensation in the newspapers. It told the story of three years' work, as well as of the events which had led up to the establishment of this Protectorate; and it was thoroughly illustrated by colored maps. The Foreign Office did the thing well. The maps (they were those which were published afterwards with my book on *British Central Africa*) were artistically executed. The newspapers, beginning on the morrow of publication by the *Times,* held the Blue Book up as a new event; foreign governments clamored for copies; there were several reprints; and I believe H. M. Stationery Office actually made a small profit out of the publication.

I designed a coat of arms for the British Central Africa Protectorate in that summer, and got it criticized, amended, and passed for publication—so to speak—by the Heralds' Office, and the Foreign Office. Though in later days the title was changed to *Nyasaland,* the coat of arms otherwise remained pretty much as I designed it—a couple of Negroes with pick and shovel, supporting a shield, and standing on the continent of Africa, the one between Egypt and Uganda and the other striding from Cape Town to the Zambezi. The motto was "Light in Darkness" and the crest a coffee tree in full bearing. For in those days we still hoped that the cultivation of coffee, begun in 1880 by John Buchanan and the African Lakes Company, was to be the main source of wealth in Nyasaland.

About this time (July, 1894) there seemed to be a sudden opportunity of meeting George Du Maurier. I had long been attracted by his drawings in *Punch,* from the late 'sixties onwards. They seemed to me to herald a new development in art and wit. They were fifty years ahead of the primitive humor and equally primitive draughtsmanship of John Leech. When *Peter Ibbetson* was published early in 1894, it, with several other noteworthy books, was sent out to me by that kind creature Albert Grey—the Earl Grey of later days. When I came home in the summer of 1894 I happened to mention to Mrs. Douglas Freshfield how I longed to meet Du Maurier. "Why, he's a great friend of ours! If he'll come anywhere to dinner, he'll come here. I'll invite him and let you know."

A date was assigned. I accepted. A few days later Mrs. Earle (one of the Villiers sisters, with Lady Lytton and Lady Loch, whom I had known in South Africa) wrote asking me to an important dinner at which I should meet Armine Wodehouse, the son and Private Secretary of Lord Kimberley, and some other noteworthy personages. I accepted this engagement, knowing the kindness that underlay it. Then Mrs. Freshfield wrote again to say that Du Maurier was unwell and she had had to postpone the date of *her* dinner. After several days more she sent me the date agreed upon. I telegraphed acceptance without consulting my engagement book or I should have seen I was already engaged to Mrs. Earle. On this fatal night I dressed for dinner and then looked at my record to see where I was to go, feeling sure it was to meet Du Maurier. But instead I saw Mrs. Earle's address. What had happened? There was no further mention of the Freshfields in the little book. The one address—Mrs. Earle's—was near Sloane Square; the other in Airlie Gardens, up on Campden Hill, Kensington. In my perplexity, I took my manservant with me, and when I had reached the Earles' house, sent him on in the cab to Airlie Gardens to enquire.

Meantime I sat down to dinner at Mrs. Earle's. With the kindest intentions she had arranged the table so that I sat next to Armine Wodehouse and next but one to herself. I forgot my

doubts and anxieties in a brave conversation, when suddenly the butler or super-butler came up behind me and said in a low but penetrating voice: "They're expecting you to dinner at Mrs. Freshfield's, sir."

I looked across at Mrs. Earle. Every one stopped talking and turned their eyes on me. Mrs. Earle's gaze became stony. She said, "I can't listen to these entanglements that Jevons is communicating to you. The Freshfields must continue their expectations. You were telling us about Nyasaland. Please continue."

But at last the active part of the dinner was over. The hostess rose and caught the eye of the senior lady. The ladies swept from the room with their long trains, and as Mrs. Earle paused to let the last precede her she turned to me and said: "Come to the drawing-room as soon as you can. We are having a small party and I want you to tell again your stories of cannibalism."

When the door had closed on her, and her husband had come up to take her place I met him with a rapid and low-pitched tale of my embarrassment, and scarcely waiting for him to comprehend or Armine Wodehouse to understand why I neglected this marvelous opportunity to nobble him, I slipped out of the room and asked for a hansom. One was procured, but oh! how slow. It seemed to take a whole hour to drive to Campden Hill.

I was shown in to the dining-room. The host and Du Maurier and the inconspicuous others were rising from the table. Freshfield scarcely listened to my perfervid explanation. Du Maurier turned aside to examine with great care and concentration of eyeglass the excellent water colors on the walls. We passed on to the suite of drawing-rooms. From the hall came a cheery chatter of voices of guests arriving—nine o'clock—for the party following on the dinner. Mrs. Freshfield met me and introduced me to Mrs. Du Maurier, a quiet woman, exceedingly handsome but aloof in manner. Mrs. Du Maurier received the introduction with an abstracted gaze and reminded her hostess how she had promised to take her husband home early. Orders were given to servants. The Du Maurier fly was discovered and Du Maurier appeared much wrapped up, took leave of host and hostess (no

note of me) and forthwith left; while I, as atonement, had to spend two weary hours talking to men and women who did not interest me.

Never again did I see him. He died when I was back in Africa. And I have felt that of all people who ever lived he and I should have been most congenial, should have best understood each other. Some years afterwards, when I was married and lived in Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, Gerald Du Maurier and his wife lived close by in some adjunct of the Terrace. Day after day I would see Gerald, when night after night I delighted in him on the stage. But I lacked the courage to address him. I longed for him to trip over my chow dog, that I might break the ice by apologizing. But Fate withheld any incident that might excuse my speaking.

Fate was the more perverse in that my wife and I came to make the acquaintance, in the country, of that extraordinarily beautiful woman, Du Maurier's eldest daughter Sylvia, who had married Llewellyn Davis and whose children had won the friendship of Sir James Barrie. I met Mrs. Llewellyn Davis in 1904 at Rustington, when she came to call on Lady Maud Parry (who lived next door to us in this Sussex village). It was a vision of entrancing loveliness. I saw her husband shortly afterwards. He seemed an ideal husband: young, good-looking, strong, prosperous, clever. Then a few years passed and a terrible rumor went round that he had had an unexpected operation for cancer . . . in the face. . . . They were down at the sea-side, trying to forget the horror, to play once more with their beautiful children, to listen to the quaint talk of their friend Barrie, to see what we had done to reveal the history and associations of our old Priory. Llewellyn Davis had to be served with tea in a cup and saucer apart from the set, which need not be used again. He ate the strawberries and cream and the bread and butter with difficulty. His talk, if it had been taken down by a shorthand writer, would have seemed cheerful, but its tone, the look in his eyes was of unfathomable grief. His beautiful wife's hair seemed already to show threads of gray. A few months later he was

dead. Then another year passed and she had followed, a victim to the same dread malady. . . .

As to Mrs. Earle. I called the next afternoon to apologize for my withdrawal from her party, and tell her the whole circumstances. She said: "After all the *trouble* I took to get Armine Wodehouse! There is only one thing you can do to obtain my forgiveness."

"What?"

"I have put my son Lionel into Messrs." (I forget the name) —"the great fire-engine people. They want to extend their business—into the colonies, I mean. You *must* want fire-engines in your Protectorate—Nyasaland or whatever you call it? Well: send Lionel an order for a good-sized fire-engine and I'll forgive you!"

So I perpetuated thus the only job that can ever be attributed to me: I ordered a fire-engine for Zomba. It came out but I never remember it being used. However it looked well.

In the early autumn of 1894 I needed a rest, so I started for a driving tour through Switzerland, which was one of the most delightful excursions I can remember. I took with me three of my sisters, and we were accompanied by Edward Vicars, then a clerk in the African Department of the Foreign Office (nowadays—H. M. Consul General in Marseilles). We first met near Lintthal, the charming village in fir-woods on the northern side of the Tödi Alp.

Here we painted, and scrambled, searching for alpine flowers, up to the limits of the snow.

We visited the respectable and thoroughly dull town of Glarus and then embarked on the main episode of the journey, a driving tour which commenced at Coire in the Engadine. In a thoroughly comfortable kind of brake drawn by two and sometimes four horses, and driven by one of the nicest types of Swiss coachmen I have ever met, we seemed to drive through Paradise; all over the Engadine, much of the Tirol, and of northern Italy, back into Switzerland over the Simplon, and on to Lausanne.

Thence we took train to Paris, and after a short stay there, returned to England.

Then began a multitude of preparations for the great effort—the real conquest of Nyasaland from the Arabs. For, all this time I realized that so long as the Arabs held North Nyasaland —the Nyasa-Tanganyika Plateau, and the Luangwa Valley—with their forts and their slave-trading armies, we were not the masters of British Central Africa. Through our much lesser struggle with the Yaos I had had to wait for Rhodes's as well as for the Imperial Government's assent to the recruitment of a sufficient force of Indian soldiers to make the conquest of the North Nyasa Arabs a virtual certainty. So, at the beginning of the nine weeks' frost of early 1895, I left London for Paris and Egypt.

In the previous autumn I had renewed the acquaintance of Sir Herbert Kitchener, whom I had first met in 1885 prior to his departure for Kilimanjaro. He had asked me to visit him in Cairo, as we might be mutually helpful to each other. He did not say how, but not being quite sure of the Indian Government's consent to my proposals, I had thought as an alternative I might be allowed by Kitchener to recruit three or four hundred trained Egyptian soldiers for my Nyasaland forces.

I reached Cairo from Port Said, but as there was no one at the station representing Kitchener, I decided to choose an hotel for myself, and so went to the Gezireh Palace. Soon after I arrived there, the hotel proprietor came to me with a look of dismay and said: "There is some trouble, sir! The Sirdar has sent a Corporal's guard to take you away." However, it was only a rather saturnine jest on Kitchener's part. I followed the guard to Kitchener's house in Cairo. There we were received by a bewildered Irish butler, who put me into a poorly furnished spare room, and after reflection advised me to engage an Egyptian servant to act as valet. This I did, but as no meal had been got ready I was told by the butler to repair to an adjoining club and seek for honorary membership, and a meal.

At dinner that night, however, Kitchener turned up, and we

had a rather solemn repast, with not much conversation. Next morning, he asked me to come to his study, and then introduced me to Major (afterwards Sir Reginald) Wingate, his Chief of Staff.

Wingate, he said, would explain to me his ideas as to the reconquest of the Sudan, and tell me the points on which I ought to lay emphasis in my projected interview with Lord Cromer. This conversation a little dismayed me; I wondered whether he had confused British Central Africa with Uganda, and whether he had imagined me as the Administrator of the latter country, and consequently established on the Upper Nile. However, I went to see Lord Cromer, not forgetting—as he had done—the episodes of our former meeting in 1884.

Lord Cromer was quite "all there" as to African geography. I told him frankly of my intense interest in "the Cape to Cairo" scheme, and my desire to further it as much as I could, and that that was the reason why I had caught at Kitchener's proposal that I should see him; but that I realized Kitchener had made a mistake as to my close association with the Sudan; that there was all Tanganyika and the German territory between us. All this Lord Cromer understood and brushed aside, and we engaged on an interesting and important discussion as to how the Sudan might be recaptured and afterwards held.

I reported the results of the conversation to Kitchener, who seemed to me very different from the Kitchener I had met the year before, in England; much more taciturn, and, as a host, extraordinarily lacking in the care of his guest.

I joined the India-bound steamer at Ismailia, reached Bombay and there was greeted by Captain Edwards, who though very pale and exhausted after Nyasaland fevers, was business-like and time-saving. After preliminaries at Bombay we went across India to Calcutta to see the Viceroy, and I experienced the glories of vice-regal hospitality; a bedroom which might have been allotted to a sultan, a sitting-room out of the *Arabian Nights,* and ante-chambers and verandas with exquisite flowers. Every one had been prepared for the discussions and for the explana-

Above: Mlozi, the chief of the slave-trading Arabs of North Nyasaland (1894).
Below: The breach made in Mlozi's stockade, December 5, 1895.

tions of the plan proposed, so there were little more than pleasant formalities to complete. My eldest sister had married several years previously one of the younger men (W. R. Yule) connected with shipping interests; he had been called into the discussion respecting transport; and my sister gave me some delightful picnics for seeing the river scenery and old Indian towns.

After about ten days' stay in this center, I moved down to what were called the Central Provinces, somewhere in the north of the Dekkan. Here we had really tropical scenery, abundance of palms, a suspicion of snakes everywhere, the highways thronged with elephants, and yet such wise and cautious elephants. One might be driving out to dinner in the darkness, and suddenly feel the back of one's head blown into by the tip of an elephant's trunk, he, of course, only desirous that he might not charge into a vehicle on the road.

From this place I went to Agra, and reveled in the Saracenic architecture of the seventeenth century, mainly designed by Italian architects, the sumptuous marble palaces of the Fort; the Taj-Mahal.

Delhi I did not care for so much: the hot red color of the bricks and stones in the buildings, the sinister attitude of the people, the abundance and rapacity of the fleas checked one's enthusiasm.

The next halt of any importance was made at Lahore, the old Sikh capital, the great city of the Panjab. Here there was much to do in the engagement of Sikhs from British Indian regiments.

Our plan, of course, on the understanding with the Indian Government, was not the recruitment of raw, untrained Indians for service in Africa, but the choice of suitable soldiers of sound training and good character from out of the ranks of the British Indian Army; and on this account not all English colonels of the Indian regiments were favorable to our schemes, or helpful and time-saving in regard to recruitments. The Colonel at Jhansi was a peculiar individual; very hospitable, in a way; very interesting, for he had been born in India; but desperately, persecutingly religious on very Low Church lines, a strong believer in

Hell for the unorthodox, and absolutely resolved not to let us have a single Sikh from his battalions. Jhansi was such an interesting city in buildings and in history, that I enjoyed my fruitless stay there, until it became a question of not wasting further time.

In Lahore, apart from business, there was much to be studied and much to be drawn and painted. Whenever I could spare the time, I used to start for the heart of the city in a magnificent landau, with a coachman and footman, and a pair of fine horses (which I hired for some incredibly small sum—perhaps two rupees a day), and draw up before the front of a lovely Persian mosque in the middle of a great open space, thronged with sellers of food and drink, of cottons, jewelry, and leather work.

Apparently my landau created no obstruction to the traffic; at any rate the greatest good humor prevailed. A few rupees offered to the keepers of stalls atoned for any disturbance I made in their trade, and they became at once my adherents regarding the portrayal of the mosque. Besides humans the square was full of birds and beasts of that strange familiarity so characteristic of India. Horses wandered about without hindrance, even walking up the steps of the mosque. Large sleepy buffaloes halted here and there to chew the cud, camels squatted in the roadway; pigeons flew in wreathes round the architecture or settled on the ground to feed.

From Lahore I went to Amritsar, which appeared to be the center of the Sikh religion, the city of the great Sikh Temple, surrounded or nearly surrounded by water. Here, in those days was a great emporium of carpets, which seemed to me beautifully made, and of great taste in color and design. They were also very cheap, so I made considerable purchases, for presents to African chiefs and for use in my own house in Africa.

The Sikh notabilities came to see me at Amritsar, incited to do so by the good reports which had been received of me from the returned Sikh soldiers in British Central Africa. Most of their leaders spoke excellent English and were men of high education. They inducted me, I believe, into some measure of Sikhdom, conferring on me the insignia, tiny models of those implements or weapons which were associated with Sikh religious ideas.

From this place I made several excursions to visit the returned soldiers from British Central Africa, in their own homes, thus getting to see extraordinarily picturesque but very dirty and verminous Sikh villages. The men, women, and children were so fine-looking, so handsome, so clean (and in the cases of the adults, so becomingly dressed) that I was surprised at their humility in regard to dwellings, and their tolerance of fleas, bugs and lice.

The very peasants seemed to me gentlemen and ladies in their speech and native courtesy. I had more or less learned Hindustani in Africa, and even, after three years' service with Sikhs, had picked up a good many words of their dialect (Gurmukhi). This acquisition was of course very much exaggerated by the returned Sikh soldiers, between whom and myself had grown up a remarkable degree of friendship; still a few words of Gurmukhi supplemented by Hindustani enabled me to conduct myself with propriety in the Sikh villages, and in towns like Amritsar.

From Amritsar I made an excursion into the little state of Panch (I think it was called). It was to see the Himalaya close at hand. Panch is on the southern borders of Kashmir, and here at an altitude of nearly seven thousand feet was the summer station of Dalhousie. Here was a comfortable homely, Swiss-like hotel kept by a nice Englishwoman; and although in March its proper season had not begun, there were still some pleasant officers there, either for health or surveying purposes. The views from the hotel verandas were sumptuous, and on a clear day almost awe-inspiring. One could look up the stream valley to the peaks of Brama, rising to over twenty-one thousand feet, and beyond them to other peaks of an altitude of twenty-three thousand feet. In the snowy rock gardens were groves of rhododendrons twenty feet in height with glossy foliage, and masses of crimson blossoms, and between us and the rhododendrons was a fringe of tall peach trees, showing no leaves but many sprays of rose-pink flowers. I do not think in all my life I have seen such an accumulation of beauty in color and form as in the views all round about Dalhousie, although no doubt this is by no means the climax of wonder and beauty in Indian scenery. If, from its precincts one's

gaze extended southwards into the great plains, one had a foreground of a mountain side, lovely in its spring flowers, with native huts jutting out, their thatched roofs being on a level with the mountain side above them. Beyond, there was a drop of six thousand feet to green, gold, brown and pinkish gray plains with a congeries of blue rivers dotted with white towns.

The Dalhousie excursion, however, was an extra; I could not feel that I was doing business there, so I had to return to work in the Panjab, and push as far to the north as Peshawar. I put up here at a comfortable hotel, but visited much at the house of the leading official, Mr. Louis Dane, afterwards Sir Louis Dane, famous for his Afghan negotiations.

I went from here as far as one was allowed to go up the Khaibar Pass, a splendid and impressive sight. The caravans going up and coming down from Central Asia were intensely interesting with their double-humped camels, their horses, asses and mules, the costumes and facial features of their Afghan, Tajik and Mongolian components. I was accompanied by a celebrated Anglo-Indian official—half an Afghan on his mother's side—who was politically in charge of the Khaibar.

From Peshawar ensued a wonderful railway journey down the valley of the Indus, and from Multan a zig-zag railway tour of several days brought me round Rajputana to Ajmir and Bombay.

Here we hired a steamer of one thousand tons belonging to the British India Line for the conveyance to Zanzibar and the mouth of the Zambezi of our party of several hundred Sikhs, English officers, and Indian artisans. I spent much money of my own in an attempt to introduce Indian buffalo, sheep, goats, pea-fowl, Chinese geese, ducks, turkeys, blossom-headed and ring-necked parrakeets into Africa. Such animals in those days could be purchased in India at absurdly low rates; but none of these introductions was able to stand for long the African climate—or, in reality, the African germ diseases, which killed most of them. The pea-fowl cost me so little that I must have bought about eighteen, but they had evidently been recently in a wild state. They seemed quite untamable. Midway across the ocean, as they were falling ill with confinement in cages, I gave them their

liberty on the ship, whereupon quite a dozen of them rose into the air with a despairing clamor, and flew northwestward, without the faintest hope, I feared, of their ever reaching any land. The others were recaptured and conveyed to Zomba. There, they took refuge in the jungle and were never seen again.

One of my projects in purchasing buffalo was the hope that the cows might serve as mothers to the African buffalo calves that we were frequently capturing, and thus bring about their domestication. But, although they proved docile as mothers, they died in a few months from tsetse-fly attacks.

Livingstone, of course, had had the same ideas in the 'sixties, and had similarly failed to establish the Indian buffalo in East Africa. I can not help feeling, however, that this introduction may be effected some day with success. Hundreds of years ago the Indian buffalo was introduced into the eastern Mediterranean countries, notably Italy and Egypt. In Egypt they are to be seen in the Nile Valley between Alexandria and Khartum. Perhaps this naturalized form might be more suited for introduction into Central Africa than the Indian or Malayan races.

No hitch, loss or disagreeable incident occurred, except the flight of the pea-fowl, between leaving Bombay, arriving at Chinde and disembarking on British territory at Chiromo, the confluence of the Ruo and Shiré.

This was partly due to the extraordinary efficiency of Major (as he had just been made in reward for his former services) C. A. Edwards and of the other British Indian Staff Corps officers. I conceived at that time, an opinion, never since shaken, that the training given to the British officers in Indian regiments, creates an exceptionally able body of men. They are all speakers of one, two, or three Indian languages in addition to English; many of them have mastered French, Russian, Persian or Arabic, being encouraged to do so by additions to their salary. They thoroughly understand the importance of the right rations for their troops and the general care of their men. Throughout all my survey and experience of the world, I have never met their superiors in education, bravery, or zeal.

CHAPTER XIII

On our arrival at Chiromo, we were told of a recent outbreak of trouble in the disturbed mountain district of Mlanje. It was said that raiding on the part of two Yao chiefs, one of them named Matipwiri, had recommenced. Amongst the complainants were two Portuguese (or French Catholic) missionaries who had been established at Matipwiri's town by the Portuguese authorities. Matipwiri had attacked their station and wrecked their chapel, plundering it of Communion vessels, and anything worth taking.

This man had been a constant source of anxiety and trouble for the previous ten years, so I resolved now to deal with him effectually. Nearly all his territory lay on the British side of the boundary, though his chief town was supposed to be under the Portuguese.

With Major Edwards's help, I organized and set on foot a strong expedition which I accompanied. We marched up the Ruo bank, day and night, with only occasional rests of an hour or two, and took Matipwiri completely by surprise, capturing one after another of his towns. The chief himself was eventually surrendered by his subjects or by the Portuguese; at any rate I never heard of him again, and after his imprisonment he may have settled down.

From Mlanje, after re-constituting its administration and establishing two more forts, I regained Zomba, and relieved Mr. Sharpe, who went rather reluctantly on a much needed holiday, reluctantly because he felt we were now undertaking the final conquest of Nyasaland.

I had a good deal of administrative work to tackle and finish, but Major Edwards meantime was preparing the great expedition, which was to finish with the North Nyasa Arabs, and the Southeast Nyasa Yaos.

We had, by this time, two gunboats on Lake Nyasa, a portion of the British Navy, run by Naval officers and crews; but these boats were not in reality of much use. The English firm that designed them could not get it out of its head that Lake Nyasa was very like the Thames, even if a little broader. Their capacity as transports was poor, either for cargo or passengers. Outside the two gunboats I had two steamers of the African Lakes Company to rely on. One of these, the *Domira,* was of fair capacity, and figured almost sensationally in all our lake and river wars. The other, the *Ilala,* was little more than a steam launch. Then there was the famous *Charles Janson* belonging to the Universities' Mission; but although this had often been placed at my disposal for pacific work, it was out of the question using it for war purposes.

I felt that if I could only transport in one voyage half of my expedition against the North Nyasa Arabs I might incite them to strike at the African Lakes Company and the missionaries before we could return with the completed party. There was only one way to effect the sudden and speedy landing of our four hundred Indian and African soldiers and some fifteen officers, and that was to ask the Germans to lend us their fine new steamer *Wissmann.* Of course, in proffering this request I had to reveal my purpose and if the Germans were traitors, they might have forewarned Mlozi, the chief of the North Nyasa Arabs; but ever since Colonel Hermann von Wissmann came to the lake in 1892, the German attitude there had been wholly on our side. My request for the use of the *Wissmann* steamer was no sooner put to Captain Berndt, than it was granted, and on further reference for confirmation to the German commandant at the north end of the lake, not only was it confirmed, but the *Wissmann* and its officers were actually to be "under my orders" for the term of a month.

Thus, with this little fleet, the whole of my expedition, amounting in all to nearly five hundred men, black, white, and yellow, was conveyed swiftly and landed suddenly at Karonga, taking every one there by surprise. My ultimatum was despatched to

Mlozi, but fearing to give him any time for preparations, the whole expedition started a few hours afterwards, and was encamped at a distance of half a mile outside Mlozi's fortress only two or three hours after the letter reached him.

From our camp I sent two messengers with loud voices to the limit of Arab gun-shot, to repeat the summons to an immediate conference. No answer was delivered. The Arabs, however, began firing from their walls. Our two field-glasses mounted on ant-hills gave us an intimate view of Mlozi's defences. The whole of his large town was surrounded by what seemed a pretty solid red clay wall, which turned out to be a double wall, its upper story consisting of a continuous circular range of dwellings, between the two walls, roofed at the top with a thatch.

Torrential rain began to descend, which soon put out the fires inside the town started by our incendiary shells. For two days the rain scarcely ceased. The miserable hutlet, in which I had my abode, became inundated. Major Edwards had already developed Black-water fever. On the third day the rain ceased, and a flag of truce was over the town. I gathered that Mlozi himself was coming to meet me to discuss terms, but I was warned by one of our Swahili spies to be very careful, as Mlozi was said to have a device for seizing me in a sudden rush and carrying me off to his citadel as a hostage.

The North Nyasa natives who had turned out about a thousand porters to convey our war material and other loads from the coast of Nyasa to our camp outside Mlozi's town (a distance of twelve miles) told us that seventy chiefs of their tribes had been seized by the Arabs and brought into the town to be held as hostages. I therefore halted in my advance to the walls, just at the approximate gun-shot limit, and had my message shouted to Mlozi, who himself, had halted at about a hundred feet distant just under the walls. Nothing resulted. He declined to come nearer. I refused to come within gun-shot. He returned to within the fort, and the Arabs started firing, but fortunately their aim or the distance made them harmless.

The siege was renewed. One of our officers, Mr. Walter Gor-

don Cumming, had established a camp of native auxiliaries on the opposite side of Mlozi's town; and joining him, I made a circuit of the whole place, keeping naturally out of the Arab gun range.

At last, on the fifth day, hearing rumors of an advance from the south of an Arab relieving force, we decided to finish the business by assaulting the town through the breach our artillery was to make in the double walls. We began by shelling vigorously a portion of the town where Mlozi was reputed to dwell in an Arab house of stone. Then we attacked the stockade on its eastern side with the whole of our force. After we had breached the walls and were on the point of entering, we were almost overwhelmed by an enormous surge of the besieged Arabs, their native soldiers and slaves. The rush was so great and desperate that it not only checked our assault, but held us up. The Sikh soldiers or their officers took it to be an assault in force, and their men lay on the ground while the officers in standing up were almost overwhelmed by the fugitives (as they turned out to be).

They were shouting the cry of surrender "Aman! Aman!" but some of them remained armed, and we had to shout to them to surrender their arms or they would be shot. One Arab made straight for me, not dropping his gun, and I had to shoot him through the head with my revolver, as he seemed all "berserkr," distraught either with panic or war fury. Hundreds of fugitives, however, were making for our camp, which practically had no defences, as we were throwing the whole of our forces on the attack. However, we could not turn back to see what they were doing, and as a matter of fact they were surrendering to the few of our servants and camp followers who were left behind.

We broke through the shattered walls and entered the town, deserted of inhabitants except here and there for some aged man or woman, some cripple or idiot; but in all directions we saw horrible sights of sixty or seventy headmen or chiefs of the North Nyasa tribes barbarously slain.

A hasty examination of the place revealed no sign of Mlozi or other Arabs.

All this time it had been raining in torrents, but now the sky

cleared, and for the first time in several days we had bright sunshine. Rather dejected, I made my way back to the camp, had a bath and a meal, and then as I saw the officers, one by one, straggling back for the same purpose—some of them wounded—I called a council. The one question we put, each to the other, was "What had become of Mlozi?" Victory was less than half victory without some solution of this problem.

There were numerous Arab prisoners in and around the camp or having their wounds dressed by the surgeon.

There was no immediate answer to the question and with gloomy faces we squatted down to eat a meal and exchange question and answer.

Presently from a distance began a faint cheering clamor, which soon rose to a deafening babble. The invaluable Atonga sergeant, Bandawe,[1] with a few other Atonga soldiers, was seen guarding a litter borne by native porters, and coming across to our camp from the smoking walls of the town.

The cry went up that this was Mlozi being brought in wounded. I realized the story to be true as I advanced to meet the little procession, and recognized Mlozi's features.

His eyes met mine without flinching, though he was evidently suffering a great deal of pain from some severe wound. He was handed over to the surgeon—Dr. Wordsworth Poole—to have

[1] Bandawe, an Atonga of the West Nyasa district was originally a Mission boy of Dr. Law's teaching. He learned to play the harmonium quite well; and after one or other of our victories on Nyasa used to make for the nearest Mission station with some of his men, and slinging his rifle at his back would sit down and play and sing hymns of triumph. I should like to think that this man, invaluable as an intelligence officer, honest and trustworthy, unfalteringly brave, who counted for much in the establishment of British rule over Nyasaland finally retired from our armed forces there on a sufficient pension; but I have never been able to ascertain that he did.

Another "native" character in these wars of Nyasaland who had traveled with me to Kilimanjaro in 1884, and who accompanied me throughout my Uganda journeys and negotiations in 1899-1901, was Ali Kiongwe, often referred to in the preceding pages. He was really invaluable during the seven years from 1889 to 1896, for obtaining information about the Arabs or Yaos. He was a Swahili Negro, born in some village on the mainland opposite Zanzibar, who had first been employed as a porter by the Church Missionary Society and the Universities' Mission. He was recommended to me as a headman by the celebrated Sparkes in 1884. He was eventually awarded a small pension by the British Government and a Zanzibar decoration by the Sultan of that land. He lost his sight and died about 1912.

his injuries examined. Then Bandawe was called upon for an explanation.

He had entered the town with the general rush of the troops, but having been there before as a boy, he knew more or less the site of Mlozi's house. With a few armed Atonga he entered it very quietly. It seemed utterly deserted, but after a wait of about an hour, when the clamor of the invading forces had died down, his attention was aroused by some slight noise. He saw a large wooden shutter which had been part of the floor being pushed on one side, and a man's arm coming up to clutch at some support. With a shout to his few men he flung himself on the arm, pushed away the board, seized a throat and half strangled its owner, and with his five or six Atonga found himself in an underground chamber. Here on some kind of a bed lay Mlozi, partly incapacitated by a gunshot wound. Bandawe, in the sincerest accents made it clear that any resistance would be immediately followed by death, and presently he got Mlozi lifted up on to the upper floor, and so brought him out of the building and the town.

About half the little army squatted for the night round about the hut where Mlozi was imprisoned. I was so exhausted with fatigue that I must have slept about ten hours, without a break. However, soon after waking and dressing, I received all the news that could be collected by our scouts and spies. Those of them headed by Ali Kiongwe who had penetrated some distance to the south, asserted that a large force of Arabs was steadily marching northwards and might be in a position to attack us in three days' time; so I felt that the settlement with Mlozi, so long deferred, must be hastened. I put him on his trial for one of the many counts against him: the murder of seventy native hostages in his fort.

Arabs amongst the prisoners testified that the massacre of these men was due to a direct order from Mlozi, so Mlozi was sentenced to death. He declined to say anything whatever in his own defence. For the twenty-four hours during which he was in our keeping, I do not remember his uttering a word, or making any remark. Having been told of the sentence, he was given two

hours in which to prepare himself, and an Arab amongst his former followers, who seemed to be a religious person, was set apart to pray with him. And then, at sunset, he was hanged.

We felt, at any rate, the next day, that though things might go hard with us in the event of another Arab attack, we had disposed for ever of our chief and worst enemy. On the morrow nothing very much happened, and most of the Europeans, when not on guard, slept in the tents we were now able to put up.

The day after, the rumors of the advancing Arabs became more definite, but I had decided to receive them here, now we had had time to arrange our forces and establish defences to our camp. But when they appeared, they came not as enemies but as suppliants, declaring themselves not to be slave-traders, but to have honestly purchased ivory and other trade goods at their principal camp, about forty miles away. In short—it was peace. From that time onward, I believe, we never again had to fire at an Arab.

On the last day of my stay in the camp, however, I began to feel terribly ill, and at Karonga, whither I was transported in a hammock, I found myself to be suffering from Black-water fever. Major Edwards, who had been crippled by that disease a few days prior to the fighting, had quite recovered, and constituted himself my chief nurse. I was put on board the German steamer, and carried away in her with great speed to the south end of Lake Nyasa, and down the River Shiré to Liwonde's town, where we had made a fairly comfortable station. Here, I got over the worst of the disease, and was carried with great care to the Zomba Mountains. I stayed for a while at the Church of Scotland Mission Station at Dombasi, and thence regained my much loved home at Zomba, able at last to send by Rhodes's telegraph line a cable to Lord Salisbury, announcing the end of the Arab War.

The return cablegram reached me a day or two afterwards conferring on me the K. C. B. The telegraph line which had just been constructed across Portuguese Zambezia to Blantyre and Zomba, also brought me the staggering news of the Jameson

raid, and then ceased to function, either because of an accident to the wires, or because some enemy had cut the communication.

Curiously enough, the first whiff of rumor concerning Jameson's action came not by telegram, but by a native report, showing how fast news could in those days be carried from one native tribe to another. Native opinion in those days was always anti-Boer and pro-British, and the first rumor was optimistic, presaging Jameson's success.

Unfortunately, the exhilarating cable announcing my K. C. B. was followed by a mail from India bringing the news of the death in child-birth of my eldest sister, to whom I had been much attached, and this piece of news coming to me in an enfeebled state nearly finished me. I was only brought back to convalescence by the devoted nursing of my Sikh orderly and my Persian steward, Hajji Askar.

February, 1896, found me quite recovered, endowed with so much vigor that I seemed untirable. It was my last stay—I felt—in British Central Africa, and I had much to do in the way of painting and photography, and the writing down of languages, to complete the studies I was going to embody in a book. I stayed at Zomba, working almost twelve hours a day, till Mr. Sharpe rejoined me from a holiday in England. Then, in May, 1896, I set out for home.

When I reached Zanzibar, I received by cable the news of my father's death. He had died on the verge of seventy-six.

Soon after reaching London I was directed to proceed to Windsor to be knighted by the Queen, and be given by her the K. C. B. which she had conferred on me at the beginning of 1896. This meant, of course, donning my uniform and proceeding to Paddington to place myself under the direction of Sir Albert Woods of the Heralds' Office.[1] I had the happy accident at Pad-

[1] I had made the acquaintance of Sir Albert Woods over by C. B. in 1890, and he had subsequently afforded me help in regard to designing the Heraldic device of British Central Africa. He was most kindly and informative in everything to do with coats-of-arms and heraldry, but I was rather surprised to find him very uncertain about his *h's*. He did not seem to care whether he stuck them on or took them off. Yet he had been born—so to speak—in the Heralds' Office where he succeeded his father.

dington Station of meeting Lady Lytton and Lady Loch, and traveling down with them to Windsor. I think Lady Lytton by then was a widow, and had been given a place at Court.

Not long after reaching Windsor Castle, I was admitted to the Queen's presence. The Duke of Connaught was standing by her to assist in presenting the candidates for decorations. The Queen was seated on a small throne or a high chair in a very tiny cabinet, one, I think, associated with Queen Anne. She held a bare sword in her hand. I knelt and was lightly tapped with the accolade. Unfortunately the Duke of Connaught had become mixed in his account of the candidates for various distinctions, so that he confused me with some military officer, who had been severely wounded in India or the Sudan, and the Queen looked at me with lack-lustre eyes and down-drooping mouth, displaying little or no interest.

I did not know what to do, and feared that something untoward might occur if I corrected the Prince in the Queen's presence and reclaimed my proper personality; so I had to listen to a few words of chilly condolence with regard to the non-existent wound, which, as the Queen said, with a flicker of recognition, seemed to have left no trace in my appearance or my alertness—and then at the given signal withdraw from the royal presence.

This was the more disappointing to me because from 1889 onwards, Queen Victoria had taken such a real personal interest in the efforts to put down the Slave Trade in Nyasaland, and make it a British Protectorate.

Through Sir Henry Ponsonby she had made enquiries as to the success of coffee planting, and had acknowledged in unusually gracious terms the gift of a consignment of coffee from the Shiré Highlands plantations. She had signed letters written both in Swahili and in English which I had submitted to her, for subsequent delivery to the friendly Arabs like Jumbe of Kotakota, had sent them the presents I had recommended,[1] and in fact, done everything that she could to back up my efforts.

[1] In 1890, I had told the Queen, through Sir Henry Ponsonby, of Jumbe of Kotakota (the old Arab chief of S. W. Nyasaland), of his effectively

Much of this intervention was no doubt due to the advice of Sir Henry Ponsonby or of Lord Salisbury; still there was evidence of a personal interest on her part, connected, I was told, with the work of Livingstone in that direction.

I looked forward therefore to being questioned on the events of Nyasaland; but as I was introduced to her only as an officer who had been wounded in some Indian or African war, she probably never realized when I knelt before her that I was connected with the finishing of Livingstone's work.

After lunch, at the Castle, I was shown the extraordinarily interesting collection of royal miniatures in the Library, which had recently been arranged under the Queen's directions.[1] Later on, in King Edward's reign, I went to see them again to make a more detailed examination. They commenced, if I remember rightly, with the Portrait of Richard the Second. There was a very striking miniature of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, an illegitimate son of Henry VIII., born in 1519, who lived to be

kind reception, the interest he took in her, and his respect for the memory of Livingstone. The result was that the Queen intimated her desire to send him a handsome present in return for his tusks of ivory (which used to be exhibited at Windsor Castle). I advised, among other things, his being sent a full toilet service, to be made for him at the potteries, and inscribed, here and there, with the Royal initials—V. R. I. The Queen intimated her approval, and I went down to Hanley or some such place among the Five towns and superintended the finish of these inscriptions, besides choosing the general pattern, coloring and styles. When, some years afterwards, I made the solemn presentation to Jumbe there was one awkward moment at the close of the unpacking of this splendid toilet service. In the array set forth on his great veranda were two vessels not specially ordered by me, but supplied almost mechanically in those days with any complete toilet service. "And what are these for?" said the delighted old man: and then himself supplying the answer: "*I* know! One for rice, the other for curry." And to that honorable function they were apportioned in the meal that followed.

[1] I did not realize till I saw this collection and much else illustrative of British history in Windsor Castle, how spiteful Fate had shown itself towards the Stuart dynasty in balking its succession through legitimate children. James II. had not less than eight children—the first four being boys, created Duke of This and That—born in England of his first wife, the Lady Anne Hyde, and seven by the second wife, Mary of Modena, *fifteen* in all. Queen Anne, James's second daughter, had five children, but not one lived to succeed his mother. Mr. Holmes, the Librarian of Windsor Castle, had assisted Queen Victoria to get together this superb collection of portraits, the earliest of which—I think—was a miniature of Richard II.

eighteen years of age and whose death did more than anything else to drive Henry to wild courses. They included interesting portraits of some royal connections of Queen Elizabeth and the last of the Tudors.

From the beginning of the seventeenth century they became more numerous. It was really a feast of history, a good deal of which did not seem to have been written, or if written had not been published.

The Queen had been in no way fastidious, and had sought for genuine portraits of the illegitimate as well as the legitimate connections of the British dynasty. Some of her purchases had been made in Italy during the 'eighties. I have heard nothing more of this wonderful collection since the death of King Edward but I presume it is still in the Library at Windsor. One would wish that it could be reproduced by photography and published as a contribution to history. Many of the people therein illustrated were only known to me by name hitherto. It made all the difference to realize what they looked like in real life, and I respected the Queen's boldness in facing old scandals, so as to enrich history.

My visit to Windsor occasioned an unfortunate misunderstanding with Edmund Gosse. I knew more about him in those days than he did about me, because in my boyhood I had been trained to read the writings of his father, an official in Jamaica; who had, unfortunately, combined an extraordinary interest in Natural History with a maddening degree of piety. His writings had been approved by my parents, and I had been led through them, snatching eagerly at the information they yielded on West Indian biology, or the guesses they made as to the African fauna, but irritated over their evangelical gush.

I did not, until after I had visited Jamaica, realize what a remarkable observer and recorder was Philip Gosse in his contemplation of the world's fauna. Yet it was he—long ago—who first put me on the track of the Okapi. In a book which he published somewhere in the middle of the 'sixties, he discussed the possibility of the "unicorn's" existence almost in that very region of

Above: Lieut. Colonel C. A. Edwards, commandant of the Nyasaland forces in the last war (1895-7) against the Arab slave-traders.

Below: Arab traders in Nyasaland (1895).

Equatorial Central Africa where the Okapi was actually found. He based his suppositions on the works of Dapper and other Dutch, French, Portuguese or English travelers in the Cameroons and western Congoland, in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries.

Re-reading all this and discussing the matter with Stanley before going to Uganda, I came to the conclusion that there must be some large hoofed animal haunting the Congo Forest and described by Stanley as a kind of donkey occasionally caught in pits. Thus, as will be seen later, the Okapi was brought to light, but the first promoter of the quest was Philip Gosse, and his son Edmund I knew as a literary man, a genial Government official, in a dull office, and the giver of good dinners.

Edmund Gosse saluted my return to England by an invitation to dine with him and a circle of literary men at his club. I accepted. The club in reality was The National, a little-known institution located in Whitehall Gardens, much frequented by Government clerks who could be very cynical and amusing over its conditions, its membership being restricted to persons who were "members of the Church of England."

Then came my "command" to Windsor, and, in view of the possibility of being asked to stay the night at the Castle, I wrote or telegraphed to Gosse, explaining why, with deep regret, I could not fulfil the engagement on that particular night. Unfortunately I addressed it to the National *Liberal* Club. It went to the National Liberal, and there it lay for several days, till the hall porter bethought him that Mr. Gosse was not a member, and re-addressed the envelope to where he might be found. But of course in the meantime the dinner took place. It had been carefully, even beautifully arranged. The hour struck, the guests assembled with only one absentee. They waited for three-quarters of an hour, at last gave me up, dined without me and vowed themselves for the rest of their lives enemies and detractors.

I have, it is true, often dined, supped and tea-ed with Gosse subsequently, but it has always been with his reserve, "I ask you, but if you don't come, I shall not care a button."

A serious blow awaited me soon after my return to England. Sir Percy Anderson—whom I had come to regard as a second father; the man who from the autumn of 1883 onward had done so much to encourage me to enter the Government Service in Africa, and who had hoped after my settlement of British Central Africa difficulties, to see me made Minister at Brussels, to guide King Leopold's footsteps along the right lines of African development—was suddenly seized with symptoms of a wandering clot in his veins. I dined with him the night after my arrival in London, and within another week he was dead.

One of his last ideas, and the first expressed on my return home was that I should be lent his wife's house in the Bournemouth pine-woods for a month's complete rest; but as this was rendered impossible by his death, and his widow's mourning, I took instead a country house prettily situated near Wimborne, overlooking the broad valley of the Stour, and with the ground behind it rising into beautiful forested hills. Here I had my sisters and various Foreign Office friends to stay. It was the real sunrise of the bicycle. A year or two previously the Safety bicycle had been perfected, and all the world was on wheels. My comparatively large house-party—which included, before long, Winifred Irby, to whom I was engaged to be married, and her brother—was all mounted on bicycles, and we went on expeditions of astounding length and variety: all over Dorsetshire, Wilts, and much of Hampshire.

I visited my beloved Mrs. Freshfield in the New Forest, where her family was settled for the summer; and her delightful Ritchie sisters at their Dorsetshire home. On October 15th I was married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and we spent a month's honeymoon in Italy, during an exceedingly, exasperatingly rainy autumn. We first went to the Chenevix Trenches at Cadenabbia on Lake Como.

I did not wish to commence our honeymoon as guests in a friend's house, but the Chenevix Trenches in those days, besides a lovely villa in North Italy and an apartment in Rome, lived also at Queen Anne's Mansions, where my London home was established.

Sir Clare Ford was then Ambassador at Rome, whom I had several times visited on my way to and from Africa to advise him on Italian claims. He had asked us to put in a few days of our honeymoon at his house, as he wanted to discuss with me the Italian situation in Abyssinia and East Africa. There were also some small matters to be arranged at the Vatican, concerning Portuguese Missions in Nyasaland. So Rome must certainly form part of my wedding tour. But the visit to Cadenabbia was somewhat unfortunate. We arrived there, newly married, in torrents of down-pouring rain. The house was recently finished, faultless in appointments and design, almost too original in its conception and its charm, even for me who thought myself advanced in such matters. But the Trenches had reached a high aestheticism beyond my utmost peering. They were esoterically aesthetic, or else I was dazed by marriage and bewildered by the floods of rain.

Sometimes we were called out by our host—the "we" being five men—to save his steam launch and its boat-house from destruction by the elements, thus bringing us close up against the primitive warfare of the weather; or, after dinner, shutters closed and blinds drawn, we were borne into realms of discussion and art appreciation beyond my powers; or we heard the music of various instruments or songs in tenor and soprano of such excellence that I was not attuned to appreciate, with the raging of the storm outside.

I am ashamed to say we both felt thankful, naturally and conversationally, when we steamed away in the express from Como to Rome. Here, my wife explored the catacombs, and saw the conventional sights, whilst I penetrated the Vatican, and conferred with Cardinal Ledochovski. He was at that time at the head of the Propaganda in Rome, and my object was to assure him that the White Fathers under the somewhat fussy, intensely Francophil Cardinal Lavigerie of Algeria, and the Portuguese Missionaries from Moçambique would be just as likely to prosper and make converts under the British flag as under the Portuguese insignia.

Cardinal Ledochovski was an accomplished man of consider-

At last the decision was made—Sir Alfred Milner. I suspect very much on the personal pleadings of Cecil Rhodes, who professed himself delighted with the choice.

It was generally assumed by him and his friends—I hesitate to write advisers, as he very seldom took any one's advice—that the choice of Milner by Chamberlain meant the eventual coercion of the Transvaal, the coming South African War. Whether, if I had been chosen instead, I could have maintained British supremacy south of the Zambezi without a conflict with Kruger, I can not say. I was quite as much opposed to the mental attitude of the recalcitrant Boers and Africanders as Lord Milner could have been. Their policy towards the natives was far more despotic and wilfully stupid than ours had ever been; their lack of interest in native languages, in intelligent Natural History, exceeded ours by many degrees.

However, the non-selection of myself for a work that would have greatly interested me, was a disappointment, and I felt it was due to Rhodes's enmity more than to any other cause.

A good deal of the spring of this year was taken up with close work on my book on *British Central Africa,* and its illustrations. I also, under the encouragement of Ella Hepworth-Dickson wrote a short story for the *Saturday Review,* then under the editorship of the wayward Frank Harris. I have forgotten the name and substance of the story, though it was based on a real happening in Central Africa, but I attached a great deal more importance to its publication than seemed justified. Since the middle of the 'eighties I had had a strong desire to write truth under the form of fiction, and in 1889, my first story (*The History of a Slave*) was published by the *Graphic.* But Frank Harris seemingly did not share my views or was not impressed by my work. He grudgingly accepted a second story (*A Study of Mission Life*) but it never appeared, and when I proffered timid enquiries, I was bluntly told it had been mislaid or lost, and there was an end of the matter.

Somewhere about May or June in 1897, I was offered by Lord Salisbury the post of Consul-General in Tunis, on the transfer-

ence of the occupant to Venezuela. I accepted this, not without pleasure, because although the salary and allowances did not meet its expenses, I knew it of old, and the two houses that would be allotted to me. Being thus satisfied as to my immediate future, I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the second Jubilee. We saw the procession magnificently and under circumstances of the utmost comfort from the *Graphic* Offices in the Strand.

We went to a party given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and several other State ceremonials of the same kind, and as soon as the last London reception was over, we moved down to a charming rectory in West Sussex, which I had taken for three months.

This was at Walberton, a little more than three miles west of Arundel, and situated in those days in truly beautiful scenery; old villages with scarcely an ugly or a modern house in them; old churches going back to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; magnificent woods belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, into and through which we penetrated unhindered and unhampered by any disagreeable question from a keeper. To the north there were the downs, and we were experiencing at that time the new joy of the bicycle. We all bicycled, my wife and myself, my brothers and sisters, and almost all my friends. On an occasional night of full moon, we bicycled all night, and saw the dawn from the Sussex Downs, sleeping afterwards in the hot day-time. Never before, had I realized the full beauty of West Sussex scenery, between the Arun and the Hampshire border. The twenty-five following years though they have found me settled in Sussex, have provided the disheartening spectacle of the breaking up of this beauty, the building of ugly but convenient modern houses in ancient villages, the cutting down of woods, the establishing of brick-works, the erection of corrugated iron chapels, and the adoption of corrugated iron, the ugliest of all materials that ever came from man's hand, as the sheet anchor of the farmer for roofing and storage. The strewing of paper by excursionists created by the bicycle, and the mysterious multiplication of Gypsies—a nomad population of southern England, originat-

ing in the East End of London, filthy in habits and clothing, covered with vermin, entirely without education, but scarcely more Romany in descent than I am—under all these agencies (stimulated from its false capital, Brighton) the beauty and the former interest of Sussex are disappearing at a rapid rate. But in 1897 these horrors and disappointments were unforeseeable, and I resolved that when the time came for my retirement, I would try to make a home in West Sussex.

In the meantime I started for Tunis in September, 1897, making arrangements for my brother Alex to join me as my private secretary. He was nineteen years younger than myself, and had what seemed to me a practical education under my own guidance, and much of it in France. He had mastered shorthand and typewriting, and had learned French very thoroughly at a place whither several of my friends at the Foreign Office had resorted for the same purpose.

I went out to Tunis alone, having business to do in Paris on the way with Sir E. Monson, then Ambassador at Paris. I also wished to put in a few days of study at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. Here they had a fine collection of West African water-birds, including that beautiful creature, the saddle-billed stork. I had brought back from Central Africa two pictures painted there, which I wished to finish, and send to the Royal Academy. One of these depicted a scene on the shores of Lake Nyasa; a collection of crocodiles and water-birds on a sand-bank against a background of papyrus.

CHAPTER XIV

When I reached Tunis to take over the charge of the Consulate from Mr. Gerald Lascelles who had been Acting Consul-General, the summer heats still persisted. They were terrific; but probably in the accounts rendered and the temperatures cited (115°, 112° in the shade) they were somewhat exaggerated. To go out in the day-time between nine in the morning and three, seemed to me like walking through white flame, as though at any moment, one's clothing might ignite and burn one up.

The previous holder of this post at Tunis had left both town and country house in a great state of untidiness and disorder, and my first impressions were the sadder because I dimly remembered these houses under the delightful hospitality of Mrs. Reade. I saw great changes, great improvements in Tunis, but some suppression of picturesqueness; though nothing like as much in this respect (I afterwards learned) as what prevails to-day.

My wife joined me a few weeks later, and with her co-operation we soon got the beautiful country house—palace, it was—at Marsa, clean, comfortable, and adequately furnished.

From one cause or another, however, I had become unwell with a poisoned and swollen foot, so that it was with the greatest difficulty and something approaching agony, that I dressed in uniform and tight boots, for presentation to the Bey of Tunis. The French Minister Resident, Mons. René Millet, I soon realized as a friend. I felt we could not possibly be enemies. In the first place Great Britain had given in to France in all directions over Tunis. We had just concluded a new re-arrangement of our rights in that Regency which virtually sacrificed them to French insistence. There was the position of the Maltese subjects to watch, but they themselves in Tunis and Algeria were so well inclined towards France, that in the latter country many of them

were becoming French subjects. In short, there seemed to me, to be little or nothing to quarrel about in this direction; and as I had assisted at the opening phase of the French domination in Tunis, on the French side, no British official could have been found more sympathetic towards French rule.

Mons. Millet was one of the most likable French officials with whom an Englishman could deal. He was connected in relationship with Mrs. Belloc, through her French husband, and referred to her children—Hilaire Belloc and Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes—as his cousins. He had several times visited England and the United States, and was in every sense of the word, a man of the world. His wife was the perfection of a Frenchwoman, handsome, dignified, motherly, and musical, and they had a nice family of children—the eldest, Philippe Millet, has since become a famous soldier and war correspondent. Millet's principal assistant, the Deputy Minister Resident—so to speak—was Paul Révoil, the husband of a really beautiful and really charming—one has to insert this adverb to insist that one's praise is well merited—Irishwoman. He afterwards became celebrated as the French Envoy in Morocco. One of Millet's Consul-secretaries (Mons. Gaussin) was a Norman, and with his sister seemed more English than French—and so one might run on. I can not remember meeting a single person in the French civil-officialdom of Tunis, that was not pleasant, capable and inclined to be friendly. Here and there still existed and lingered occasional individuals, Tunisian and even French (such as the Director-General of the Bône-Guelma Railways) whom I had known seventeen years before. But for the most part the officials and my Consular colleagues were new acquaintances. Amongst these colleagues, we liked the best the Austro-Hungarian Consul-General (the Baron von Pereira) and his wife and daughters. Mme. de Pereira was in nationality a Croat. She was exceedingly handsome, and kind-hearted to match. Her daughters, Yetta and Annie, were worthy of being her daughters. Yetta, who might have passed anywhere as being a pretty English girl, often came to stay with us, or traveled with us into the interior. The Great War amongst many

other deprivations cut off our relations with these lovable people, but they are often with us in our thoughts, Yetta especially, who spoke English like a well-bred Englishwoman, and although only in the early 'twenties, knew English literature better than we did.

The German Consul-General in those days was generally a mysterious traveler in the Sahara, and the Italian Consul-General, oddly enough, seldom became one of our intimates. Among these intimates was Mme. Aubert, the wife of the afore-mentioned Director-General of the Railways. She was in reality of American birth, but of a family much estranged from the United States, and associated with the Mediterranean. I believe she was a descendant or connection of John Howard Payne, American Consul in Tunis, nearly a hundred years ago, who wrote the words of *Home, Sweet Home*. I know she was much connected with the affairs of the English Church and cemetery in Tunis, that were nominally under my guidance, and we used to have amiable correspondence about the graves of her ancestors, which had to be moved to provide a better site for a larger church. She was, theoretically, a Protestant, though married to a very thoroughgoing Catholic.

Our English pastor in Tunis was in reality a worthy German in origin, though he may in course of time have become a naturalized British subject. I think his wife was also German; but they derived the greater part of their modest income from a British society of long standing for the conversion of the Jews. Mr. Flad was in reality a Lutheran bred and born, muscle and bone, but he tried out of politeness to be Anglican. The one thing he could not himself distinguish, and therefore abolish, was his German accent. This I remember from the very first sermon I heard him preach on New Year's Day in 1898. He announced that his subject was "Pease." He wished for us through the coming year "Pease from the Prince of Pease, Pease in our hearts, pease in our lives. Pease from the Prince of Pease."

I became so fidgety and upset over the trouble in my foot, that as soon as my wife was established in her Tunisian home, I resolved—in order to forget it or force a cure—to go on a long

tour of inspection down the coast of Tunis, as far as Tripoli, where I might see my British colleague and discuss some points affecting both the Consulates. I also hoped to explore the Tunisian Sahara during the cool season, and obtained the necessary permission and backing from Mons. Millet, so that I could enter the military zones without fear of indiscretion.

My visit to Tripoli interested me greatly, and my reception at the hands of Mr. Jago could not have been kinder. His Consular residence outside was of aggressive blankness, a thoroughly eastern exterior, but inside it was a delightful Moorish palace, with patios and hanging galleries, bananas, palms and flowers, rich carpets, and an array of curiosities, classic and mediæval. I rode out to palm groves and stretches of desert-sand, distant views of Tripoli, and encampments of surly Moors. In the recesses of the town I made sketches in the bazaars of wonderful mosque fronts, streets with a long perspective of arches. Then from Tripoli my steamer turned back to the coast of Tunis, and landed me and my one attendant, the good-tempered janissary from the Consulate, Muhammad bel Hajj. Though he had never traveled so far afield before, he considered himself competent to serve as guide and interpreter. He was a Moor of good family connected for several generations with the British Consulate; he spoke French and some Italian, and my own Arabic, though originally learned in Tunis, had become so shaky from disuse, that I always talked to him in French, even though in the course of two years with us, he learned English and I reacquired Arabic. Like most Moors, he was a good rider.

Coming from Tripoli, I landed at the capital of the island of Jerba. The people of this remarkable island were said to be of mainly Berber stock. They belonged to some distinct sect of Islam, which had come into existence as early as the close of the seventh century. How far it differed from orthodox Islam, I have forgotten, if I ever knew. It really seemed to me after seeing that island that the Islamic invaders had absorbed and adopted the beliefs of some ancient Phœnician faith.

Another point that interested me in Jerba was seeing the tidal

Mediterranean. In this dip of the Greater Syrtis, there is more evidence of tidal action than elsewhere in the Mediterranean, a rise and fall of two to three feet, so that the sands are alternately left bare and re-covered by the waves.

From Jerba we were ferried across to the mainland, and on hired horses we sped away over the desert to the French garrison post of Medenin.

The Moorish town here with its groves of palm-trees, its mud-colored buildings, but white-domed mosques, was exceedingly picturesque. Thenceforth all of the towns inland were objects to me of interest, from their many tall, domed buildings in mud bricks, and their doors with huge keys and Brobdingnagian locks. We traversed the Matmata Highlands, where we left the desert altogether, for a region of scrub, long grass and even woodland. Here or in the south of this district was a country of wonderful underground dwellings, adaptations of the cave. In this or that place you might live in a small area and see all degrees of development in cave-dwelling. There might be the unimproved crevice or hollow in the limestone rock used now and again for human habitation. Then there were specimens of these caves where the entrance had been restricted by the employment of timber stakes. The interior also had been enlarged and modified by hacking. From this you would pass to something stylish and developed; a precipitous front of limestone into which door and windows had been cut.

You passed through the door, and there was quite a habitation within carved neatly out of the limestone, and comprising three or more rooms. Again, in some adjoining district, there might be quite a different style of dwelling. When you had seen all the developments and ramifications from the mere cave to the elaborated cave dwelling, cut out and carved, furniture and room-space alike, from the limestone rock, you came to the horizontal system. In this case, you suddenly found yourself riding along the edge of a short precipice. Then you were directed into a gulley deep enough for the passage of camels, and you emerged through natural arches of stone into a great chamber open to the sky.

From this central apartment, rooms of a more private nature were cut out of the rock. Some of these excavations were large, to serve for the housing of a whole clan. They were delightful places to sleep in, as the temperature was so even, neither very hot nor very cold; and lighted up by oil lamps, the white-gray glistening walls looked clean. I never remember being plagued with fleas in this cave country.

One noteworthy place we visited was Dwirat, an ancient town on a fragment of a table-topped mountain. The plateaux round about had been cut up at some period by a heavy rainfall into sections with precipitous sides, ending in long stony slopes. In the river valleys which wound through this plateau country, there were oases and clumps of palms, and occasionally a little water.

A winding path developed by the French into a fairly good road, wound and twisted up the face of Dwirat, and landed you in the extraordinary town which hung to the summit. This town seemed to be the product of centuries; one could have imagined its beginning nearly three thousand years ago with some settlement of the Phœnicians indicated by cyclopæan masonry of unmortared stones. Above that was a Roman phase; then several tiers of Saracenic style, ending in a pert little gimcrack French Post Office, erected only a few years previously.

The people of Dwirat still used in their homes a Berber dialect, of which I wrote down a number of words, but of course to me they spoke Tunisian Arabic. The chief or sheikh of the town was a charming, handsome man, beautifully dressed in Moorish garments, hospitable, friendly and informative. I made a painting of him for the *Graphic,* against a background of open Sahara, two thousand feet below. He was feeding his pigeons; and throughout the towns of Tunis I always delighted in the pigeons of many varieties, many colors.

I left Dwirat with regret. The delicious air, the winding up-and-down streets of its three-thousand-years-old town; the great good looks of its people, who seemed to pass their time from one festivity to another—even the funerals had a quaint aspect that bordered on gaiety. There was no visible representative of

Upper left: A young Okapi.

Upper right: The baby zebra kept at Entebbe.

Below: A Congo Pygmy riding the baby elephant.

France, except a half-caste postmaster. Caravans seemed to arrive from across the desert, and I conversed with a dark-complexioned traveler, who had come from Timbuktu, and had seen steamers of the Niger Company on the Lower Niger. I asked what was his ostensible profession, and I was told "a dentist," and that he attended generally to the teeth of the Sahara tribes between southern Tunis and Timbuktu.

From Dwirat, however, I had to turn north and ride, sometimes losing my way, but never deserted by the faithful Muhammad, over the Matmata plateaux to Gabés, near the coast. Here I re-visited my old friend, Allégro of seventeen years before, who was now closing his career in Tunis as Governor of Gabés. His fine eyes had lost their power of seeing, and he had become a shaky invalid.

From this place I rode to Gafsa, where I spent some days in business with Maltese British subjects, and in sketching amazingly picturesque buildings, which, as in all other towns of Tunis, dated from the closing centuries of Roman rule.

From Gafsa I rode to Tebessa in Algeria, through a country which became increasingly elevated, picturesque and forested as you passed northwards, strewn also with Roman ruins to such a degree that in some places the towns seemed only to have been deserted a few years before, the buildings looking just as they would have done in the fourth or fifth century, with doors still standing and streets not much obstructed. It seemed a land under enchantment, for there were very few visible inhabitants, only an occasional shepherd, most of the people being nomads, and of Berber stock. From Tebessa I returned by rail to the town of Tunis in the middle of December.

Here are extracts from a long letter written by Lady Johnston describing an entertainment we gave at Marsa on Boxing Day, 1897. I had seen the performances of that curious sect, the Aissawia in 1880, either in Algeria or Tunis. I heard that the sect had its headquarters somewhere near Tunis and it occurred to me that a performance on their part might be of interest to our guests. Upon my suggesting this to our two janissaries who

were to convey the invitation, I was told there was very little chance of its being accepted, as, though the word "Aissawia" inferred "a follower of Jesus" it was only Jesus according to Muhammadan ideas, and Christians were abhorrent to an Aissawia's mind. However, I knew something more than they did about the matter; I had some slight personal acquaintance with the leader of the local "lodge."

So the invitation was transmitted in a letter which I painfully wrote in Arabic under the direction of Muhammad bel Hajj. In the letter I had delicately to enquire what would be the expenses of the entertainment. To our astonishment we received quite a gracious reply saying that the total expenses would only be equivalent to £8 in English money, that the number of people attending would be about fifty, and that although I was quite right in assuming that the sect did not give any exhibition of singing and dancing on Christian premises, the house I lived in was a former palace of the Bey of Tunis and was considered orthodox in the eyes of the Aissawia.

Their story of not performing save in a Muhammadan house, was apparently true; since, when it was known that they were to appear at the British Consulate in Marsa there was a rush, almost a clamor, for invitations which ended by including not only the leading Maltese and British subjects but a large proportion of the French and Italians.

The great Moorish hall of the Consulate was a fit and proper theater for the performance. A number of rooms opened on to the hall and outside was a broad veranda with steps leading down into a garden on either side.

Here, then, is Lady Johnston's letter:—

"Marsa, Tunis,
"*December 28th*, 1897.

"I ought to have my letter ready to send to you to-day, but we have been made so busy with the party that I am late. Not only busy but at times very anxious as everything seemed to go wrong till after it was over. In the first place, Harry issued the invitations for 'Boxing Day,' December 26th, without stopping to enquire about the day of the week. And when they were all sent out

and nearly all accepted, we learned that Boxing Day was on a Sunday! This, of course, seemed quite right and proper so far as the French, Italians and Maltese were concerned, but it greatly upset our chaplain, Mr. Flad, who is rather Sabbatarian. However, it was too late to make any change and it was a day which for some reason seemed very auspicious to the Aissawia.

"In the long run our party went off very well. About one hundred and fifty people came, or perhaps rather more. I think I told you in a previous letter that we had engaged the Aissawia, or as I called them then, the 'devil dancers,' which was Mr. Lascelles's name for them. It really seems, oddly enough, that 'Aissawia' means in Arabic 'Followers of Jesus.' . . . Well, they came to our party, forty-seven of them, mostly Arabs, but some partly negro. It had rained rather in the night so that both performers and audience had to remain under shelter, but the drawing-room and veranda outside are very large and took us all in. Before beginning the Chief of the Aissawia came up to Harry and asked if the ladies had not better retire to the two smaller rooms that opened off the main drawing-room, and watch the performance from the doors, as if they remained outside he would not dare to let his men go. Harry, however, after questioning some of the ladies, said 'no,' as they would not see enough of the performance.

"However, we compromised by seating the more elderly in the background and leaving open all the doors—there are five—which gave on to the drawing-room.

"Then the Aissawia began. Some of them sat on the marble pavement and began to play on drums and tambourines and to sing in a slow monotonous chant. The rest of the company stood in front of the musicians in two opposite lines, swaying their bodies and nodding their heads backwards and forwards in time to the music. This went on for a short while until the men's faces began to get excited. Then one of the singers got up and began to feed some of the standing men with bits of glass which they cracked up in their mouths and seemed to enjoy. Then they were given scorpions—live ones—which they took readily and seemed to masticate. Then the Saint of the party began to get excited and removed some of his upper garments. Taking a sword in his hand he walked up and down cutting himself until the blood came. After this, another of the men took a hammer and knocked the sword into the Saint's side. Next he passed long pointed pieces of iron through his cheeks from right to left, through his ears and nose, and even into his throat. The face of

the Saint looked by this time as if he were half-asleep. During this performance the dancing Aissawia kept calling out the name of Jesus in Arabic—Aissa, it seemed to be.

"Presently the Saint seemed to come to his senses. He removed the sword point from his side and the iron spits that had been passed through his cheeks. He lit a torch and held his clothes over it, and they did not burn. Then he passed his hand through the flame of the torch and waved the torch about his body. After this he went and sat down with the musical performers, and there came in his place a man who ate iron bars, or at any rate, seemed to do so. Whilst he was doing this, two or three of the Aissawia called out 'Take care' in two or three languages, as though they were startled, whilst a man looking quite mad, dashed out of the crowd on to the veranda. The Maltese bandsmen who were standing on the steps made way for him in double quick time. He literally flew down the stairs, taking five or six at a time, with his turban off and his long tail of unwound hair floating in the wind. He disappeared down the garden. The Chief of the Aissawia sent some men after him, but he really seemed to run like the wind, and presently we saw him coming back as fast as he had gone, carrying on his head a great mass of prickly pear leaves, the thorns of which are so fine and sharp that if one gets pricked by them, it makes a red and swollen place which lasts for days.

"As the man rushed back past us into the drawing-room, we saw that it was our own Arab gardener! He ran to the feet of the Aissawia leader and put down the mass of prickly pear leaves before him. Then he threw himself upon it and rubbed his face against it. All this time he looked quite mad. His eyes were squinting, and his face was pale and drawn and there was foam on his lips.

"I began to think it was time to get near a door and most of the other ladies followed my example. Lulu only remained where she was, but she said afterwards it was not bravery, but because her dress was shut in between two seats so that she could not move! . . . The man who followed our gardener in performance became so violent that he had to be held by eight or nine strong men, and it was about all they could do to keep him in their hold, whilst he ate raw meat. I was told he wished to have a bite out of some of us, as he was what they called 'a man eater.' When the fit is on him he can not hold himself in. He was half a negro, and his face with its mad rolling eyes and foaming mouth was awful. They got a hood over his head at last, and he fell to

the ground in a kind of fit, and was quiet. All this time, other men were foaming at the mouth, eating iron bars and glass, and dancing a wild dance, while the kind of chant they were singing (which I am told, was a prayer to Jesus, until the end when it was changed into a prayer to God) grew louder and louder until it ended suddenly with a great shout. The dance stopped and the faces of the men seemed to wake from their madness and to resume their usual calm cold expression. . . .

"I was so much interested in it that I got Wallis to bring the Arab gardener to me in the evening and questioned him through Wallis, who speaks Arabic. It seems that this man is one of the Aissawia, not of the Tunis sect but of a band in the south of Tunisia. He wished to be quiet, being our servant—indeed he was handing round cooling drinks to the ladies at the time, but it was too much for him. Wallis was standing near him at the time, and saw him begin to go. He took the tray from him and tried to hold him back, but the gardener tried to jump over the railing and seeing he would be killed if he did that, he had to be let go. The odd thing is that although he tore up the prickly pear with his hands, and lay upon it and ate of it, he has not one mark on his body or face. In average life, he is a good-looking, rather gentle, pleasant man. It was a very interesting sight to have seen. From what the gardener said there is no doubt that the men who sing and play, mesmerize the others; and when they pass into a trance, some leader gets up and whispers into the ear of the subject what he is to do, and he has to do it. He says that each in turn fancies himself to be some animal. He, for instance, always believes he is a camel, and when he is eating prickly pear it is like some lovely sweet, and when he lies on it, it seems like a bed of down. At any other time he dare not touch it. Two Arab women came to see the performance, the wife of our elder janissary, and the mother of the younger. They came in a carefully shut carriage with all the blinds down, wearing long heavy veils. They tottered up the steps in shoes rather like those of Chinese women, and into the house, where I received them. They unveiled in front of me, of course. They went all over the house when the performance was over, and examined the dressing-table in my bedroom with much interest. They had never been to Marsa before in their lives, and both were by no means young women. . . ."

At this party, if I remember rightly, we definitely made the acquaintance of a rather remarkable American lady, Mrs. E——,

who for nearly two years afterwards was a source of mystification, interest, amusement, and some anxiety, to us and to other residents in Tunis and elsewhere.

Mrs. E—— was nice-looking and not particularly "American" in accent or modes. She spoke English, that is to say, more like an English woman; though her fluent French had the American accent which had left her English pronunciation. She was first noticed as the guest of the French minister-resident and his wife. She had come to Tunis, it was said, for a fortnight's visit in the autumn of 1897; but as the autumn wore on into winter she showed no sign of going, rather a decided intention of stopping. All this time she was a guest at the Residency, either in Tunis, or out where we lived, at the Marsa. She came to our extraordinary garden party on Boxing Day, and I noted her prompt assistance to my wife in managing the shattered nerves of the Maltese ladies, when there was a danger of a panic-stricken run towards the private railway station.

That led decidedly to our making her acquaintance and realizing who she was: the daughter of a famous head of a college in the United States, whose acquaintance had been made by Mons. Millet in some such year as 1877, when he was sent by the French Government to compile a report on American education. Since that time she had married a man of means and had become the mother of two nice children—as we afterwards pronounced them to be—a boy between fourteen and fifteen and a girl of twelve to thirteen.

A month after the Boxing Day party we heard that her very long visit to the Millets had come to an end, and that her children had joined her from Switzerland, and together they were living near Carthage in a rather ramshackle fashion. The go-betweens of gossip further informed us that Mme. Millet, though remaining to the end of their intercourse polite, had grown heartily sick of her. Mons. Millet was deemed to be no less so, but had such a kindly nature that he was less disposed to show his weariness of spirit and surfeited hospitality. (He afterwards told me that he had met her in Paris in the summer of 1897, and in remembrance

of her father's hospitality in the United States of long ago, had heedlessly said, "If you come over to Tunis to visit your old friend, Mme. Aubert, pray come and see us also." Mrs. E.'s alleged school friend, the American wife of the French Director-General of Tunisian Railways, however gave her somewhat short shrift when she did arrive; so she had planted herself on the Millets.)

At first we found her very amusing. She sketched well in water colors, she was very instructed and wrote vivid descriptions of Tunisian life and scenery for American papers. But—à la longue—she became fatiguing, especially as she evinced an affection we did not reciprocate and a strong desire to be asked to come and stay.

Then her children joined her, and conversely we and most other people took a liking to them. The little girl—who did not look her twelve-thirteen years—was a really marvelous violinist. She read music at sight with astonishing accuracy and played quite delightfully. The boy was a fine-looking young fellow, uninteresting at his present age, too much like the average English schoolboy who thinks of nothing beyond school games; but with a satisfactory physique and disposition. Our relations with them ripened, so that at length we asked the girl to stay and bring her violin. The boy also came at different periods. But these amenities towards the close of two years were interrupted by the mother pressing us to adopt her girl as our daughter. This was a length towards which we had no desire to proceed, much as I enjoyed the violin playing. The demeanor of the child had about it something tragic. She was utterly unlike her mother; reserved, delicate, and with a proper pride in herself, and I think she had an affection for her father, and could not understand her mother's erratic separation from her spouse.

What happened to them immediately after we left Tunis we did not know, but three and a half years afterwards I had a more consoling glimpse as to their fortunes. I was visiting Ireland and of all parts of Ireland the coldly hostile College of Maynooth. I had been staying with Lord Mayo and was driven over by him to

this center of Irish Catholicity, duly provided with letters of introduction. I took my luggage with me and asked leave to deposit it in one of the lodges against my departure for Dublin. The Principal of Maynooth had invited me to come and see the College with the purpose of describing it in the *Daily Graphic;* yet I felt the invitation lacking in cordiality, and the day assigned turned out to be forbidding in weather in the gloomy month of November.

On my arrival there, after ceremonies, introductions, and handshaking, I noticed a pleasant-faced young man smoking a cigarette on the outskirts of the group of professors. He came forward. "My name is Eugene O'——. I am an American in reality, but my family is Irish. I have a house within easy automobile ride of here and I heard from one of the professors you were coming to-day to visit this college—so I came over—hoping to get speech of you. . . . I wondered whether you would come and lunch with me, after you have seen this place? You and your wife were very kind several years ago in Tunis to some distant relations or connections of mine, and I thought you might like to have news of them. . . ."

"Not Mrs. E——?" I replied, with a sense of apprehension.

"Just so. Mrs. E——. But don't be alarmed! She isn't with me. I'm not *her* relation, but her husband's, poor chap. I thought you might like to know all was well with her boy and girl; that was all."

I visited Maynooth in detail and drove away with the American Irishman in his motor, one of the earliest introduced into Ireland. He transported me to a magnificent house about ten miles from Dublin where one might really forget one was in distressed Ireland. The house was a former residence of an eighteenth century Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, in the best style of that Irish Golden Age. The gardens were exquisite, even in the month of November. The comfort inside was perfect. The house was subtly warmed. There were superb conservatories blended with its architecture. The luncheon quietly served in one of them was a delicate feast. The bedroom pre-

pared for me—for I yielded almost without a hesitation to the invitation to say a few days—was a dream of quiet comfort.

After luncheon my host told me that the E——'s father was a great invalid, but that at his request he had seen to the welfare of his children. He had provided for Mrs. E—— so that she might not trespass on people's hospitality, had sent Élie—the boy—to an English college and placed the clever little girl in charge of a French governess-companion in Paris where she was being taught music to satisfy the demands of her talent. Their father having become a great invalid, he, my host, would henceforth look after these two young persons. It would only bore me, he said, if he told me why. I was looking very tired and had obviously been unwell. He would now impose on me a complete rest, if I would give myself a short holiday. . . . He would show me a little of Ireland in his motor—his automobile, as he called it.

And he did. And, as has usually been my fate, I never met this charming personage again, in after life. I encountered M. Millet in Paris in 1905. He told me he was at last, after this lapse of time, able to laugh at the memory of Mrs. E—— and her imposed visit of three months in Tunis. She now lived, he said, in Switzerland, attending perpetual conferences as soon as they were organized and held; and that her daughter in Paris was developing into a musical prodigy. I wonder?

In Tunis 1898 was an anxious year. The episode of Colonel Marchand's walk across Equatorial Africa from French Nigeria to Fashoda, and the challenge thrown down by the French Colonial Office and Army opinion to contest with Great Britain the mastership of the Egyptian Sudan, had its reverberations in Tunisia. We came so near to war with France, that preparations had to be made in all directions to attack her if she forced the struggle on us, and she was felt to be at her weakest in Tunisia.

The Turks and Moors wanted their independence, even if they did not deserve it, and looked eagerly to Great Britain to secure

this if France was worsted in the struggle. Though the last thing we desired was war with France, we felt the French contention of the right to interfere in Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan unreasonable and unsustainable. The whole contest of sixteen years was focussed in the operations of Marchand at Fashoda after Kitchener had taken Khartūm.

Mons. Millet saw the unreasonableness of his Government's flamboyant action, and so perhaps did most of the French civil officials in Tunis; but the military were hotly in favor of war with England. I avoided personal relations with the officers as much as possible, so that no disagreeable incident might ensue; though to do this I had to restrict my rides and drives since I was credited with an intention of spying on the French defences. As a matter of fact, after this long interval of time, I think I may say, without indiscretion, that I had furnished our Government and the War Office with all possible information regarding French defences of this Regency. I had realized the resemblance of Bizerta to Santiago, and sincerely hoped the French Mediterranean fleet *would* be so fatuous as to shut itself up in this bottle with an easily obstructed neck.

Malta, to put it shortly, would have solved the Tunisian question from the point of view of disadvantage to the French, and to make this quite clear, I had paid a very interesting visit to Malta. At the same time my ideas, sympathies and outlook were vehemently adverse to any Franco-British War, provoked solely by the hotheads at the French Colonial Office. Millet and I saw the question in the same light. I had given unstinted praise to French administrative skill in my reports on Tunis. I reminded him how strenuously in 1880 I had taken up the French cause and defended it in the English Press.

At the supreme critical moment I had an interview with him in his house in Tunis, and we arranged that if war did break out, I should take his place there, since the French had decided that they could not defend the eastern part of the Regency against the attacks of our Fleet. If war broke out, therefore, he would retire by the railway to the west, leaving everything in his house

in my charge. However, the disaster was averted, thanks, in the main, to the French Foreign Minister—Delcassé.

The next year, 1899, our relations became enormously improved. My wife opened the New Year with a several-times-postponed Fancy Dress Ball, which the French element attended extensively. The French Minister reciprocated by similar entertainments, and the good relations were consummated, perhaps half-accidentally, by the arrival in May, of the Princess of Wales in the Royal Yacht *Osborne*.

This visit was quite a surprise, and seemed to be due, in the main, to the desire of Queen Alexandra to question me as to the circumstances of the death of a favorite godson of hers in Central Africa—Lieutenant Edward Alston. But it added appreciably in its results to the growth of good feeling. The Princess was accompanied by her daughters, the afterwards-Queen of Norway and Princess Victoria. Any guest more easy and delightful to entertain than these two queens—as they afterwards became—I can not imagine. They made so light of difficulties, and so much of anything that was done for their comfort and entertainment. They even won the affectionate caresses and loud greetings of our naughty baboon—Dinduna,[1] who was allowed to take tea with them in the garden, where she conducted herself with almost unnatural propriety and absence of greed.

The Princess of Wales went on several expeditions to photograph Moorish arches and Roman ruins or relics of Carthage. She gave a sumptuous luncheon to British residents at an hotel in Tunis itself, and enjoyed one—I hope—at the French Residency.

The French attached to her a guard of native soldiers, whom she rewarded afterwards by a lavish distribution of British gold. Every one who deserved any notice was noticed so adroitly and with such a use of the right word, either in English or French;

[1] Dinduna came from somewhere unknown in the Sahara Desert, and was bought by me in 1897. She had an intelligence almost human, and became the center of many stories, some of them apocryphal, and some genuine. When I quitted Tunis to go to Uganda, I placed her in the Zoological Gardens, where she lived for some years, always recognizing me or my wife when we went to visit her.

and the visit ended without any one being over-fatigued or disappointed.

A few days after she had left I received a long cipher telegram from the Foreign Office, offering me the Special Commissionership in Uganda for two years, at a salary of £2,800 a year and an allowance of £500 a year for a Military Secretary. I was to be given the military rank of Commander-in-Chief in the War Office List, so as to make it conclusive that I could dominate the British general officers who had not managed very well to suppress the mutiny of the Sudanese soldiers. I had to make up my mind somewhat quickly to accept the offer.

My wife and I had a long and anxious discussion over this telegram, when it had been decoded. We had become very happy in Tunis, even though the salary and allowances did not equal our expenses. The conditions of the work expected of me in Uganda would be such that on a special commission she could not accompany me. The railway approach in those days was still a long way off the shores of the Nyanza. The conditions of the country were still very war-like; there would be the dread of again incurring Black-water fever. But of the interest of the commission and of the area to be visited, there could be no doubt. The journey in its ramifications should enable me to go a long way towards completing my researches into the Bantu languages, and it might lead to my being able (as occurred nearly twenty years afterwards) to publish the conclusive work on the subject.

I might find many things that were new in the African fauna and flora, solve many of the questions raised by Stanley in his last journey. I do not think for a moment I contemplated refusing, much as I realized the risks to life and the possibility of failure. And although this tremendous journey—as it proved to be—brought to a close my public service, I still did not regret having quitted Tunis, to make it. It taught me such a lot, as well as the reading public; and enabled me to complete so much laborious study begun in my youth.

So we hurriedly packed our transportable goods, placed Mr. Lascelles in charge, and returned to England at the end of June,

1899. As we both felt very over-worked and excited, we went for a fortnight to an hotel at Seaford in Sussex, and I spent enjoyable days painting its wonderful cliff scenery, or sailing along the coast between Newhaven and Cuckmere Haven. Seaford in those days was a delightful place for quaintness and scenery, but I believe long since then it has been spoiled and made ugly by building lodging houses and establishing golf clubs, and by all the other causes which have united in making the coast of Sussex hideous to the eye and heartrending to the lover of natural beauty.

Finally, when the composition of my traveling staff had been settled (I had declined a military secretary, but had asked instead for the transference of Mr. J. F. Cunningham, Secretary to the British Central Africa Administration, who was to join me from Nyasaland) I went with my wife to Venice, to enjoy a fortnight's holiday there in September. The Bishop of Ely in those days, who was the husband of Sir Percy Anderson's sister, had a great love of Venice, and a very considerable interest in its history and architecture. He and his wife permitted themselves the one little luxury of rooms on the first floor of a house overlooking the Grand Canal; and resorted to Venice whenever they could take a holiday. Lady Alwyne Compton, his wife, was a walking guide-book of Venice, besides being in many other ways a remarkably interesting woman. Her talk was like reading the best book of memoirs of the nineteenth century that you could get from a library. Every one of those days in Venice was a day of exceptional bliss in regard to weather, food and intense interest. Edward Clarke, one of my Foreign Office friends, was there too, so that I was not out of touch with Foreign Office business.

The Bishop had two gondolas with their crews on hire. We went on sketching picnics, we visited the mainland on the west, and the long islands on the east, drank chocolate or ate ices in the Square of St. Mark's, looked up such of the scenery of Casanova's memoirs of the eighteenth century as remained unaltered; and amongst other interesting things saw an exhibition of Turner's water-color paintings, especially those connected with

Venice. For the first time in my life I gazed at paintings and drawings by Turner that I could genuinely and unaffectedly admire. Some of the most noteworthy among them I had never seen before.

From this feast of beauty and these thrills of an exciting history I had to tear myself away, and proceed to Marseilles, to embark on a French steamer and journey to Zanzibar; but the voyage was a singularly pleasant one, thanks mainly to the Captain and the calm weather.

CHAPTER XV

The story of my two years' work in the Uganda Protectorate has been told with some completeness in my book on that subject.[1]

Our interest in Uganda commenced with the rumor of its existence given by Burton at the close of the 'fifties, in his *Lake Regions of Central Africa*. He had sent Speke northwards from Tabora to investigate the stories of a large lake lying under the Equator. Speke had found the south shore of this lake, seen its wide waters stretching indefinitely northwards, had jumped—rightly—to the guess that here was the main origin of the Nile, and had made as hurried a return to England as possible to organize a second mission of discovery. Speke's attitude in the matter had caused a breach in his relations with Burton. Burton was jealous, Speke was heedless of this jealousy, and did much, consciously or unconsciously, to fan it. Speke returned to East Africa with Captain J. F. Grant as a companion. He had a well-equipped expedition, and made his way without any very serious difficulty, to the Victoria Nyanza, and with some gaps in his survey of its shores (which were not fully filled till twenty years ago), he reached the country of Karagwe to the west of the lake. He caught and recorded a distant glimpse of the snow-crowned volcanoes, between Lake Kivu and Lake Edward. He entered the remarkable country of Uganda, which he further stamped with its incorrect Swahili name—(for it is in reality called by its people—Buganda), under the tyrannous rule of its long-descended monarch—Mutesa. King Mutesa intelligently comprehended the object of his quest, and sent him to the point nearly in the center of the Victoria Nyanza's northern coast where the waters of the lake issue as the Nile, and plunge down the magnificent cascades of Jinja.

[1] *The Uganda Protectorate,* vols. i. and ii. Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

Speke and Grant were anticipated in the discovery of the Albert Nyanza by Samuel Baker—rewarded for his service to Geography by a knighthood. Baker, however, met them somewhere near at hand and furnished them with news and supplies; so it was with light hearts they descended the Nile and returned home, Speke afterwards to die by a gun-accident at his home in South Somerset.

Uganda was next reached and enquired into by Belgian and English employés in the service of the Egyptian Sudan Government. Stanley's visit, however, in 1876, was a noteworthy event, quickly followed by the coming of British missionaries of the Church Missionary Society; while they again were joined by French Roman Catholic missionaries of Cardinal Lavigerie's "White Fathers." Through the 'eighties the missionaries struggled with both success and failure to evangelize Uganda.

In the early 'nineties the Imperial British East Africa Company began to assume the rights of its charter over Equatorial East Africa, and to contemplate interference in Uganda in order to put down the disastrous civil war which had commenced there under the mis-government of Mwanga and Anglo-French missionary rivalries.

The next most noteworthy event was the incoming of Lugard,[1] who had first sprung into fame in his attempt to solve the Arab difficulty at the north end of Lake Nyasa. Lugard laid very solidly the foundations of British control over Uganda.

Lord Rosebery decided in 1894 to recommence enquiry, reinforce a British Protectorate, and make it possible by railway communication from the coast. But in 1897 broke out the disastrous mutiny in the Sudanese regiments which Lugard had originally admitted from the Egyptian Sudan. The Sudanese revolt had roused other hostile opposition against European interference, and the whole question was rendered "ugly" by the Anglo-French rivalry. The French Catholic missionaries in those days were working consciously or unconsciously with Marchand and the French Colonial Office in their resolve to bring Uganda under French influence. So embittered did they become against our

[1] Sir Frederick Lugard.

The Gateway to Ruwenzori's snows and glaciers (eastern side of range). In the foreground are giant groundsels and lobelias.

"Protestantism" that they even in default of France coquetted with Germany, though Germany had cut herself off from Uganda extension by a treaty with England. But a very powerful person on the English side was the Prime Minister of Uganda—Apolo [1] Kagwa. The degenerate king Mwanga (son of Mutesa) had become an open enemy of the British, and had at last been taken prisoner and exiled. His infant son reigned instead, under three native Regents.

When I reached Uganda proper at the end of 1899, though the administration was halting, embarrassed, and watchful, the main issue had been decided. The Anglican Protestant party had been victorious; the French missionaries were now inclined (though a little sulkily) to recognize the fact; and although the mutiny of the Sudanese still continued on the banks of the Nile north of Unyoro, and several wild Nilotic tribes in the northeast of the Protectorate were in arms or banditry against us (fascinated by the appearance of copper telegraph wires, which meant to them great wealth), peace for the whole Protectorate was in sight. How this was brought about is told in my book. I considered that the main difficulty of my undertaking was the negotiation and conclusion of an agreement with the kingdom of Buganda. This had to be negotiated with the three Regents, of whom the premier was Apolo Kagwa. They were hard and sagacious bargainers.

Our negotiations, it might be observed, were carried on in the Swahili language.[2] Swahili is a Bantu tongue, resembling Luganda much as French does Italian. Trade with the coast had implanted the speech of Zanzibar in the Uganda towns for thirty

[1] This name—spelled as pronounced—was the Greek Apollos mentioned in St. Paul's Epistles. Kagwa was his native name.

[2] At Christmas, 1899, occurred my first great meeting with the notabilities of the country at the native capital Kampala. The military authorities who then dominated the place proposed that I should make a speech in English which should be translated by interpreters; but I pursued my own idea of an explanatory discourse as to my position, first and foremost, in Swahili; so that it might be understood by the masses of the natives. Then I addressed the British officials and missionaries in English, and the French missionaries in French. So that every one came to understand quickly the object of my mission.

or forty years. At any rate, all the leading men of the country spoke it and understood it.

But when all the points in the treaty had been settled by agreement, the text was drawn up in English and in Luganda, and both versions were signed.

In the matter of translation I had the very effective help of the English missionary Bishop of Uganda (Tucker) and of Archdeacon Walker, and their translations were criticized and adjusted by the three Regents.

The signing of this treaty was made a great occasion at Kampala. Treaties similar in text and arrangement were later on negotiated with the Toro and Ankole chiefs, and with the far-famed kingdom of Unyoro.

Unyoro (or Bunyoro, as it is really called) was at one time more powerful and extensive than Buganda, but from the beginning of the 'sixties it had shown itself far more opposed to European penetration. Kabarega, its king, had often proved cruel or impracticable in his relations with the Sudanese Administration or with European explorers. After his defeat his country had joined the recalcitrant element in Uganda in its endeavor to repel the British. It had, however, been virtually conquered by the triumphant, Protestant, Baganda chiefs; and when I arrived on the scene and its old king was a prisoner on the coast, its new king was a minor. His people were within a much reduced territory, willing to accept any reasonable terms. (The celebrated, long-lived old king—Kabarega—died at Jinja—the Nile outlet—on his return to his country in May, 1923, about eighty years of age.)

Other agreements were made with regard to Busoga, a large country immediately east of the Nile, where it quits the Victoria Nyanza. The Basoga were a race nearly allied in blood and language with the Baganda. The boundaries of the whole Protectorate were defined as far north as the meeting place with the Sudan Administration, and as far east as the great Rift Valley of East Africa.[1]

[1] At the conclusion of my special commission, the eastern Province of Uganda was transferred to the East Africa Protectorate.

When I returned to my headquarters at Entebbe, jutting with several peninsulas into the lake (which beautiful place I had made the administrative capital of the Protectorate), I suddenly became very ill with Black-water fever. It took me a fortnight to struggle through this malady. When this was done, as on previous occasions in Central Africa, instead of feeling very weak, I felt in many ways much better and more vigorous, though I had nearly died in the violence of the first attack. So I decided that my next great effort after politics should be discovery. I set out for the snow mountains known as Ruwenzori.

The journey thither led me through strikingly beautiful scenes. Firstly, tropical forests of southern Buganda almost as wonderful as those of eastern Sierra Leone and Liberia. Raphia palms of extravagant growth; climbing calamus palms which might reach to above the summits of the highest trees at three hundred feet; oil palms with their trunks a wonderful fernery, or the abode of parasitic aroids with amazingly designed or decorated leaves and extraordinary flower-spathes.

There was a wild banana of one or more species; it had singularly beautiful fronds of grass-green with red stems; there were Mussaendas with bracts of velvet white or of a brilliant crimson, surrounding the yellow flowers. This entrancing beauty of vegetation was not easily photographed in those days, and could not be well illustrated in my Uganda book. Beyond these forests lay bold grassy downs, and beyond the downs one came within sight of some vague portent, in reality the mass of Ruwenzori with its snow peaks obstinately cut off from view by heavy clouds.

To the south we would see glimpses of open water, Dweru, one of the slowly-drying-up lakes connected with Lake Edward.

I reached at last the fortified station established originally by Sir Gerald Portal's brother, near the northern end of the Ruwenzori range, and the marked descent towards the Albert Nyanza. When first established this had been jokingly called Fort Gerry, but the site had turned out to be well-chosen for health and strategy, so I thought it worthy of the more serious name Fort

Portal, and made it the administrative capital of the Toro district.

The young king of Toro—Kasagama—came promptly to make my acquaintance, together with his mother and family relations, who were more aristocratic in appearance than himself, in that they belonged to a purer Hima race, and were more like Gala women than Negresses.

At Fort Portal I remained a considerable time settling the affairs of the Toro people and kingdom. Toro was little else than the southern part of Bunyoro.

The people of Bunyoro, Toro, Ankole, and the districts then under German protection, such as Karagwe and Busui, were all in a way parts of an ancient Nyoro Empire, which had stretched from the Victoria Nile and the north end of Lake Albert southwards to the islands, peninsulas and southern shores of the Victoria Nyanza.

With the region speaking a Luganda tongue to the east of them, the languages of Toro, Ankole and Bunyoro were closely allied, and yet quite distinct, like Spanish and Italian. Equally similar, yet equally distinct was the Ruanda language which in various dialects lay to the southwest of the Nyoro tongues, and continued north and northeast of Tanganyika to Ujiji.

In the considerable region of Nyoro speech the native population was less fused than in Buganda. There was the ruling aristocracy of Hima origin, much mixed with the aboriginal Negro in the course of say—two thousand—years; and yet here and there presenting a startling physical resemblance to the Gala and Somali. Next to them in political importance came the average Bantu Negro; and hidden in the forest and the high mountains were the Congo Pygmies.

Some of the Hima men and women of Toro were so pale in complexion and "Caucasian" in feature, that when I first saw them I took them to be Egyptian refugees from the Sudan, and stupefied them by my questions in Arabic.

All these different and divergent types were fairly comprehensively illustrated in my book on Uganda. In that book I have

given a full description of my experiences on the heights of Ruwenzori and our attainment to the snows and glaciers on the eastern side. In my two volumes on the Bantu languages I have illustrated the remarkable speech forms of this region, up to the verge of the great Congo Forest.

I discovered on the flanks of Ruwenzori a fourth example of what might be termed "classical" Bantu, which, indeed, I numbered 1 of the whole series, and regarded it in some respects as the most primitive and unspoiled form of Bantu speech. This was Lukonjo, spoken over the southern half of Ruwenzori, east of the Semliki River and southwards round about Lake Edward. In some respects this is the most interesting of all Bantu languages, but as it is the tongue of a very small population and therefore not much good for propaganda, it has been little studied by the missionaries, who indeed had not written it down at all, until I directed their attention to it. But for the purposes of education—though it is feared it is too late to make this appeal as it is nearly extinct—it should have been the most studied of all the Bantu languages. The speech forms of the *northern* half of Ruwenzori and thence into the southwest coastlands of the Albert Nyanza and the adjoining Congo Forest are likewise of the deepest interest to philologists. They differed widely and sharply from the classical Bantu of Uganda and Bunyoro, and are much more nearly connected with the Bantu languages of the southern Bahr-al-ghazal and of the Northwest Congo and northern Cameroons.

In the early part of 1900 whilst I was residing at Entebbe, I received information from the Belgian officials at the Congo State Frontier beyond Ruwenzori, that a German had appeared at their station of Mbeni at the close of 1899, and asked permission to proceed thence into the Congo Forest, and engage twenty or thirty Congo Pygmies to proceed with him to figure at the Paris Exhibition of 1900. Permission was refused, or at any rate, decidedly postponed until Lieutenant Meura (in command of Mbeni) could consult with the Governor-General of the Congo State, who, in those days, was a personage living at the

other side of Africa, not easily communicated with. The German had seemed to acquiesce, but shortly afterwards disappeared into the Forest with his caravan. Lieutenant Meura, however, heard that he had engaged or more probably entrapped twenty to thirty Pygmies and was attempting to convey them across country to Lake Albert and descend the Nile, or pass eastwards to the coast through the north of Uganda.

I accordingly sent word to various commandants to look out for this man and his caravan. He was found and intercepted. Such of the Pygmies as remained with him were taken away, and brought to my headquarters. The German was tried for his offense, and sentenced to a heavy fine, as the imprisonment of Europeans was not, at that time, a convenient thing.

The remnant of the Pygmies—seven men, as far as I remember—was sent to me at Entebbe, and there they had to stop until I was able to proceed to Ruwenzori, and afterwards convey them to Mbeni on the Semliki. They settled down in the roughly-cleared "park" at the back of my temporary house, a park which farther north and east, Mr. Alexander Whyte was converting into a very beautiful Botanical Gardens. The portion of this roughly cleared space (wherein only the big trees were left) nearest to the vicinity of my house, had become a sort of Zoological Gardens, with remarkable birds of prey, tethered to stumps, gray parrots in semi-liberty, pythons, puff-adders, and other snakes in large wire cages.

A young elephant, allowed to roam where he liked, and with his companion, a young zebra, well-behaved and not destructive; tame bush-buck; a Situtunga or water-loving Tragelaph; a baby hippopotamus were other examples of the fauna therein sheltered.

When the Pygmies first arrived, we only communicated with them by signs and gestures. Their own speech I found to be a dialect of the unclassified Mbuba or Momfu language (Mbuba is a language spoken by the Negroes of ordinary height in the Congo Forest, west of the middle Semliki Valley and stretching thence towards the Aruwimi). But they understood slightly the Bantu trade language of northern Congoland (Bangala) which

was spoken by runaway native soldiers or deserters from the Congo State.

This was our only means during the first month of exchanging speech with the Pygmies; but most of them began to pick up Swahili with great rapidity.

One of these interesting little men seemed to have met with some internal injury on his march with the German exploiter, and shortly before my departure for Ruwenzori, he died. I had him carefully buried in the vicinity of Entebbe, in the Forest, taking through my Natural History collector, Mr. Doggett, note of the site of his grave. Before I started for the west, I called the remaining Pygmies together, to ask their opinion and wishes. I explained how interesting to us was the study of their people; how in the principal town of our Empire, we had a great house in which we preserved specimens of beasts, birds, reptiles and fishes from all parts of the world, and how we also tried to illustrate the different types of mankind. Would they have any objection to the skeleton of their dead brother being sent later on to this great house, where the British people could see him, and compare him with the skeletons of their own race? They held a council together, and then one of their number came to say that they fully approved of the honor to be conferred on their dead brother.

So any reader of this book can see the skeleton of the Bambute Pygmy, who died at Entebbe in May, 1900, and whose skeleton is among the exhibits in the Natural History Museum of the Cromwell Road.

In facial appearance he was the most ape-like among my seven guests.

Accordingly after we had tried to the uttermost the patience and physique of our band of Bakonjo porters, who had ascended Ruwenzori to the verge of the snow-level, and after I had examined, surveyed, and portrayed with camera and pencil, the southern end of the great mountain range, the northern shores of Lake Edward, we marched up the right bank of the Semliki River and were ferried across in canoes to the Belgian station of Mbeni.

Here I was received by Lieutenant Meura and his assistant

officer, Mr. Eriksson, a Swede. We settled up the Pygmy question, and the Pygmies, it was arranged, should guide me to their home in the Forest, so that I could see them definitely repatriated. But before I started on the fascinating quest for new languages, and a perception of the marvelous botany of Stanley's great Congo Forest, another problem presented itself for a possible solution. The two Congo State officers began to discuss with me several unanswered questions regarding the Congo Forest fauna. They showed me photographs of undoubted gorillas (after death), and in those days no one had imagined the range of the gorilla to extend from the Gaboon and the Cameroons to East Central Africa.

They revealed to me the existence of certain new types of monkey, and sent guides with Mr. Doggett or myself, so that we were actually able to shoot one or two, or to obtain specimens of other new and remarkable mammals from native hunters; but their greatest puzzle, the most remarkable creature they met to discuss, was the Okapi. They did not mention it by that name, which was used in the local Bantu languages. They spoke of it vaguely as being a species of zebra, or possibly something more wonderful, a horse with three toes; a still surviving Hipparion. They advised me to enlist the Pygmies as guides, and told me that the direction of their home in the Forest would bring me into the region whence they occasionally obtained through their native soldiers, specimens of this strange creature. The Okapis were caught in pitfalls, and the examples of them were seldom perfect, the flesh being separately presented for food. (It was very good eating; I was indeed supposed to have eaten at one repast from an Okapi stew.)

I therefore entered the Forest with the keenest anticipation of discovery. At one place the Pygmies became excited and showed me what they declared were Okapi footprints, but as these were two-toed, and not unlike the footprint of an Eland, I declared impatiently that I wanted something more like the spoor of a donkey. In one of the villages, however, I found soldiers of the Congo State, who had adapted the gaudier portions of Okapi

hide as bandoliers; and these I bought to send home, as some slight evidence that I was really on the tracks of a new creature, even if it only turned out to be a forest-dwelling zebra.

In the early part of 1901 I received, far away from the Congo Forest at the Ravine Station, an entire skin of an Okapi, together with two skulls. All that the skin lacked were the hoofs, which had dropped off the bones of the feet. These specimens had been obtained by the truly kind Lieutenant Meura, who, however, had died of Black-water fever before he could send them off; they had therefore been despatched in his name by his associated officer, Mr. Eriksson.

I knew enough about anatomy to realize when I examined the skulls and skin, that this beast was a near relation of the giraffe. What decided me were the bi-lobed lower canines. Many years before, I remembered Professor Garrod pointing out to me this special feature in the giraffe not met with among the other ruminants.

I could not protract my stay in the Congo Forest. It lay outside my sphere of work; and all my caravan, except myself, went down with various forms of malarial fever. The rainy weather was terrible, and the natives that were not Pygmies seemed to me to be constantly menacing an attack, though I would have forgiven them much because of the extraordinary interest of the Forest Bantu and Mbuba languages. So I returned across the Semliki River and journeyed southwards to explore the remarkable Ankole country as far south as British limits.

On my return to Entebbe, the administrative capital of Uganda, I learned that I was to receive a visit from Sir Clement Hill, who just previously had been made the head of the Foreign Office Department dealing with Protectorates. The intimation of his visit informed me that it was to be regarded as an unofficial journey, of a private nature, to render him familiar with the regions he was to control at the Foreign Office; but personally I ascribed to it critical intentions not altogether favorable to myself. The very terms of my original commission, the instructions I received, and the very wide and extensive powers conferred on

me in both a military and civil capacity indicated Lord Salisbury's dissatisfaction with the military policy and trend of administration in East Africa and Uganda. Yet I was aware how much this discredited policy was affiliated with Sir Clement Hill's views, instructions, and choice of candidates. Moreover, I felt that here, as in Nigeria and Nyasaland, I had never quite hit it off with him, but that he had been frequently overruled and my policies supported by Sir Percy Anderson. However, in some respects, I was glad he should see the country for himself, realize my difficulties, and—as I considered—the extraordinary successes which had attended my efforts for improvement.

Sir Clement Hill arrived, conducted himself at first with the utmost disagreeableness, so that on one or two occasions I was tempted to telegraph my resignation to Lord Lansdowne. That I did not do so was perhaps more due to the English bishop of Uganda than to any one else. He, too, had been a critic of mine in the early days, but he was so pleased and satisfied with the Uganda Treaty, that he became one of my warmest defenders.

Sir Clement Hill, without any warrant that I could see, in his instructions, summoned a council of representative people to meet him—and me—at the native capital of Kampala. The French Bishop was to come as well as the English; the three Regents of Uganda were to be there, and the principal military officers. To such an assembly Sir Clement Hill put the question baldly:—"Do you consider Johnston's work as being successful, his changes of policy well-founded?"

The French Bishop said nothing, only simpered. I do not think he understood much English. One of the military officers remained silent, and the three Baganda Chiefs probably thought that they were not expected to speak before the Europeans had said their say, if indeed they understood anything about it. But after a minute's pause, the English Bishop rose, gave a summary of what I had done between Naivasha and the Congo State, of the difficulties I had had to meet with, and of the unexpected successes which had attended my intervention. I felt intensely grateful to him, not so much on my own account, for I had

realized that my health was failing and I longed to be back in England out of reach of malarial fever; but because there were so many others associated with me in this work of reform, whose futures probably much depended on Foreign Office goodwill.

Bishop Tucker's speech turned the tide and for the rest of his visit Hill was amiability embodied.

After his departure I felt that a renewed stay in the eastern part of the Protectorate was necessary, not only for fresh treaty-making but for the solution of many difficulties with native tribes, and the prosecution of geographical research. So in the late autumn of 1900 I visited Busoga, and the Sese Archipelago, and after a final visit for Christmas to Entebbe, transferred myself and my personal staff to the eastern part of the Protectorate. I wished especially to visit the remarkable region of Mount Elgon, one of the mightiest, loftiest, and most impressive of the world's extinct volcanoes, reaching at points on its crater rim to over fourteen thousand feet, and covering with its flanks a region nearly as large as Switzerland.

From Elgon I intended to penetrate as far as I could towards Lakes Rudolf and Baringo. I associated this part of my researches very much with one of the few really remarkable men I encountered in the Administration of Uganda—C. W. Hobley. Mr. Hobley had originally come out to East Africa in 1890 as a geologist and an engineer. He had soon shown a capacity for administrative work and risen to administrative posts; but his geological eye was always on the strata and his philologist's ear always listening for strange and new languages.

He it was who first directed my attention to the remarkable Bantu languages of West and Northwest Elgon. He made the first researches into and discoveries of the Miocene and Pliocene fauna of Equatorial East Africa, revealing to the east of the Victoria Nyanza, remains of primitive dinotheres and a new species of an extinct elephant. His researches and discoveries in the algæ and the aquatic fauna of the Victoria Nyanza assisted us better to understand the problems of Tanganyika.

I reached Lake Baringo; I saw an unforgettable sight in the

amazing abundance and variety of game animals, southeast of Mount Elgon and north of the Nandi country. I shot and brought away for the British Museum the five-horned giraffe, male and female; and reaching the Ravine Settlement on the western edge of the Rift Valley, I learned the news of Queen Victoria's death, by a telegram over those telegraph wires that were being so frequently cut and carried away by the young men of the Nandi tribe.

I also noted the gradual approach of the Uganda Railway; and under the instructions of the Foreign Office, chose a site on the west side of the Rift Valley for the future capital of British East Africa.

I selected the situation of what might be, in course of time, a great city in a beautiful district about eight thousand feet in altitude, with woods of lofty yew-trees, cascades of icy cold water, and a temperature, all the year round, of an average English June. But my choice was not confirmed; East African opinion decided in favor of Nairobi, a district of much baser aspect, with an altitude under six thousand feet.

The end of my stay at the Ravine Station was rendered thrilling in interest by the rumor of the Bongo tragelaph existing near by in the dense woodland and the occurrence there likewise of a new species of pig, the *Hylochoerus*. Of both these I obtained horns, teeth, or descriptions which were confirmed within a few months by the actual killing of the animals. Mr. F. W. Isaac shot the East African Bongo, and Captain Meinerzhagen secured one or more specimens of the remarkable Forest Pig.

I reached the coast without incident of importance, and there found instructions to stop in Egypt on my way home, and confer with Lord Cromer on questions affecting both the Sudan and Uganda.

I reached England, Queen Anne's Mansions, and my wife, early in June, 1901. I gave an account of the results of my mission to King Edward who was still at Marlborough House. A gala dinner was given to me by Sir Clement Hill, at which Lord Lansdowne was present; and my wife and I were invited to

Hatfield for a week-end, the last time I had any prolonged conversation with Lord Salisbury. His wife was dead and he had obviously lost much interest in worldly affairs, though he showed curiosity concerning the Okapi, the Five-horned Giraffe, and the many other Natural History discoveries of my expedition.

When the first excitement of home-coming had worn off, I began to feel the effects of my two attacks of Black-water fever in Uganda. I told the Foreign Office that I had already fought through six seizures of this disease between 1886 and 1901, and that I did not think I could survive another. Therefore, when my special mission came to an end with the preparation of my final report at the close of September, I asked not to be re-employed in Tropical Africa.

Meantime, as it was a case of getting well, resting, writing this report, and winding up the affairs of my extremely interesting expedition, I wanted to find some pleasant, retired country place, in which I could rest and get well, and do my work. My wife's uncle, Lord de Saumarez, offered us the use of his house in Guernsey—Saumarez Park. We accepted this proposal with pleasure, and here we made our home until the first of October, 1901, and here much of my book on Uganda was written.

I expected, during this lull of three months, to hear from the Foreign Office of its future plans in regard to my employment; but nothing definite came from them.

I did not know whether I was to retire on a pension, and if so, whether the pension would be enough to live on; whether I was to take up a Colonial appointment; and whether my leave would be extended long enough for me to complete my book.

We crossed over from Guernsey to Weymouth on the most beautiful first day of October I can ever recollect: a day borrowed from the best of summer, the sea so calm that the very clouds were mirrored in it. We reached Queen Anne's Mansions the same night, and four days afterwards transferred ourselves to one of the most charming homes I ever occupied. This was styled "The Mount," and it was situated on the western side of

Shere, in Surrey. Below a gardened height was a little stream called the Tillingbourne; on the west side of the garden was a lane, and beyond this lane, in woodlands of quite exceptional beauty, lay Albury Park.

To the north of the garden was the Dorking-Guildford road, and beyond this rose, bold and beautiful, the Clandon Downs.

In those days, more than twenty years ago, this part of Surrey was exceptionally unspoiled. To the south of Shere, lay great stretches of magnificent woodland, traversed by quiet leaf-strewn roads, going very much down, or very much up-hill. On these hills you could attain to heights of eight or nine hundred feet, and from them you could get glimpses, on clear days, towards the South Downs of Sussex.

The house lent to us, was a fairy-like abode of comely design, comely furniture and cosy comfort. It belonged to Mrs. Scott, who, I think, is only recently dead, and who was the sister of W. L. Thomas of the *Graphic*. Her daughter, Miss Eva Scott, had already begun a great work for the Blind. She had a very clever brother, who, under the name of Henry Seton Merriman, wrote some justly famous novels in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

The Scotts used to travel abroad for some months every year, and liked to know that their Surrey home was tenanted by people who would appreciate its beauty and look after it. They would not hear of our paying rent. I think the only contribution I made for the occupancy of their house (it was lent to us again in the autumn-winter of 1903) was the payment of the gardener's wages.

At "The Mount" I finished writing my two volumes on Uganda, before returning to London in the early part of 1902. It required some concentration of mind to complete this work, because I was worried and anxious over my future.

Lord Salisbury was intending to give up before long any further control over the Government. My salary as Special Commissioner in Uganda came to an end on September 30, 1901. Nothing by then had been settled as to my further prospects or my pension.

A view over the Rift Valley, where the Uganda railway begins to cross it.

I wrote therefore at the end of October to the Foreign Office, asking to know what they proposed to do. Some days afterwards I received an incomprehensible telegram from the African Department in which words were omitted, so that its purport might be anything, agreeable or disagreeable. I wrote to point this out, and received an unnecessarily sharp reply from Eric Barrington, informing me that the telegram implied that I was to come up and see Lord Lansdowne, but that as I had not understood this, the interview was abrogated. I therefore wrote to the young Lord Cranborne (Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs) to point out this very odd treatment, and enclosed the original incomprehensible telegram.

He replied promptly, apologizing for the mishap and repeating the invitation. So I went to London in November, and saw him and Lord Lansdowne, as well as Barrington, who apologized for the telegram blunder. Lord Lansdowne was exceedingly kind. He told me that Lord Salisbury had expressed to the King the desire that I should be signally rewarded for my two years' work in Uganda (this referred to the grant of the G. C. M. G. which was conferred on the King's birthday in that year, and presented to me by King Edward in a very gracious manner). But as to the further use of my services nothing definite was said. Lord Lansdowne asked me if I would accept an appointment under the Colonial Office, as a Governor, and I said I would, provided the post selected was not in a very fever-stricken portion of Africa. I also expressed willingness to return to the Mediterranean as a Consul-General.

Having made all these matters clear, I went back to Shere for the rest of the winter. No other post, however, in the coming year was definitely offered me, except Somaliland, which I declined, or Beirut, which I accepted. But the official who dwelt at Beirut withdrew his request for another post, so that avenue of employment was closed.

Behind all these vague suggestions I realized a growing atmosphere of unfriendliness. The under-secretaries at the Foreign Office with whom I had come into being as a Consul in Africa,

to carry out great schemes, had died, retired, or had been sent away as ambassadors to Paris or elsewhere. The men who had been appointed in their stead, were either slightly unfriendly, annoyed at my rapid promotion, or took absolutely no interest in my work.

Lord Salisbury had made several efforts to induce Mr. Chamberlain to offer me a post under the Colonial Office; but Chamberlain and I had long differed as to African policy, and the difference had been inflamed by Rhodes's hostility.

I took all these disappointments more calmly than I might have done, because following the rules laid down as regards pensions I calculated I had earned at least, if I retired in 1902—a yearly pension of £760. I thought that on this, and the interest on the money I had saved or inherited and my literary work on top, it would be quite possible to live prudently in London or the country.

I might—as indeed was suggested to me at the Foreign Office, join one of the existing or about-to-be-created companies that were developing Africa. I had several books I intended to write, including my *Comparative Study of the Bantu Languages*. My health, moreover, had been materially damaged by the two years in Uganda, and the renewed attacks of Black-water fever. I had collected there such an enormous mass of information as prompted me to write in the course of succeeding years a huge work on the Bantu languages, and other lesser volumes on African anthropology and history.

All these calculations, of course, were based on my being allotted an adequate pension. The next turn in the struggle was to get this, and I was nettled, not to say exasperated at the attempts that seemed to be made by Barrington and Sanderson to estimate the pension at about half of what was really due to me; exasperated, because their proposals were actually below the total of the figure recorded as due to me, when I left Tunis to go to Uganda.

With some prevision I had fortunately, in the summer of 1899, got this stated by the Foreign Office, and it stood at a higher

amount than was even offered to me in the spring of 1902. It remained therefore to estimate what the services in Uganda should count for.

Sir Thomas Sanderson laid great stress on the word "Special" which was apparently to re-act on the pension, by either providing that the two years spent as Special Commissioner should not count as pensionable service, or should only be calculated at a much lower rate—why I can not think.

Eventually, after much higgle-haggling, the pension was fixed at a few shillings under £500 a year: a settlement, which considering the size of the areas I added to the British Empire, the fact that my salary during these many years of work was always a low one when contrasted with other posts of equal danger in risks to health and life, I thought altogether lacking in generosity. But I kept such feelings to myself, because it was suggested that the matter was hardly one to bother me, as I should certainly be re-employed before long.

CHAPTER XVI

ANOTHER complication in my life arose about this time between 1901 and 1902. Dr. Philip Lutley Sclater, Secretary to the Zoological Society since the 'fifties, wrote to me at the beginning of 1902, to tell me he was about to resign his post of Secretary. He asked me, as I had just joined the Council, if I could support the candidature of his eldest son for the Secretaryship. I told him that I could do so, because I had known his son from boyhood, and had followed with special interest his zoological work in India, South Africa, and elsewhere; that I should back his candidature simply because he was a good zoologist, and in no way because he was Sclater's son. I warned his father in fact that the son-ship would be William Sclater's greatest difficulty, as his father's long term of office and decided manner had created some degree of enmity to a Sclater succession.

The news that Dr. Sclater was retiring had already set tongues wagging, and roused an outcry of bad management being the cause. I, who had been intimately acquainted with the Zoo since I was fourteen, and especially so in the opening months of 1902, had pretty well gauged the state of affairs. I knew that there was in some directions gross mismanagement in the Zoological Gardens, but that it was not directly Sclater's fault; it was due to Clarence Bartlett, who had succeeded his father a few years previously as Superintendent.

The Duke of Bedford at this time (the spring of 1902), after I was settled in London in Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, startled me by offering to propose *my* candidature as Sclater's successor, with extended powers which might give me a better grip over the management of the Gardens. I went to see him and told him I was precluded from accepting his proposal, unless Sclater's son withdrew his candidature, that I had voluntarily

proposed advocating the latter's claims; and that even then the post would be considered as more suitable to a professional zoologist. The Duke then said he felt a Special Committee should be formed to examine all the affairs of the Zoological Society and the administration of the Gardens. Would I be its Honorary Secretary? I assented.

The Committee thus formed made a most searching enquiry which in the long run exempted Dr. Sclater from blame, but Clarence Bartlett was asked to resign from his post. He was at the time in very bad health, and died soon afterwards. As a matter of fact this solution was facilitated by my writing him a private letter, and he took the advice tendered.

Then ensued the election of William Sclater as Secretary. It was carried by one vote, and for twelve months (the appointment is theoretically a yearly one) he was Secretary, but during that twelve months he had a very uneasy time.

The Duke of Bedford, who had been seemingly neutral, now, so far as appearance went, seemed to turn against him. I, one way and the other, was so much nettled and incensed at the violent quarrels which arose over a matter in which I had throughout acted disinterestedly that I withdrew from the Council, and the following year a sensational attendance took place at the annual election meeting. Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell was chosen to succeed Mr. Sclater. Possibly the selection was a good one. Equally possibly the development and improvement of the Zoo might have been as decided under the Secretaryship of the younger Sclater (who before and since those days has had a distinguished career in Zoology) as they became under Chalmers Mitchell. And curiously enough, after twenty years, I note that William Sclater has been reelected to the Council and is on the best of terms with Chalmers Mitchell.

The less satisfactory appointment was that of W. E. de Winton as Superintendent in succession to Clarence Bartlett. Mr. de Winton was, so to speak, a scientific naturalist and a man of means; but his health was already seriously affected. However,

he only held the post for a short time,[1] and was succeeded by the wholly efficient R. I. Pocock, a member of the British Museum Staff, under whose superintendence and residence enormous improvements have been carried out.

I dare say all this is very boring to read. I have only inserted it as an episode in my life which considerably affected my plans, intentions and sentiments. I had grown up with the Zoological Gardens from the time I was eleven years old. I knew I was not a professional zoologist, though my studies and knowledge of anatomy might almost have entitled me to be called so. But this might be more the case now than it was twenty years ago. I acted throughout those strenuous years of 1902, 1903 without any self-interest—avowedly and unmistakably so; and I have never quite lost the sense of resentment at the behavior of certain zoologists, both at Regent's Park and at the Natural History Museum. It would almost seem at this period as though I had actually excited jealousy by the discoveries I had made in the African fauna and presented to the British Museum; discoveries, I hope, which I never exaggerated in any writing, either as to their importance, or my share in making them. I pointed out, indeed, in several instances, that I had been lucky rather than discerning.

The Okapi and the Five-horned Giraffe had peculiarly upset certain personalities. One professor wrote an angry article in a London review to show that the revelation of the Okapi's existence was a *nothing* in importance compared to the discovery of a new death-dealing microbe, a new nutritive fish, a new fossil bird.

I quite agreed with him, but did not deduce from this that I ought to have been actually silent on the subject, and leave the Okapi to be found by somebody else. As regards the Five-horned Giraffe from Rift Valley, south of Baringo, it was and is, the definite discovery of a giraffe which possesses five bony processes on the skull (popularly termed "horns"), and not only

[1] Mr. de Winton died at the age of sixty-five, on August 30, 1922. Mr. Pocock has just retired from the superintendence after holding it for twenty years.

the primordial three. Doggett and I had shot two males and one female, and had landed the skins, and their heads, necks and skulls, in London, at the Cromwell Road Museum. But so angry were the Museum officials at my course of luck, that they ultimately named the sub-species after Lord Rothschild.

In regard to Nyasaland in earlier days, it may be that a tendency to name everything new after me merely because I had sent the specimens home was overdone. In several instances I had previously pointed out that although I might be the person who presented the specimen, it was really shot or procured by A——, B——, C——, or D——. But Dr. Sclater or the authorities at Kew or the British Museum took no heed of this, and called the new species or variety after me.

With regard to the Okapi, it was difficult to ignore the original impulse and action of Sir E. Ray Lankester and Dr. Sclater, in naming it "Ocapia johnstoni," on the receipt of the first specimens. But on second thoughts the Museum authorities hoped to have a way out of the difficulty which might put me on a side track. On the next and later reports received direct from the Congo State, it was argued that there were two or even three species of these Giraffids. So the two most probably represented by specimens were named *librechtsi* and *erikssoni.*

It was not until Mons. Jules Fraipont, an official zoologist in Belgium, received, reviewed and described a great and conclusive mass of material that it was decided there was only one extant species of Okapi, and that it should be named after me.

However, there were pleasant as well as unpleasant things to be recorded of 1902. In May that year the University of Cambridge conferred on me the honorary degree of Doctor of Science. I owed this great distinction to the recommendation of the ornithologist, Edward Newton. My personal acquaintance with him was very slight, but he had followed with particular keenness my African collections of birds. So I went down to Cambridge —or rather to Ely, to stay with the Bishop; and at Cambridge, duly gowned, received the honor, and heard myself described in a Latin speech by Dr. Sandys.

I listened to the speech with peculiar interest. It was spoken

with a right phonetical pronunciation of Latin, which seemed to me a novel thing in a very old University in 1902.

The following summer, however, was rendered anxious and unhappy by an accident which happened to my wife. She was expecting a baby, but a short time before its birth, had an unexpected fall, which brought on the premature delivery of twins, who died soon after their birth. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the kind Thomases of the *Graphic* lent us their house at Chertsey, or strictly speaking, near Chertsey. This, with a charming garden, a beautiful croquet lawn, and a boat, was situated on the banks of the river near Chertsey Bridge. There were also a brake, two horses, and a stable; so that when not boating on the river, we could drive far down into Surrey. We went to see Sir Charles and Lady Dilke at Pirbright. We visited the library at Windsor Castle, and stayed on through the golden glory of October before returning to Regent's Park.

I attended the deferred Coronation in September, robed as a G. C. M. G., and sat near the entrance into the chancel, immediately below Sara Bernhardt. I had met her once, some months previously, at the Moberley Bells, and was delighted to find, not only that she recognized me—this might have been simply well-acted—but that she remembered my name, and the fact that I had made some exploration of the Tunisian Sahara. We shared refreshments. I introduced her to those who sat round about us, and we formed a delightful party, each taking to himself the special greeting of eyes bestowed by King Edward on Sara, as he returned from the altar after the Coronation had taken place.

The autumn months of 1902 were a good deal taken up with five journeys through Ireland. My eyes had been sorely exercised in the previous year by the completion of my book on "Uganda," fine work in drawing and painting; but the sight had also possibly been affected by the weakness supervening on the two attacks of Black-water fever in Africa. Hitherto, down to the age of forty-four, my sight had been wonderful, I could see farther and more distinctly than most of the Europeans with whom I lived and moved, and could execute without strain extraordinarily fine work in drawing, or read without difficulty the

smallest print. But I was obliged in the middle of 1902 to consult an oculist, and the first specialist I saw in this branch of medical science seemed to do me very little good; to cause me extraordinary pain, and not to help me to resume my work in painting and writing. One oculist, however, after the Coronation was over, advised me to give up all work as much as possible, involving reading and writing, and to make a voyage to rest the eyes. At the same time, the management of the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic* wanted to send some one like myself to visit Ireland, examine the question of Home Rule critically, and write a series of letters on the subject.

I waited until my wife had recovered her health, and then started for Ireland where I spent much of the autumn and early winter. I took with me a good camera, and was fortunate enough to be introduced early in my proceedings to a remarkable and wholly interesting man, Mr. James Welsh, a native of Ulster, but one taking quite an unprejudiced view of the problems of Ireland, especially the question of Home Rule. The *Graphic* was generous in its payments, so I was able to engage this man to accompany me over much of my tours. He was a more skilful photographer, or at any rate, a more patient developer of negatives than I was, though I may have had a better instinct as to the kind of thing to be photographed.

My first stay of any length was made at Achill Island, off the west coast of Mayo. I believe it is the largest island off Ireland. I had not at that time met Mr. Welsh. Some one had recommended me to visit Achill whilst the autumn was young, and the sunshine bright. He promised me a feast for the eyes, peace for the nerves, and the nearest approach to "wildness" still lingering in the British Islands.

My first experiences in Dublin were unfortunate. I was advised to go to an hotel celebrated for its remarkable Turkish Baths, but it might have been more justly noted for the swarms and vigor of its fleas. One night of it was all I could stand, and with a sore and swollen skin, I entered the express, which the next day was to carry me across the whole width of Ireland, and land me at a forlorn little station opposite Achill Island. From

here I crossed in a side-car along the bridge which had recently been constructed by the instigation of Mr. Balfour, to connect Achill Island with the mainland. A few years previously in the channel separating the two a storm had arisen, which had wrecked the boats conveying a party of harvesters back to Achill, and some sixteen of them were drowned.

On the northeast coast of this mountainous island, a somewhat overpraised hotel existed, practically the only inn on the whole island. It did not come up to all the commendations of the guide-books, because its beds had fleas. But the meals were good and well cooked, and the host, what I might call "an intelligent gentleman." In earlier years he had been an officer in the R. I. C., and had played a famous part in detecting and solving conspiracies. He had now retired from political service and had given himself up to the development of Achill and the attraction of tourists, above all of tourists interested in bird-life; for Achill in those days was the most remarkable portion of the British Islands, not only for the numbers and variety of its birds, but for their tameness, the fact that you *saw* them. I quite appreciated this point. I had grown weary of British Ornithology in England, because although it might include a varied list of wild swans, wild geese and ducks, plovers, warblers, vultures and birds of prey, you never saw them, except in museums or zoological gardens. Here in Achill Island, in September, 1902, the show of birds was really remarkable.

On the rough roads and village streets, the red-billed choughs swarmed as tamely as pigeons might do on St. Paul's pavements. Whooper swans swam placidly on the lochs, as did almost all the ducks and geese attributed to the British fauna. There were also parties of wild Mute swans, no doubt anciently introduced.

The mountains rose to between two and three thousand feet on the northwest coast, descending abruptly from such altitudes to the gigantic waves of the Atlantic, and on their lofty cliffs could be discerned feral goats of a long-established variety, white, long-bearded, and with splendid horns. The heads of some of the semi-wild sheep reminded one of the Sardinian mouflon. I think there were red-deer, but they possibly have been re-introduced,

though they abounded in Achill a century earlier. The breed of sheep-dogs—I remarked—was almost exactly like a small wolf, as though really descended from that animal.

There seemed to be about six thousand indigenous Achill Islanders, one of the handsomest peoples I have ever seen, but apparently of Norse or Danish origin in the main. The majority of them only spoke the Irish language and knew no English.

The mountain sides to the edges of the cliffs that overhung the Atlantic were clothed with a glorious mantle of red-purple heather, trimmed at the edges with blazing yellow gorse. I have seen nowhere else in the British Isles such vivid coloring.

The host of the inn at Dugort provided his guests for a small payment with excellent riding ponies and picnic lunches, so that I spent day after day of a glorious week of fine weather riding across the island, with a large sketch-book and water-color paint-box. I had in all ten days, as far as I can remember, without a shower of rain, and in spite of my promise to rest my eyes, worked from early morning to sunset, to record the beautiful scenery. I afterwards contributed these illustrations of Achill scenery to Royal Academy exhibitions, especially one showing the black Kerry cattle amid the heather and golden gorse on the mountain sides.

I devoted, under the guidance of Mr. Welsh, some time and care to studying the exquisite scenery and the interesting flora of Southwest Ireland. Here, in the Dingle Peninsula, for example, the attitude of the people was disagreeable, almost to hostility. This was tantalizing because the natives were handsome and very Iberian in appearance, resembling quite remarkably the Moors of Algeria, or the people of southern Spain.

I devoted also a good deal of time to Belfast, and to the scenery and people of Antrim. I realized the extraordinary difference between Ulster and the rest of Ireland. Ulster was like a miniature of Scotland and Lancashire in the life of its people, their remarkable industry, cleanliness, and prosperity.[1]

[1] In addition to my ten letters in the *Daily Graphic* (November-December, 1902), I published the first of the impressions made on me by Ireland and the Irish people and the language in *Views and Reviews,* Williams and Norgate, 1912.

My subsequent visits to Dublin, where I stayed at the very comfortable—not to say luxurious—Shelburne Hotel, brought home to me the great charm this city *then* possessed, the efficient way in which its museums, picture galleries, libraries were developed and shown to the public. Much of this work had been done by men of Irish birth and surname, who had, however, served the British Empire to start with, and were spending their declining days in Dublin.

One of them directed the National Art Gallery, took an interest in my style of painting, and subsequently exhibited in Dublin selections of my works. Our relations, however, some years later, had a severe jar. He had read an account in some review of a picture exhibited by me at the Royal Academy in 1898. It represented an incident of our Arab wars, and of course was painted from actuality as far as possible—an Angoni Zulu with a red kilt, lies on the top of a trampled sandbank, dying or dead of a wound. In the background stretches a strip of marshy coastland, the line of a blue lake, and against the horizon a range of sun-lit mountains.

But when I crossed over to Dublin at this later date, to see the picture by special invitation, its place on the walls was shrouded with wrappers. Enquiry elicited that the son of the Director died in some such a way in the South African War; and although he was an Irish officer and my picture represented a nearly nude Zulu warrior, painted some three years before the lamentable death of the Director's son, the coincidence had been too much for the father's feelings, and my picture was returned to me.

I might say a few words here about the African Society between 1902 and 1921. As early as 1894 I had approached various people of knowledge and importance, proposing that there should be a society founded for the special study of Africa, just as there was the Royal Asiatic Society, whose remarkable library I was fond of consulting whenever I was in London. Little or no response, however, followed my suggestion. I revived the subject with the same result when at home in 1899.

In 1900, however, Mary Kingsley died of typhoid fever at

Simon's Town, South Africa, where she had been to nurse the Boer prisoners of war. Mary Kingsley was a charming attractive woman, who made a friend of any one she chose to meet, and amongst those who had been won over by her charm of manner and her vivid talk, was Mrs. J. R. Green, the widow of that remarkable Oxford Professor, J. R. Green, who had written the first really far-sighted, introspective, and popular work on English history. Mrs. Green was a Stopford of a well-known Irish family. I don't think she had ever been in Africa in those days, or knew or cared much about that continent, but like many other people she had been greatly attracted by Mary Kingsley's nature, her originality and her unconventional descriptions of Africa.

As a matter of fact, all Mary Kingsley ever saw of the African Continent prior to 1900 was seen in two separate visits (1893-94, 1894-95) to the coast of West Central Africa, between the Niger Delta and the Ogowé River, which visits altogether occupied less than two years. She had collected for examination in England a few species of fresh-water fish, and she had made many notes of native customs and beliefs. But she went out to West Africa with very little previous knowledge of its ethnology and natural history. Many of her assumptions and conclusions were incorrect. She knew nothing of surveying, revealed nothing new in the way of geography, no new language or racial type. The book she published on her return was amusing to read, but chiefly amusing to people who did not know Africa, and were not likely to be amazed or vexed at her mistakes. She was greatly liked by the first Lord Cromer, who vaunted her work whenever he had an opportunity.[1] Between 1896 and 1899, however, she set herself very seriously to study Africa, its fauna, flora, and peoples; and had she carried out the contemplated third expedition in 1899 she might on her return have made a noteworthy contribution to knowledge. But she was wrought up over the ethics of the South African War; and, moved to pity over the Boer cause,

[1] The late Lord Cromer—at any rate at this period—knew in reality very little about Africa, though he had spent many years in the British Agency in Egypt. He had always refused to master Arabic, and devoted himself contrariwise to modern Greek.

went out to Cape Colony to nurse the Dutch-speaking prisoners of war.

Mrs. Green was so overcome at the news of Mary Kingsley's death that in quick succession she deified her, erected her into a goddess of Africa, and wished to found an African Society under her spiritual patronage.

I, being in Africa at the time, was not available for consultation, so she called on my wife, packed her into a hansom, went round to people of influence and money, and secured their support in one afternoon—much in regard to influence, little in the direction of money—for the foundation of an African Society, which was to be founded "in memory of Mary Kingsley;" and to disseminate in its journal the device of a Mary Kingsley Medal.

When I returned to England in the summer of 1901, I found myself more or less pledged in my absence to assist in founding this African Society. Lord Ripon had become its first president, but told me he only held the chair till my retirement from active service gave me sufficient leisure to succeed him.

Rather unwillingly I did so: unwillingly because so many of the small membership in those days were unscientific, emotional, sensational, and wanting to be "thrilled."

I had an affection for Mary Kingsley, but no desire to create a Mary Kingsley myth, or to make her out as having written anything about Africa—as yet—worthy of serious remembrance or scientific discussion. There were potent names of people like Lord Cromer on the list of councillors and supporters, but they never attended meetings. Everything involving attention to business or arrangement of meetings devolved on Mrs. Green, and the secretary she had been instrumental in appointing. This secretary (De Cardi) was a good-humored, rather h'less Liverpool merchant, who called himself "Count De Cardi," and possibly correctly, for he was of Corsican descent. I had known him in his trading capacity, and as the master of a small steamer in the Niger Delta.

He had made a small competence out of African trading, and served the African Society as Secretary with little or no remu-

My first drawing of the Okapi, from the skin, skull, and native description.

neration. But he had practically no scientific knowledge of Africa, not even a shadowy understanding of her problems. He used to get on my nerves whenever he rose to speak, because he would prelude most of his statements with the phrase "In memory of 'Er," casting a side-glance at Mrs. Green.

My first term of presidency lasted two years. I retired then, though I continued to take an interest in the conduct of the *Journal* which has always been a noteworthy production, much superior to the babble talked at the meetings.

As the years rolled by, poor De Cardi fell a victim to some African complication of his health, and died. Wrangle followed wrangle as to the management and policy, from all of which I stood aloof. Amongst other Presidents was Sir Clement Hill, my sometimes-enemy, who had become a member of Parliament after his retirement; but he made—I thought—a good President of the African Society because he was not too sentimental; so during his term of office my interest in its affairs revived. Then came on the scene Cathcart Wason, another troubler of the peace, alternately a good friend and bitter enemy of Mrs. Green; who, however, avoided the enmity by retreating to Ireland and becoming absorbed in Irish politics. Mr. Cathcart Wason became President and endeavored to give the Society too much of an Imperialistic turn during the War.

At the close of the Great War, when I was undergoing an operation in a Nursing Home, a deputation of members came to see me, and begged me to become President again. I was in that genial mood which comes to most people when the operation is safely over and convalescence comes with great strides. I accepted, entered on a further term of presidency at the special appeal, amongst others, of Mr. Cathcart Wason.

In 1919 I was confronted with an urgent difficulty.

Post-War developments in Victoria Street threatened to deprive the Society of its office there, which had previously been let to it at a small rent. It became urgently necessary to find a fresh abode within the means of a nearly bankrupt Association. I talked with Professor Wyndham Dunstan thereanent. He

was the Director of the Imperial Institute, which seemed to me an appropriate abode. Here I was able to find accommodation for the African Society which materially improved its prospects and usefulness.

But for some unknown reason the prospect of being housed in this South Kensington building greatly upset Mr. Cathcart Wason, who by that time—I can not help thinking—was hardly responsible for his changeable and violently expressed opinions.

At any rate on the day when I attended a Council Meeting for the purpose of being re-elected President, at the wish of nearly every member of the Council, I found that nearly every member of Council had thought the matter so trite and certain that they had not given themselves the trouble to attend and record their votes. Only Mr. Wason came with a friend who had been an Anglo-Indian official. When he arrived he looked so ill, so terribly demented, that out of pity and a sense of decency (feeling that one could not argue with a man so near death) I cheerfully accepted the result of the two votes of himself and his companion, and saw my fourth year of Presidency annulled.

However, this result was not received quietly by the rest of the Council. A special meeting was called and I was unanimously voted back to the Chair. I agreed to serve a fourth year as President in order to overcome all the difficulties of reinstalment under the wing of the Imperial Institute.

My health, however, was making impossible these constant journeys to London, and residence in London with attendance at Council Meetings and the reading of papers; so I intimated quite decidedly that I could not continue my Presidency any farther, but that I would serve with Sir Howard d'Egville as joint Editor of the Journal. This, therefore, is the existing arrangement. Miss d'Egville, for a long period Assistant Secretary, has ably filled the post of Secretary, and the Earl Buxton has for the last three years been a most efficient President. The membership and finances of the Society have greatly improved, and it seems now to have every prospect of a continued and useful existence on scientific lines. Mr. Wason died in 1921.

CHAPTER XVII

In the middle of 1903, I had, to a great extent, recovered my health, and began to feel very discontented at having no great work in hand.

My summer holiday of sketching in Dorsetshire was interrupted by the news of Lord Salisbury's death. I attended his funeral at Westminster Abbey, and the same day—as nearly as I can recollect, had a letter from Sir Alfred Harmsworth, then proprietor of the *Daily Mail,* asking me to call and see him on a matter of urgent business. I guessed what it was about, because a day or two earlier I had realized that one effect of this death would be a Parliamentary vacancy at Rochester, for which Lord Salisbury's eldest son, the present peer, sat as Member of Parliament.

My relations and friends connected with Rochester had written asking me to come forward, and contest the seat from the Liberal standpoint. So the day following I went to see the celebrated Harmsworth. He took me from the offices of the *Daily Mail* to the Savoy Hotel, where we lunched on a veranda overlooking the river. "I hear you are going to stand for Rochester," he said, "and I am going to back you up in the *Daily Mail* and get you elected. You are standing as a Liberal, I suppose?" he went on. "But I do not care under what designation you have come forward. I'm sick of the present administration, and I want men like you to get into Parliament." I said frankly that the situation had developed with such quickness that I had scarcely had time to make up my mind, or to send a definite answer; but I would then and there decide to accept, and telegraph accordingly.

A few days later a wonderful article on the leader page appeared in the *Daily Mail,* written by Philip Gibbs. The terms of the article were so laudatory they made me wince, but they

caused my supporters at Rochester considerable satisfaction. My wife and I went down there, and accepted what, I must admit, was a very gracious hospitality extended to us by a Rochester family of old standing, with whom I had been more or less acquainted in past times. The head of the house subsequently figured a good deal in the municipal history of Rochester.

This step, of course, meant a break with the Foreign Office, though I lent myself to no criticism of that Department of State. I believed—and believe still—in the virtue of Free Trade from a British Islands' point of view. Joseph Chamberlain had just come out as an advocate of Protection, and I concentrated my efforts on attacking his policy in that respect. I had a most curious division of support. The Solicitor to the British South Africa Company, and several supporters or even officials of the Chartered Company came down to Rochester, and vehemently advocated my cause. Rhodes, of course, was dead the year previously, but some of his associates took up a hostile attitude. As a matter of fact, it was the Americans at Rochester who decided the issue. They had taken in hand the cement industry, which had long been, and is still, a prominent and hideous feature in the Rochester landscapes, along the river-side, turning the chalk of the Kentish cliffs into cement with some other combination.

The Americans wanted Protection, to increase the value of British cement. A very large number of their employés, together with the Irish party in Rochester (I forget what industry they were concerned with, but they constituted a powerful body of voters), turned the scale against me, and rather to my surprise I was defeated by over five hundred votes. As to the Irish Question: I probably lost the backing of the Irish laborers by an unfortunate lecture on Ireland which I gave with mistaken zest, illustrated by my own slides. One of the most interesting of these showed a remarkable calvarium found in a bog in Sligo and exhibited in the British Museum. Its interest lay in its supposed resemblance to the Neanderthal type. I showed this: expatiated on its antiquity, and its being perhaps (then) the most

"anthropoid" specimen as yet discovered in the British Isles. I was carried away by my enthusiasm in seeking for evidences of Man's origin, before I realized that this was not electioneering. My words were followed by an icy pause, broken by an Irish navvy at the back of the audience, who rose and said, "As to the Irish, they're God's own people, and never knew an ape."

The result was rather a blow to me, but my speeches had excited a certain amount of interest and even enthusiasm among Liberal and political societies, who were becoming very anti-Chamberlain. They begged me not to be discouraged, and invited me to be their candidate at the next election, for this, that, and the other place.

Feeling, therefore, that I was now committed to politics as my next career, I decided to accept the call from the West Marylebone Liberal and Radical Association. It may have been a foolish choice, because of the enormous majority to beat down, but the scene of the activities was within an easy walk of my home in Regent's Park, and it seemed to me that West Marylebone might be contested and yet not interfere with literary and newspaper work near at hand. At any rate, wisely or otherwise, I accepted their invitation in January, 1904. Meantime, being very exhausted and much wanting quiet for the completion of another book, I again accepted Mrs. Scott's invitation to occupy her house at Shere, for the autumn and early winter.

Among other side issues, soon to take up an important part of my activities, were the affairs of Liberia.

Liberia, the Negro Republic on the west coast of Africa, had begun to interest me in 1882, when traveling to West Africa with Lord Mayo. Our steamer had called off the coast to recruit Kruboys. I do not think I landed, because of the surf, but I never forgot the impression of the magnificent Forest rising up so close to the waves. In the course of my three years' Consular work in the Niger Delta between 1885 and 1888, I had a great deal to do with Kruboys, and became interested in their homeland. I landed at Basá and perhaps Cape Palmas on my way home, and was impressed with the grandeur of the forest and its

botanical interest. I used also to hear a great deal about Liberia from the eccentric, amusing Liberian woman, Emma Jaja Johnson, who acted as Secretary to King Jaja.

Colonel Powney, who was the principal person coming forward to ask me to take an interest in this region, was an officer in one of the Guards, who had done good service in the Sudan wars, and had thenceforth developed an interest in Africa. (He was the descendant of Warren Hastings's Private Secretary.) He had already, before meeting me, made two visits to the Liberian forests, and these travels had been illustrated by a member of his party with well-taken photographs. His enterprise had been mixed up with that of a French duke and a Dutch diplomatist, both of whom had begun to experience what I might term an "intelligent" interest in French West Africa. The French association, however, had turned off to other schemes, and parted with their rights or their ambitions to Colonel Powney's group, which had been incited to take over and revive a moribund Liberian enterprise (with Germans at the back of it) styled a Chartered Company, and brought into existence by some long-past President of Liberia for the purpose of developing the country's trade.

"Liberia" had begun early in the nineteenth century, as an attempt to repatriate a portion of the emancipated Negroes of the United States. Everything in those days concerning Africa was conducted in ignorance of African conditions. Freed slaves in the United States before the Civil War had aroused very awkward questions; and in the 'twenties, 'thirties, and 'forties the best solution seemed to be to ship them back to Africa and enable them to colonize a portion of the African coast. So the region immediately east of Sierra Leone was fixed on for this purpose, and an elaborate constitution was framed, *utterly* disproportionate to the feebleness of the colonizing effort. The chief purpose of these laws was to keep out the European or the non-African from any rival settlement or interference with the Negro races.

Under these conditions Liberia could only vegetate as an enterprise. Its vaguely-defined territory was *already* inhabited by two

to three millions of a very diverse *indigenous* population. There were Muhammadan Mandingos and Vais in the west and north; Kru tribes in the south and east, and unknown, unclassified savages in the eastern interior. The whole of these two and a half millions, so far as they had any views outside their village interests, objected more or less strongly during the first half of the nineteenth century to this planting of American Negro refugees on their coast. They would not have objected to the extension of European control, but they did not want colonies of *"black* foreigners" amongst them. If their hostility towards "Liberia" lessened as the century drew to a close, it was only because of their dread of the French advance.

I discussed the question of my joining the Liberian Company (as a Director, in some advisory capacity) with the African Department of the Foreign Office, and they were favorable to the idea. Lord Lansdowne, indeed, saw me on several occasions to discuss the question. It was feared at the Foreign Office in those times that if no attempt was made to strengthen British commerce in Liberia, the whole of the country must inevitably come within the French political sphere in West Africa, since the United States had at that period professed—or seemed to profess —indifference as to its fate.

The British Consul in Liberia twenty years ago was Mr. Eric Drummond, a *"Consul de carrière,"* who had previously done good work in Portuguese East Africa, and was the son of a British Minister in Portugal. Mr. Drummond was anxious that Liberia should be set on her feet by the systematic exploration and use of her rubber forests and by researches into her mineral deposits. Both gold and diamonds had already been found in her territory by Colonel Powney and his associates.

I thought the best course to pursue before making any public appeal was to go out to Liberia and see the whole country as thoroughly as possible. I chose for this purpose the dry interval of the summer-time, between the two rainy seasons, and spent the two months of July and August, 1904, visiting the President and his Ministers at Monrovia, and traveling through the whole

length of the country from its western to its eastern provinces on the boundary of the Ivory Coast.

In this way I made the acquaintance of Mr. Frank Braham, who had been sent out there a year or two previously by those who were interested in the Anglo-German Rubber Company. Mr. Braham and I visited almost every place on the coast which could possibly become a port; for one of the disadvantages of Liberia, like so much else of the west coast of Africa, was its not possessing a single natural harbor. Such places as Robertsport and Monrovia were not often afflicted by a heavy surf: landings occasionally were quite calm and unobstructed; but Basá, though a great confluence of trade, and Cape Palmas were nearly always risky for the landing of passengers and cargo.

But my journeys through the forests of the interior, though very slow, were excessively fatiguing, because one had practically to walk the whole way in tropical hot weather, and often follow nothing but elephant paths. Yet the journeys made a great impression on me, because of the splendid timber, the abundance of rubber-producing trees and lianas, and the extraordinary variety of other forms of vegetable wealth—gum, oils, drugs, and fiber. I had read Büttikofer's two volumes on Liberia which were published in the 'eighties, and therefore before entering the country was more or less acquainted with its remarkable fauna.

As the result of this first long journey, I returned home, convinced of the great, inherent wealth of this curious little land, one of the most "distinguished" portions of Africa for its rich and peculiar fauna and flora. I had brought back with me propositions from President Barclay, endorsed by his Cabinet, as to what might be done to strengthen the Chartered Company, and the schemes for rubber production, provided a certain amount of capital was provided by Colonel Powney and his friends, and the consent of the British Government was obtained to a degree of support which might tend to the better administration of Liberia and to the settlement of its frontier delimitations with Britain and France. President Barclay was aware that Colonel Powney had secured the participation of certain French capital-

ists in the management of the projected renewal of the Chartered Company, and that he was prepared to purchase outstanding claims from the Germans and get them annulled or transferred to British hands.

Colonel Powney fulfilled all these conditions, and the British Government consented to recognize the appointment of an Englishman as Controller of the Liberian Customs, and other measures tending towards the securing of interest to bond-holders of the existing Liberian State debt. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, helped the Foreign Office in various ways towards the conclusion of an arrangement which would obtain for Liberia, under proper checks and guarantees, a loan from some financial house of European standing. This would regularize and facilitate the repayment of her small public debt.

All these schemes were communicated frankly to the United States, who had unofficially brought Liberia into existence many years before. No American objections were offered, so the schemes went forward. The Dunlop Company interested itself in the rubber question, and the already existing Liberian Chartered Company was more or less fused with the former Anglo-German Company for developing the rubber. I agreed for a time to become Managing Director of both companies, and started once more for Liberia in November, 1905, to put all these matters before the Liberian House of Representatives and Senate, and obtain their sanction and acceptance of the scheme of the Customs' Control and the repayment of their public debt.

Things in British politics looked very shaky, and when I said good bye to Lord Lansdowne, he told me that on my return, he might no longer be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In fact, I think on the day I started for Liverpool to join my West African steamer I heard the news of his resignation. But it did not then seem likely that the incoming Liberal Administration would dissolve Parliament before February or March.

I passed an excessively anxious December in Liberia. German opposition to my schemes had become open and avowed, but the opposition was conducted by a German Consul who was a gentle-

man, and did nothing underhand. The measures, however, were finally passed by the Liberian Legislature and sanctioned by the President; and the German Consul on the morrow of this settlement gave me a congratulatory luncheon and told me that having done his best and failed, and cabled his failure, he had been rewarded by the transference to the much more interesting post of Jerusalem. So we parted friends.[1]

When I reached Sierra Leone in the returning steamer, I read the Reuter's telegrams about the dissolution of Parliament and the coming elections. My steamer arrived at Plymouth and I learned from the newspapers that the election had been held at West Marylebone four days previously, and that despite the gallant struggle of my wife and my friends in that constituency, I had not gained the seat, though I had reduced the Conservative majority to quite a slender figure as compared with past elections. My wife thought that if the affairs of Liberia had not so provokingly carried me off at the time, I should have won the seat.

However, at the moment I considered I had settled the fate of Liberia on very favorable lines, and that I should have a task of great interest in developing her resources and steering her to affluence and good government.

Here I was soon to sustain a great disappointment. The French Foreign Office, with whom I had been a good deal in communication in 1905—going over to Paris to discuss the Liberian problem at the Quay d'Orsay—changed its attitude when I returned from Liberia in 1906, believing that Sir Edward Grey, unlike his predecessor, took no interest in the fate of Liberia and was quite willing to see the Negro Republic come under French control. So instead of signing the Frontier Delimitation agreement which had been negotiated with the permanent officials at the French Colonial Office—especially the explorer Under-Secretary, Colonel Louis Binger—they deferred doing so, accused the Liberian officials of vexatious interference with tribes who believed

[1] I published in 1906 a work in two volumes entitled *Liberia* (through Messrs. Hutchinson) which gives a full description of the country, its fauna, flora, people and languages.

themselves to be under French protection, and intimated pretty clearly they were going to settle the frontier entirely out of regard for French interests. They also revived other vexatious demands of a kind calculated to inflame the fears of the Liberians. By an unfortunate conjuncture of events, the British Governor at Sierra Leone was excited by exaggerated news regarding an uprising at Monrovia and gave orders for the despatch of a British force to Monrovia to maintain order. He was just proceeding on leave of absence, and so fortunately the Acting Governor, Mr. G. B. Haddon-Smith, who was much better informed on the subject, countermanded the detachment of West Indian troops, and did what he could to appease Liberian susceptibilities.

But the French Foreign Office had decided that the powers granted to the Liberian Chartered Company, the establishment of a British Customs' Officer (to obtain security for what was virtually the British loan) were all against French interests. They would almost sooner have German preponderance here than British. So in the winter of 1906 though I again went out to Liberia, it was to find enemies instead of friends. The Legislature revoked or annulled its concessions, and although our own Foreign Office intervened at this stage it only secured the continuance of a simulacrum of a Chartered Company and a rubber concession.

To finish the story here I might add that I accepted gratefully the invitation of President Roosevelt to come over to the United States, and discuss the Liberian question with him and with his Secretary of State. He also wished to see me relative to the question of his visiting East Equatorial Africa, when he could undertake such a journey after leaving the Presidentship. The Foreign Office approved of my going, and (I gathered) would equally approve of America intervening in place of France, Germany, or Britain, in Liberian affairs, and resuming her former position as Protectress of the Negro Republic.

So at Washington in the autumn of 1908 I went into the whole question with Mr. Secretary Root. Eventually there was substituted for the British Customs' Officials, an American control, the

French frontier was settled; and the Great War brought about the extinction of any right on the part of Germany to interfere in the fate of Liberia. The British Companies became absorbed in a larger American undertaking.

One of the few steps I had taken to place Liberian affairs on a good basis was maintained. I had mentioned at the beginning of this account how a Dutchman, Mr. J. P. Crommelin,[1] had explored Liberia in connection with the British and French companies. He had begun a career of diplomacy under the Netherlands Government, and had been Secretary to the first Hague Conference. Then owing to some difference of opinion with the Dutch Foreign Office, he took up Liberian affairs, for it must be remembered that all through the struggles of this unfortunate country to get on its feet, the one commercial house that seemed to prosper permanently was the Dutch House or two allied Dutch houses of trade. (Professor Büttikofer—the explorer of Liberia in the 'eighties—though really a German, did his work for Dutch Museums, and became a Dutch citizen.) Holland had no territorial ambitions in this part of West Africa; so President Barclay, on my advice, chose Mr. Crommelin to enter the Liberian Diplomatic Service and represent his country in Paris and London, which he continued to do down to the present day, though in 1922 he resigned the diplomatic post in Paris.

Dutch officers were also chosen to act in the frontier delimitations with France, which were concluded just before the outbreak of the Great War. These delimitations revealed the fact that on the Liberian frontier of French West Africa, there existed the highest elevations of land in the whole of West Africa to the west, that is, of the Lower Niger. The actual height of these mountains which look down on the Cavally watershed, is not far off seven thousand feet.

I had never been wholly reconciled to a London residence, either at Queen Anne's Mansions, or in Chester Terrace, Regent's Park. The bicycle had first seemed to satisfy my craving

[1] Mr. Crommelin died in London in April, 1923.

for the country. I would bicycle out from Regent's Park into Hertfordshire—seventeen or eighteen miles—into what in those days, was genuine country, without newly-built houses. In fact a direct ride of eight miles from Regent's Park, would bring one, in 1903 or 1904, into what seemed the countryside. But the remembrances of my boyhood, and of the three months spent at Walberton in 1897, drew me to Sussex. From 1903 onward I took houses for the summer months, near Arundel and not far from the coast.

In 1905 I heard of a house to let at Poling Corner, a short distance from the Arundel-Worthing road. I bicycled over to see it. It was ostensibly a farmhouse, which, although it now bore the name of "St. John's Priory" and looked like a Priory externally, a hundred years ago had been known as "Fairplace Farm." Its exterior and its gardens—then remarkable for their roses and Madonna lilies—captivated my eyes, but the interior of the dwelling was very disappointing: dark, poky rooms; Victorian furniture; stained wall-papers, discolored by incoming rain-water; and a stone flooring—ugly and chilly—to the hall, passages, and one of the sitting-rooms. But the setting of the house, the deodars and yews bordering its lawns, and its story as revealed to me in Sussex county histories made such an impression on my fancy that I invited my wife's examination and opinion.

She decided in favor of our taking it, as, at any rate, a week-end cottage, which might on a yearly tenancy, be no more expensive than a furnished house taken merely for the summer season. I called in next my brother Philip, the architect, to advise. He was immediately enthusiastic. The house, considering it was small in size, had a remarkable history. It had been built, or begun to be built in 1180, by a religious body, which soon became identical with the Community of St. John of Jerusalem. (Local opinion associated the construction of the house with the Templars, but I could not find any evidence of this.) Three knights of St. John continued to reside here through the Middle Ages down to as late as 1577; when after some real or imagined Cath-

olic conspiracy, Queen Elizabeth bade them be gone. A period of confusion ensued. Their stables a quarter of a mile to the south, became an independent farmhouse; and St. John's Priory (in reality known as "The Commandery" of the Knights of St. John) was renamed "Fairplace Farm."

Curiously enough, the history of St. John's Priory was given about this time—1906—by Cardinal Gasquet, in his book on the Monastic buildings of England. "Fairplace Farm" was re-named "St. John's Priory" at the close of the eighteenth century. Thenceforward it was tenanted by a yeoman family in successive generations, but belonged to a series of different owners until the 'seventies of the last century, when it was purchased by the Duke of Norfolk who owned much of the surrounding land.

The yeoman family (Blunden) that inhabited it for more than a century continued its tenancy under the Duke, and developed some fields to the west of the farm land as a noteworthy Pottery. Here, William de Morgan came down to work, and here he developed a wonderful glaze.

The Blunden tenant of St. John's Priory apparently brought himself very near bankruptcy over the attempt to make this pottery a production of beautiful things. He also held a commission in the Army, but he finally retired from the tenancy of St. John's at the close of the nineteenth century, and lived at Putney. It then had a succession of occupants, mostly military officers having work in the neighborhood. But when we inspected it, its occupants were a widow and her son, the son just having retired from the service of a steamship company.

I so fell in love with the place, that I took it from the farmer who farmed all the surrounding land, without very much thought as to permanency of tenure. I found, however, on closer enquiry, that he only held house and estate on a yearly agreement from the Duke of Norfolk. I therefore appealed direct to the Duke and his agent. They settled matters with the farmer, gave me a twenty-one years' lease of the house, and four acres; and agreed to bring the delicious water from Swan Pool in Arundel Park, into my house and garden. This meant laying pipes for a mile beyond the houses of Crossbush.

A portion of the site on the Nandi Plateau (8000 feet) and alongside the Uganda Railway, chosen by the author in 1901 as the place for the East African capital city.

We found ourselves here a mile and a half from Arundel Station, and only a minute's walk from the post-office at Poling Corner. Arundel Station in those days was not very well served by trains on the Brighton and South Coast Line. The Duke of Norfolk used plaintively to refer to this lack of convenience; but he was far too modest a person about his own wants and wishes to intervene with a Railway Company. However, I had some personal acquaintance with the Manager of the Brighton and South Coast Railway—Sir William Forbes (the brother of Stanhope Forbes, R. A., as related in the part of my life dealing with my student days); so I put the matter before him, with the result that the train service was much improved by certain Portsmouth expresses being directed to stop at Arundel, so that one could make the journey—nearly sixty miles from London—in an hour and a half.

My brother spent nearly a year remaking the interior of the house, and restoring it as far as possible, to its appearance in Elizabethan times. The gardens were remodeled and enlarged, and I decided to live here permanently. So I let my house in Chester Terrace, and soon afterwards, to my great relief, was able to sell the lease.

From 1906 onward, St. John's Priory, three and a half miles inland from the sea coast, on the edge of far-stretching woods (which are still unspoiled, though the Gypsies nibble at them) has been my permanent home, under a further agreement with its Ducal owner which secures the tenancy for the duration of my life and that of my wife.

Near by was another plot of land not belonging to the Duke of Norfolk which contained a remarkable cottage, so old in its shaping and its looks as to substantiate the more-or-less well-founded story of its dating from about 1000 A.C. This plot and cottage Lady Anderson purchased from its owner and presented to us. The cottage was in such disrepair that it had ceased to be tenantable, but we reconstructed its interior wholly, while leaving undisturbed the ancient roof and exterior aspect, and it became for me a studio and work room. In looking up records and examining the structure, I found out the history of the building—how it

had first been built as a leper-house, and in the time of Elizabeth became the Poorhouse of the neighborhood. Then it remained fulfilling this purpose for Poling until the building of the East Preston Workhouse in 1857. I have used it, in the middle of its garden of fruit-trees with a tiny stream on one side and a hedge all round of roses, as a room in which to work; a studio and a library. It exudes peace.

CHAPTER XVIII

The affairs of Liberia at the opening of 1908 had got into such a condition of confusion, owing to the French rapacity on the frontier and German intrigues for permission to establish great wireless stations to connect up their Cameroons domain with Europe and Brazil, that I felt a strong disposition to go over to the United States, and endeavor to put before the American Government the whole question. I think this idea first arose from conversations with the American Ambassador in Paris; but one of my sisters was for a short time in the United States with her husband, and met President Roosevelt. She found he was interested in my writings, and told him she thought I would gladly pay him a visit to discuss African affairs with him generally. Roosevelt early in 1908, was already contemplating the idea of a visit to Equatorial East Africa, when his tenancy of the Presidentship should have expired.

Mr.—afterwards Viscount—Bryce, whom I had known from time to time at the Foreign Office or in politics, had gone to the United States as Ambassador. In consequence of my sister's conversation with the President, I was rather startled at receiving in Roosevelt's characteristic, bold handwriting, an invitation to come and visit him at Washington, and discuss East African questions, and almost by the same post, a letter from Mr. Bryce, offering me his hospitality, if I did come.

I next communicated with the Foreign Office, pointing out how much I wished clearly to understand the United States' intentions with regard to Liberia. Their reply was decidedly favorable to my going. I could discuss the whole question with Mr. Secretary Root, and communicate the results to the Foreign Office.

Mr. Moberley Bell heard from some source of my projected journey and invited me to write a series of articles upon it for the

Times. I had for some time past wished to study the great question of the eleven millions of Negroes and Negroids in North America and the West Indies. So I proposed when my visit to the States was over, passing on to the Greater and Lesser Antilles, and possibly some part of Central America and northern South America.

President Roosevelt with a delicacy characteristic of him, no sooner heard that I was coming, than he induced various lecture agencies or newspaper proprietors to propose lectures and magazine articles, the payment for which would amply cover my expenses.

So I started from Southampton to New York, in an exceedingly comfortable steamer of the White Star Line, early in September, 1908. As I wished to do a great deal of photography, and also was not in very good health, I took with me Mr. Arthur Greaves, who was for a long time in my employ, and who had learned to become a very accomplished photographer. My voyage to New York, under the pre-War conditions then prevailing, was altogether delightful. I was given, for a very modest outlay, a sitting-room and bedroom on a part of the deck near to the bandstand, and all my meals were served in the sitting-room, whilst I thoroughly enjoyed the excellent music discoursed by the band.

My arrival at New York seemed almost like the entrance into a fairy tale. The steamer was berthed at sunset, and we saw spring into existence the marvelous display of lights—dazzling white, deep red, bright yellow, pink, blue, and green, which shone out from all stages of the giant buildings, one or two of them 750 feet high. The Customs authorities at first wished to charge me duties on my photographic equipment. I was too over-awed to commence an argument; but the fact that I was coming to stay with the President decided them to pass my boxes of films.

We first drove in something like a respectable four-wheeler cab through a maze of streets to an hotel with a celebrated name. Here I only spent one night, in an unnecessarily gorgeous bedroom, after consuming meals with a dazzling menu. But here I

was visited soon after my arrival by a kind friend who had made my acquaintance in London, and come down to visit me in Sussex. This was Dr. Leander Chamberlain.

Dr. Chamberlain was a widower, and a widely traveled man, interesting himself more especially in the Roberts' Colleges and the troublesome affairs of the Balkan Peninsula. His brother, General Chamberlain, had been a rather well-known Northern Governor of one of the Southern States after the Civil War. Dr. Chamberlain advised me to transfer myself and my attendant, Mr. Greaves, to the Chelsea Hotel, a building somewhat like Queen Anne's Mansions in its arrangements and array of stories.

Here, for quite a modest outlay (in those days), I secured really comfortable quarters, with a fine outlook over New York, and a balcony from which to gaze on the marvels of the city. I had a dining-room, drawing-room, two bedrooms, and a bathroom, and I could either have my meals in my own dining-room, or in the restaurant below.

The only fault I could find in the whole arrangement, was the too great efficiency of the warming apparatus. New York in September is still undergoing summer heat, and until I mastered the heating apparatus so as to shut off the warm air, I had to sit with all the windows and doors open. Dr. Chamberlain instructed me in all these matters, and proved to be a delightful guide to the wonders, the amazements, of New York. He took me several excursions up country to places made famous in American literature. Then I went to stay with my sister at Cambridge near Boston, and gave several lectures under the kindly guidance of Dr. Charles Eliot, just about to retire from the Presidency of the Harvard University.

Then came the journey to Washington, under such conditions of luxury in railway traveling, as I had not hitherto tasted in Europe. I proceeded first of all to the British Embassy, a large and imposing building in the vastness of Washington, standing in its own grounds, but the grounds suggesting then a somewhat forlorn appearance of publicity and a suggestion of perpetually open gates and the right of the populace to stroll round the house.

Once in the house, and under Mrs. Bryce's régime, we were not only completely comfortable and with a sense of being at home, but there was the same agreeable sense of detachment and independence that I had experienced in the Viceroy's palace at Calcutta. However, soon after my arrival, I became unwell, a hideous condition when attendant on the more limited scope of ordinary hospitality. But here, though the Bryces came to see me and to sympathize, I just stayed in my own suite of rooms, until I was well again, and the Embassy doctor treated my lecture-shattered nerves in the right way, and made me feel once more robust.

One of my first excursions was to Philadelphia, and the next enterprise was an educational visit to the Hampton Institute in the northern part of Virginia. (On the way thither I stopped at Richmond, and saw some of the sites of noteworthy battles in the Civil War.)

Hampton was a great undertaking, originally founded by one of the most noteworthy, working philanthropists, General S. C. Armstrong. It was a much earlier undertaking than Tuskegee, and was established to serve not only the Negro and the Negroid, but the aboriginal Amerindian. There was much in this establishment to please the eye. The site was a park of flat land by the banks of a gleaming river. There were noble clumps of trees, far-stretching lawns, flower beds and flower borders, and parterres of shrubs. The colleges, the lecture halls, the guest-houses and residences for the students, male and female, were all comely to the eye. There was not a waste piece of paper in sight. The grass was very green, the geraniums were very scarlet, the Michaelmas daisies richly mauve, and all the students were well and seemly dressed.

My eye was drawn particularly to the Amerindian students, men and women. Emphatically civilized and well-dressed, combed, and with their hair in due restraint or neat array. It was sometimes difficult to conclude that they were of Amerindian race. They were lighter in complexion for the removal of prehistoric smoke-film.

The principal of this College was Dr. Frissell. There were many noteworthy professors, male and female, on the staff, but one of them interested me more than the others. This was Mr. Thomas Jesse Jones, a Welshman, born and bred, of wit and discernment. Though he was a nice-looking man, he belonged, as he humorously explained, to that dark type of southern Welshman who is particularly Iberian or North African in appearance; and he complained that this slight suggestion of the pre-historic negroid worried him at times when his journeys extended into the Southern States. He was apt to feel timorous as to whether his brown eyes and dark hair might not cause him to be recommended by a tram-conductor or railway official, to take the car or portion of the car, reserved for people of color.

He has since come much into general knowledge by his journeys with other American delegates through Africa, and through his lectures and writings on the scope of African education.

I saw much at Hampton which interested and impressed me. If there were anything that checked my sympathy and conversation, it was the very religious tone then prevailing.

The chief object in coming to Washington was to see Roosevelt, both before and after other excursions. The White House is, of course, a palace. Every room and the furniture of every room at the time I first saw it was something to be admired in architecture, design and decoration; and the extreme comfort and aptness of its appointments must have impressed most visitors. But in 1908 it gave me the impression—perhaps a mistaken one —of not offering an excessive amount of accommodation for the President's Staff. I was honored by the allotment of an historical bedroom, the room in which President Lincoln had signed the edict enfranchising over four million slaves in 1865. Greaves had a bedroom at no great distance, and what I thought showed such a sense of hospitality, was that the President, after bursting into my room to greet me and see that I was comfortable, passed along the passage to ascertain the same fact as to my companion.

Some of the meals were banquets, with the numbers of guests,

the forms and ceremonies of reception and withdrawal, the *menus* and the wines (it was before the days of Prohibition) one would have expected in the royal palaces of a first-class power. But the breakfasts, the teas in the afternoon, and occasionally a luncheon or a Sunday dinner were *en famille,* and Mrs. Roosevelt, whose bonhomie and kindly informality "rested" her guests, played the part of a hostess in private life. In fact, I thought the breakfasts particularly homely in a pleasant way. The children took their places with curt greetings, exclaimed, chuckled, pouted over their correspondence, or over the eggs being either hard-boiled or not boiled enough. Roosevelt divided his attentions between his trays of correspondence and his breakfast dishes or cups of coffee; and Mrs. Roosevelt showed me the patterns from which she was invited to select materials for winter garments.

After the stately dinners (at each of which one met exceedingly interesting people—Governors of States, of West Indian Islands, or the Philippines, heads of Oxford Colleges, ambassadors, inventors, soldiers and sailors) Roosevelt would take me away, when he had bidden his formal farewell at ten-thirty, to some upper room furnished more like a studio, with natural history specimens or examples of modern inventions. Here, Chinese tea or Mocha coffee would be served to us, but here alone we would talk and argue until midnight or even one o'clock.

I think I have never spent my time with any man more interesting. He knew the things on which he spoke, yet by no means monopolized the conversation, either at banquets, at cosy meals, or in these retired duologues.

He would lead out the head of Oriel College to discourse on the Latin and the literature of the fifth century after Christ; and then he himself would give a wonderful and arresting account of the Tartar occupation of Russia, between 1200 and 1400 A.C. Or one of his guests might be a German oologist. He would see that he told us enough about rare birds' eggs, without becoming a bore. He would ascertain that the Governor of the Philippines was competent to describe the Negroid population of the jungles,

before he gave vent to any opinion which might be detected as inaccurate by the Dutch ethnologist seated next him.

I have never known such a house for universality and detail; for kind and practical anxiety as to my foot-gear's adaptability to the appalling snow-fall which began in the middle of this visit, the suitability of my outfit for the West Indies, or the extent of my worry over Liberian affairs, or lecture engagements.

After two visits to the White House, separated by an interval of lecturing at Philadelphia and a study of the Hampton Institute, most reluctantly I bade Roosevelt farewell, and started with the Bryces on a seven-hundred-mile railway journey to Alabama. Mr. Bryce wished to make some personal acquaintance with Booker Washington's great and growing establishment at Tuskegee, and as I wanted to settle down there for a time to study this educational experiment he proposed escorting me thither and making up a party which was to include Dr. Chamberlain. The idea extended as it was shaped, and ended in our all going as the guests of Mr. R. C. Ogden.

Mr. Ogden was a millionaire philanthropist, whose acquaintance I had made in New York. He and a few others of the same city, had done much to finance the experiment of Booker Washington at Tuskegee. I think also he was connected with the railways that led thither. At any rate, he had a sumptuous railway car or series of cars, which could be attached to trains, and in which we all made the journey from New York and Washington.

We had to leave Washington quite early in the morning to catch the train. It had snowed heavily for two days previously, although we were only in the early part of November. The journey from the Embassy to the station seemed to me hazardous, as though the two motors might never reach the railway but become snowed up in the streets. The snow, indeed, had been so heavy, and rose so high, that it effaced the plan of Washington. However, we had started with a good allowance of time, and we reached the station entrance with no serious drawback. Abrupt, indeed, was the change from Siberian conditions to comfort and cosiness.

Mr. Robert Ogden's cars were in readiness in a siding. We stepped into absolute twentieth century conditions. There was a long car, with at one end a glass door which opened on to a sheltered "observation" ending, a long table laid with a tempting breakfast, a library of books in between the numerous windows, sofas, and chairs. There was a party assembled of about twenty, which we raised to twenty-five or twenty-six; for Lord Eustace Percy, one of the Embassy's staff, traveled with us. But there was ample bedroom accommodation. I had a bed compartment to myself, which also included a bathroom! At eight o'clock we sat down to breakfast in high spirits; and about the same time left the station, attached to a southern express.

As the day wore on it was most interesting, watching the gradual change of climate from arctic conditions at Washington to those of an April spring at Raleigh and Atlanta.

At Atlanta, I fancy, we had a considerable wait, an hour perhaps, enough time to go on a rapid excursion in a motor to see something of the town. At some other great station we dined in the car. We went to bed early, and awoke to the sunshine and flowers of May in the State of Alabama, though I noticed even here, the bananas had their fronds frizzled with an unexpected touch of frost.

At Tuskegee I was given very comfortable quarters, in one of the guest-houses—a bedroom, bathroom, and sitting-room.

Booker Washington, as I saw him in 1908, was a mulatto of pale cafè-au-lait complexion, with a negroid nose and lips, and yet an odd look of an Italian about his eyes and face. So far as he had any knowledge of his descent, he was the son of a negress in Virginia, and of a man named Tagliaferro, either born in Italy or of Italian descent, who had become overseer in the slave plantation where Booker Washington was born. Much of this is supposition on his part or mine; but in his appearance, his quick movements, his eye-glances, he used to remind me of the Italian models I had painted when a student at the Royal Academy.

He was in many respects a marvel, for he had risen up from the very dregs of slavery, and acquired an astounding amount of

education. He spoke English with comparatively little American accent, and wrote it as any good English author might have done. He was witty—so witty that one never tired of hearing his public addresses, though they were in most cases impromptu.

There was scarcely any subject one could not discuss with him, and find him well prepared with theories or opinions; or if he knew little of the subject, very ready to listen to any one who had made a study of it. I formed also, a high opinion of his wife. She was his third wife, her predecessors having died in childbirth. She was rather a silent woman, though quite able to converse in English as good as her husband's, when the subject interested her. She was, I suppose, what is technically called an octoroon, but to a casual observer, she might have been mistaken for a Spanish woman of distinguished presence.

As I wish to tell the whole truth, there was only one thing about my stay with Booker Washington which perplexed me, and that was the *diet!*

Neither the fare nor the cooking and presentation of it were anything near the level of civilized advancement characterizing everything else at Tuskegee. It was so startling in difference from the wholesome fare and delicious cooking I had experienced hitherto in America in all the hotels and on the railways, that it caused me embarrassment. My lack of appetite was commented on by my host and hostess, and yet when I forced myself to avoid their anxious enquiries by swallowing without tasting, I induced indigestion.

Fortunately it was ordained that I should breakfast in my separate quarters, and there I made a good square meal, cooked for me by some kindly person, generally by Greaves himself.

One of the most interesting personages at Tuskegee was Professor Carver, a full-blooded negro, who spoke English as though he had been brought up at Oxford. He was the Professor of Botany. I had not time to sound his knowledge of the botany of Africa or Tropical Asia, but no one I ever met in the New World taught me so much about the plant distribution in North and South America.

Thanks to his influence and his expert knowledge, I was sent on a most delightful excursion with one of his Negro assistants, to visit the magnolia forests of Alabama. Destruction of their beauty was—alas!—proceeding at a great rate, chiefly at the hands of white men, and I dare say now something of their charm, their diversified color and majestic growth is dissipated. It was, of course, the late autumn, though I suppose no actual winter ever reigned so far south. But the time of year possibly only accentuated the color effects. In the unspoiled forests magnificent magnolia trees with glossy, dark-green leaves and compact masses of foliage stood regularly placed—so to speak—amid intense green pines, black-green cypresses and yews, glaucous-green fan-palms, yellow-green oaks of permanent foliage, hickories and persimmons of twisted gray branches, and other trees unknown to me, some of them exhibiting in their foliage the autumn colors of the North—lemon-yellow, brick-red, scarlet and crimson. Near the ground the Michaelmas daisies of mauve were in full blossom. Numerous seed vessels were magenta in color.

I have seen many types of primeval forest in the Tropics, the Semi-Tropics and the Temperate Zone, but none which presented such a range and combination of bright tints as the woods of Alabama, Louisiana, and Florida. In Florida one had almost an excess of the gray-green "Spanish moss" (in reality an aberrant pineapple!—exactly like in appearance the Old-World lichen known as "Old Man's Beard"). But these gray streamers were not so prominent in Alabama.

The roads through these beautiful woods were fantastically bad; but we managed to drive over them in that exceedingly adaptable vehicle—the American buggy. Every now and then we would descend to the still water of a bayou, and see the moss-grown limbs and mighty trunks of trees, which had once served as hiding places for runaway slaves. My educated Negro guide told me that in some of these bayous have been found the sub-fossil remains of both tapirs and jaguars, and some other mammalian types which did not nowadays extend east of Texas.

At the close of my stay in Tuskegee I had several frank discus-

sions with Booker Washington alone, or occasionally with some of his professors on the scope and character of Negro education. I had felt at Hampton precluded from such discussions, because Dr. Frissell, however genial he might be, had evidently, together with some of his leading men and women assistants, a strong religious bias. Other directors of education in the Eastern and Southeastern States were still more prejudiced and old-fashioned in the kind of curriculum they laid down and enforced in Negro universities and colleges.

I do not know whether any great change has taken place since 1909, but I venture to reproduce a few paragraphs which I wrote on the subject at that time regarding the public curriculum for superior Negro education in the United States.

"The Negro students were offered in Greek:—the *Anabasis* of Xenophon, the works of Homer (*Iliad* and *Odyssey*), and of Thucydides; Demosthenes' *Oration on the Crown* and *Olynthiacs* and *Philippics;* Plato's *Apology;* the Tragedies of Euripides and Sophocles, the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus; the works of Aristotle and Herodotus; and the Greek New Testament (besides the Old Testament in Hebrew!). In Latin:—Cæsar's *Gallic War,* several books of Sallust, Virgil's *Æneid,* Horace in his *Odes* and *Epodes, Satires* and *Epistles,* Cicero on *Friendship* and on *Old Age,* and in his *Oration against Catiline;* and other 'old, unhappy things of long ago'; Livy on the Second Punic War; and Tacitus on the Germans of the opening years of the Christian Era, etc., etc., etc.

"In the name of true religion and of common sense, of Man's all-too-short life on this wonderful planet, of the necessity of teaching the principles of forest preservation and disease prevention, of respect for beautiful birds, remarkable beasts and other wonderful life forms, of all that should make the seven years of studenthood fruitful in real, useful learning, can not some termination be put to this fetishistic nonsense, this solemn cant, this abominable waste of time and brain-power? How many ideas are there in any of these classical writers—except perhaps Plato, Aristotle, and Homer—which can not be for the ordinary man

and woman crystallized into a dozen quotations in English? But this mistaken passion for the Greek and Roman classics seems peculiar to Protestant Christians in Britain, Germany and the United States. It is as if when their ancestors boldly left some State Church to found another sect of Christianity, they were more than ever concerned to show themselves 'orthodox' in the 'Classics.' So they carried the worship of Hebrew, Greek and Latin, to a mania. Is it not time this nonsense was brought to an end in the rational United States?

"From the foregoing diatribe I ought perhaps to except partly the Shaw University of Raleigh, North Carolina, in which Greek is stated to be 'optional,' and German is taught with some care, besides French. But why not *Spanish* and *Portuguese?* Here we have the United States with a population of nearly ninety millions impinging on and also ruling countries in which the language spoken (by many millions) is Spanish; and trading and deeply concerned with a sister republic of equally vast area—Brazil—wherein the language of twenty millions is Portuguese, and I doubt whether there is a single School, College, or University in the United States, White or Negro, in which either Spanish or Portuguese is taught or encouraged."

Booker Washington had been so generously supported by millionaires in New York and New England: Andrew Carnegie had sumptuously endowed his Institution, erected magnificent buildings there, and endowed him with a life income which enabled him to live in comfort and without anxiety as to the maintenance and education of his large family; that he was most anxious not to offend their religious prejudices in the curriculum of his teaching. Yet, though he had passed through the emotional religious phase in his earlier years, he had come out of it with little more definite faith than myself. Andrew Carnegie, so far as I could judge, was little more obsessed with doctrinal religion than myself, but there were some five or six very strong backers of Tuskegee who were religious to an oppressive and primitive degree. Such men believed steadfastly in the Six Days of Creation and would deeply have resented any exposition of Darwin-

Pangwa, in the northeast hinterland of Sierra Leone, near the Liberian frontier and forest.

ism in the school curriculum. They might—they probably did —take Evolution quite calmly when expounded from Columbia or Western Reserve Universities to White students; but they seemed to think that these doctrines might have a disastrous effect on the Negro mind. These same ideas apparently influenced down to 1910 much of the teaching of the Negro in South Carolina as directed by good northern white women, who were still continuing to stuff the young Negroes with out-of-date nonsense drawn from the Mosaic books and compiled in past centuries when Christians knew nothing of the vastness of the Universe. The devotion of these women, their sweetness of disposition (when one met them), and their up-to-date acquaintance with medicine and hygiene made it difficult for me to discuss the question with any ruthlessness. One direction in which I tried outspokenness and sometimes wounded feelings was in the matter of music.

I was enormously impressed with the beauty of the voices in the singing of Negro men and women at Tuskegee, Hampton, and other centers of education; but I soon got weary of the verbal rubbish of the hymns, and still more the plantation songs, to which their talent was directed. Their voices (or indeed their organ, violin, and piano playing) were of such quality that they might without fear of failure have attacked the grandest of grand opera, though I admit words and themes of operatic songs are nearly as idiotic as the worst hymns. So I compromised (in my talk) on recommending the Gilbert and Sullivan operas to their attention. Why might not these be learned by the students at Tuskegee or Hampton?

Until I visited America I had always thought that Negro plantation songs were of the Christy Minstrel type, or even of the joyous "coon" variety. But it was not so. With two or three exceptions I could not ascertain that a single one of the popular "nigger" songs which came from America to England between 1860 and recent years, were ever initiated or composed by Negro musicians. The plantation songs "boosted" by philanthropic white people and sung by the colored students in the States where

in most cases of Negro invention during the slavery days, and sung to Methodist hymn tunes of the eighteenth century of English or French origin. None of these melodies seemed to have come from Africa. The words were usually sad, wistful reminders of a Land of Glory, of bright mansions beyond the grave, or very materialistic definitions of the passage from Life to Death "over the River," and of the sober joys to be experienced in Paradise. Here are the words of one of these songs, very popular at Tuskegee in 1908:—

"March de angels, march,
March de angels, march,
My soul arise in Heaven, Lord—
For to see when Jordan roll,
De Prophet sat on de tree of Life
For to see when Jordan roll,
Roll Jordan, roll Jordan, roll Jordan, roll."

Of what Negro composers and performers could be capable (if they managed to get away from pietistic fetters, and compose and sing as free from religious swaddling-clothes as Jewish, English, German, and French composers) might have been seen in those early years of the twentieth century in the performances of the Williams and Walker Company and two or three other troupes of Negro actors and actresses. I think I have laughed more heartily and been more impressed with the original melodies of the comic opera *In Dahomey* than over any other stage presentation of its period. I have seen it acted in London and in the United States.

All this question has been treated by me at considerable length in my book on *The Negro in the New World*. I commend this book, though it was published as long ago as 1910, to the reading of any one interested in the subject. Because of its plain speaking, it was unpopular in England, and almost tabued in the United States, though its writer strove to tell nothing but the truth.

From southern Alabama and southern Georgia I went northwards to the great mining center of Birmingham. This was a

great city, not unlike the British Birmingham in its appearance though it lay twenty degrees nearer to the Equator. But it stood on rather high ground at the southern termination of the Appalachian Highlands. On the outskirts of the town (which in its center was handsomely built, commodious, and supplied with excellent shops) there were visible hundreds of tall, big chimneys, puffing out, night and day with scarcely a Sunday rest, volumes of black or white smoke. Here, in guarded loneliness, were situated the great steel works and iron foundries of Bessemer and Ensley, where a large number of Negroes were employed, conjointly with white Americans, in work that involved intelligence, strength, courage, and a just appreciation of the dangers involved in the harnessing of the forces of fire, steam, and electricity.

To an imaginative person the journey was not unlike a visit to some marvelously realistic reproduction of Dante's Hell, such a reproduction as might conceivably have been constructed by some eccentric American multi-millionaire as a realistic warning to that strange American public, white and black, two-thirds of which probably believes more strongly in Hell than in any other detail of the Christian cosmogony.

We traveled—my companion [1]—and I, in tram cars which rushed along roads as quickly as trains. The outskirts of Birmingham are diversified with low red hills covered with a sparse wood of low growth, which might be pleasingly picturesque but for the blasting effects of smoke. In and out of the trees are placed many villas of diversified design, some of them really

[1] Mr. J. O. Thompson, a collector of revenues in Alabama, to whom I owed indeed much intelligent assistance in my investigations. He took me into southern Georgia, where we rode or drove for miles through beautiful scenery and stayed at comfortable farmhouses of extraordinary aloofness. Here we seemed to have gone back in time to the 'sixties, and to be living the life depicted by writers like Louisa Alcott, the author of *Little Women*, or Elizabeth Wetherell in *The Wide, Wide World*.

My hostess would ask me numerous questions about Queen Victoria as though the period was about 1866. We ate the things described in the stories I have mentioned, slept in beds and bedrooms appropriate to that period, were taken out to hunt 'possums, and lived the American life of sixty years ago. Mr. Thompson made these journeys the more delightful because he was in himself distinctly of 1908.

pretty and none of them of shoddy construction. We changed cars outside of a great Stadium where, at the moment, a football match was proceeding before an assembly of many thousand miners and factory hands (this and everything else about Birmingham was like the England of the northwestern Midlands). Then again, careering northwards in the rapid tram car, we passed through suburbs of thickly packed artisans' houses, till at last the tram line came to an end, and we were on the verge of the Forbidden City, not a labyrinth of which might be entered save by special permission, or by those who were of the calling.

Against a splendid sunset stood up rows of tall black chimneys in close rank, belching incredible volumes of black smoke, while here and there arose solitary chimneys pouring out white smoke. The greater part of the foreground was occupied by vast, gaunt antres—colossal iron buildings, painted red and enshrining Hell. Towards these, bewildering railway lines converged; detraining the damned at the portals of Inferno; the night shift, that is to say, for the great Steel Works. We, being of another world, were stopped at the entrance, but a short colloquy furnished us with a one-armed, silent Vergil. With him we passed through the great, red iron gate; and then more by gesture than by speech, were warned of all the chances of immediate death on every side —from locomotives, if we walked between the railway tracks; from electricity if we stepped here; boiling water if we ventured under this, or a rain of golden, molten metal if we gazed up at that.

Never have I walked more circumspectly or at first felt more reluctant to intrude. But the irresistible fascination of the wonderful sights led us on: led us through a region of machinery hung with mystic blue, mauve, and red lights into a vast space, the roof of which seemed as high as the firmament, where the increasing roar of steam and flame nearly stunned one to insensibility. Yet this universality of deafening sound was cut from time to time by still more insistent, agonizing yells, as of tortured spirits, and one occasional awful alto voice—the Devil himself, no doubt. Mercifully, the volume of sound lessened just as I was

feeling I could no longer retain consciousness, yet dared not sit down for fear of being burned up. Then I began to notice there was a method amid this madness, that clever Negro devils were at work cutting and shaping with huge machinery an endless succession of white-hot iron bars, fish-plates, rails and cylinders; acting apparently under the direction of a golden-haired, blue-eyed youth—an archangel, no doubt, fallen from the Heavenly Host. Some of his attendant devils, coal-black with soot or grime, climbed perpendicular ladders out of sight into the vastitude of the roof, visiting as they went casements (containing as it were imprisoned souls) into which they plunged instruments of torture. Each step they took up the rungs of the ladders was marked by blue electric flames.

We climbed iron bridges, descended iron steps, and sidled between hideous dangers, until we reached the central Hell of all, a building longer and higher than the eye could follow. Speech was an impossibility, and sight was occasionally blinded by the activities of a volcano which irregularly sent up showers of molten stars and clouds of awful luminosity. Turning my back on this pulsating flare, I was aware of Negroes traveling to and fro on chariots of blue flame, directing the infernal couplings of gigantic pistons which lunged continually at cells and fed them with molten metal. Each thrust was followed by shrieks and shrieks.

At last, we reached, half-blinded, a cooler region, lit by lamps of violet and blue. Here lay sullenly-cooling masses, cylinders, rods and rails of red iron and steel, which at times would scream and gasp under jets of steam, as though expressing uncontrollable agony. Negroes and a few white men (though their complexions differed in no way, and one only discriminated by the hair) banged, hammered, cut and shaped these crude substances into finished implements. And then, at the end of our sight-seeing, we emerged into the cold fading daylight, into an amphitheater of blasted hills, quarried and scarred, in the search for iron and limestone. Near at hand were the pit-mouths of the coal-mines, and thither were trooping White and Negro miners in their work-

ing clothes, whilst others strode homewards to their brick cottages, to wash and change, and enjoy the respectable amusements of Ensley.

From Birmingham I descended in altitude to the dreary Mississippi State, the autumn landscapes of which I described in my book, pointing out, however, the contrast between the ugliness of the landscapes, and the health, vigor, and good looks of the inhabitants. "The men are tall, essentially virile, and often handsome. The women are so usually good-looking, that a female with a homely face is a startling exception."

Making my headquarters at Greenville—at that day described by me as a combination of palaces and mud, "splendid public and private buildings, shocking roadways," I made trips on the Mississippi River, to see the steamers made celebrated by Mark Twain, to see them, moreover, stopping here, there and elsewhere to pick up the bales of cotton. And I paid a visit to Mound Bayou and the Yazoo Delta, to inspect an interesting Negro Settlement.

I next journeyed due south to New Orleans. From this lap of luxury—the interesting old city was rendered beautiful by its opulent suburbs, growing many kinds of palm—I journeyed far to the westward through Louisiana, staying at delightful tree-shrouded mansions, built perhaps a hundred years before. In this way I reached the State of Texas, which owing to other calls on my time, proved to be my farthest west. Then ensued another journey through southern Georgia, which brought me at last to Jacksonville, the capital of Florida.

Through Florida I plied my camera extensively, recording the wonderful forests of pine and palm and magnolia, wreathed with Spanish moss, and at last embarked on the strange new railway which skirted the coast of Florida from island to island, till at length it reached an islet just short of Key West.

Hence a steamer took us across to Havana or Habaña, the famous capital of Cuba. The island of Cuba was then still under United States control and military occupation.

Already in the winter of 1908-9, the American Government

had been able to record the abolition of Yellow Fever, thanks to the heroism—resulting in a few deaths—of American surgeons, the extirpation of mosquitoes, and other measures conducted by the United States on an heroic scale.

They were simultaneously engaged (with the co-operation of the British in the Bahama Islands) in extirpating the Hook-worm disease, which had for two centuries afflicted Florida and the Antilles, as well as many other countries in the American Tropics, the Mediterranean Basin and India. My book on *The Negro in the New World* deals with this matter, which has received far too little attention in the Press.

From Cuba I passed to Haiti, and with the potent assistance of the American Minister and Consul-General, saw, studied, and photographed, the life and scenery of that American Negro Republic.

Haiti, in those days, was still independent. The food and the cooking were predominantly French. Life at Port-au-Prince was fairly comfortable, and decidedly cheap as compared with Cuba. But when you passed into the interior it was difficult to find food and suitable lodging, though the scenery was everywhere of astounding beauty—mountains rising to over eight thousand feet, pines on their summits, palms on their lower flanks, arboreal cacti, fuchsias, and mahogany trees up and down their slopes. Above three thousand feet the air was delicious and invigorating. But the Negro inhabitants, at any distance from the big towns, lived very much as they have done in Africa. The men thought nothing of going about stark naked, especially near the water. The women, on the other hand, were clothed with an excess of bunchy garments. The officials were excessively dressed, with enormous epaulettes on tattered uniforms. The administration of the country was still military-mad, giving the whole of its attention to a ragged army or an equivalent force of rebels.

One was attracted by the extraordinarily good French and clever literature published by the educated Haitians, most of them formerly pupils of some French college. But the two millions of Haitian Negro cultivators did not speak French. Their tongue

was an entirely independent *patois* founded on French, which had come into existence from two to three hundred years ago. It is somewhat similar to the dialect of the French West Indies and French Guiana, though I fancy in each instance the local *patois* has grown into a separate language, which differs more decidedly from true French than Negro English does from literary English.

From Haiti I passed into the Spanish-speaking republic of Santo Domingo. Here there was far less Negro blood and intermixture. Some of the soldiers in the army were distinctly handsome men, little else than dark-complexioned Spaniards. Santo Domingo had already been brought under American control and advice, and here and there in its forests and on its mountains (which are the highest in all the West Indies—ten to eleven thousand feet) were isolated Americans lent by the United States, and very white-complexioned in contrast to the indigenous Santo Domingans.

Then I embarked on a British steamer, and passed on to Jamaica.

Here I renewed acquaintance with Sir Sidney Olivier, then Governor, but for a long time previously a clerk and undersecretary at the Colonial Office. He gave me all the facilities which could be afforded for studying the Negro question in this island, and led the way in some of my journeys of inspection.

Apart from him I visited with Greaves and the camera the exceedingly interesting region in the northeast, which had been the scene of many disturbances and risings among the Negroes that had occurred both before and after the emancipation of the slaves. This district did not seem to me entirely pacified even in 1909, and although I was as placatory as possible, the attitude of the people was sometimes surly and aggressive. The scenery, as everywhere else in Jamaica, was of exceeding beauty, owing to the richness and variety of the vegetation, the variation of levels, the mountain peaks, and river plains, the heavy-foliaged trees, the delicate palms, the bamboos and bananas, the waterfalls and grottos in the lime-stone.

The capital of the island, Kingston, seemed to me in process

of construction, but the newer parts were well laid out. They had good hotels, attractive shops, and beautiful public gardens. The port, with its shipping, its sunsets of unearthly brilliance and its very variegated human types—Negroes and Negroids of every grade from nearly white to glossy black, many of them red-haired and blue-eyed, with olive skin; its Jamaica Jews like a handsome Mediterranean people, its occasional East Indian kulis or Chinese settlers, its fair-haired, sun-tanned Britishers and Americans—was always a spectacle of interest and artistic effect. Then the journey up winding roads, through glorious forests of the greatest altitudes in the island, over seven thousand feet, where one attained an English atmosphere, with sharply cold mornings.

The roads in Jamaica were everywhere excellent. Motors had hardly penetrated the island then, but carriages well-shaded and comfortable could be hired most cheaply. They were driven by Negro coachmen of civility and good manners, full of information. They drove one through gullies growing fifty genera of ferns; past gigantic precipices of purple-gray rock thickly planted with self-sown palms on every ledge; past grottos in the limestone, and elements of scenery which recalled to one repeatedly the language of *The Tempest*. One imagined, indeed, that Shakespeare's conception of Prospero's Island, though it may have been originated by the "still vex'd Bermoothes" must have been drawn from some mariner's glimpse of Jamaica, rather than from the much tamer scenery of the low-lying Bermuda Islands.

At Kingston I saw the Agent of the Royal Main Steamship Company, and learned from him that I was to be the guest of the Line from that point homewards, however I might vary and extend the voyage. So, having seen in some detail the three principal West Indian Islands, I decided to go to Panamá, with a latent commission from Mr. Roosevelt to join Mr. Taft's mission of inspection of the Canal, in course of construction across the Isthmus. The steamer landed us at Colon, surely then one of the most dismal cities in Central America? One saw it still at a mid-nineteenth century phase. There was one gigantic hotel, like a rabbit warren; hideously hot; rackingly noisy with children's

wails, and the chatter and quarrels of Italian and Spanish-American women.

The food was bad and badly cooked, the mosquitoes were unparalleled, and the prospects in view from the wide, rain-swept verandas, discouraging and ugly. The roads were in course of re-construction, or rather first construction, having hitherto been untended tracts of heavy dust, or at this period of unfathomable mud.

I joined Mr. Taft's party at the railway station, and traveled with it slowly across the Isthmus. Inside the train it was comfortable enough, and Mr. Taft's party was chiefly fed on fare brought from the United States.

On arrival at what might be called New Panamá—the Canal Construction city—we were specially lodged in a palatial hotel, just constructed in a vast area of suburb built under mosquito netting. Here we were told we could not possibly be ill, as no mosquito could get at us to infect our veins with the virus of any tropical disease.

Nevertheless the heat and the airlessness of this blameless enclosure made me feel unwell and depressed, and I was in a hurry to get out of it into the open air, with my camera. Old Panamá had some element of Spanish picturesqueness. One felt oneself here and there in touch with the adventurous, buccaneering band of Henry Morgan.

On the return journey—having said good bye to Mr. Taft—I felt myself freer and happier, though outside any protection from mosquitoes.

I trafficked for gorgeous macaws along the palm-leaf huts of Jamaica Negroes or Italian navvies. I did not buy one, realizing the trouble of conveying it home. But the expenditure of an occasional dollar in *pourboires,* enabled one to pass in review a collection of these gorgeous birds without giving offence.

The return to Colon was followed by a few dismal days which nearly had a tragic ending, for my re-entry into the large, squalid, noisy, smelly hotel, was followed by a period of five days' bad weather—thunder, lightning, a raging gale, and torrents of rain. The Royal Mail Steamer was sighted, and was just visible from

our bedroom windows, but until the violent wind abated, she could not draw up alongside the imperfect quay, and none of the boatmen would risk their boats to go out to her in the wide bay. Would she give up the venture and steam away, and must we then remain in this hot, exhausting, steamy, noisy place for another week or ten days? We could not sleep in the hot nights; we were oppressed with drowsiness in the days of incessant rain. There was something in the atmosphere which made one feel so ill, one could do no work; otherwise I might have amused myself by writing down the strange dialects spoken by the Italians; or by inspecting the relics of the French occupation in the 'eighties, or the still more ancient and nowadays very musty history of the British-built Panamá railways.

However, one morning the wind lessened, the terrific surf abated, and the steamer was descried leaving her anchorage and approaching the wharf.

Greaves was all to the fore. Much of our luggage, in default of porters, he carried himself to the pier, and had it massed there on a truck borrowed from the railway station almost by the time the steamer came in contact.

As soon as the bridge was lowered for passengers, I went up it with an exaggerated feeling of relief, as though in a few steps I passed from the most squalid unhealthy portion of the Tropics to my own home country. The captain, officers, crew, accommodation, and food of the *Magdalena* seemed to me of the very best. From a setting like this one could look back on dreary Colon with tolerant pity even though the steamer stayed there another twenty-four hours. When she left, and the Isthmus of Panamá faded away on the horizon, the weather returned to dry geniality. As we approached the north coast of Colombia, we saw, rising into the upper air, the snow-crowned peaks of the Sierra de Perijo and anchored in the port of Cartagena. The snow-crowned mountains of nineteen thousand feet, in this northeastern prolongation of the Andes, were far more clearly seen to the eastward of the great river Magdalena.

I suppose we must have drawn up alongside the pier at Cartagena, because there seemed to be no difficulty about passing to and

from the shore. I entered the city with such a picturesque history, a little anxious lest the countrymen of Drake should feel under any disability of handed-down dislike. But the townspeople were either indifferent or civil. The old town was as picturesque as Havana, but some of the great new buildings on the outskirts seemed stagey and over-picturesque. At the next port at which we called (Santa Marta), we were more in touch with primitive South America and closer to the cloud-capped Andes. Considerable numbers of Amerindians of the Chibchan tribes came on board, proffering for sale monkeys, parrots, and handsome jaguar skins. Of these last I bought three, one of them almost as large as the hide of a Malay tiger.

Our steamer passed through and close to the Dutch islands of Curaçoa, the little realized possession of Holland off the coast of Venezuela; we caught a passing glimpse of La Guayra; and then soon afterwards steamed through the Dragon's Mouth to the anchorage of the capital of Trinidad, Port of Spain.

The steamer stopped at a considerable distance from the shore owing to the shallowness of the harbor, which, however, is protected from the rough seas by the nearness of the opposite Venezuelan coast.

Port of Spain as a town made a favorable impression on me, influenced of course, by the beauty of its setting. Here are a few notes penciled in a memorandum book:—

"The majestic cliffs and pierced, fantastic islands, crowned and draped with forests. Above them storm-clouds of superb shape with snowy, cauliflower crowns, and fawn-gray, blue-gray bodies and skirts. Extraordinary, stagey rainbows, often doubled, and the outer edge of the iris shading into rose-pink mist. Sea glassy, reflecting everything in a softened, satiny fashion. The awesome heights of frowning Venezuela (Trinidad, beside this inky, jagged country looks the happy, graceful paradise it is). There is Patos Island, lying under the lee of Venezuela; fertile in dispute as to customs and contraband; for it is under the British flag by a range of geographical affinities.

"The steamer stops two miles from the shore of the Port of

Spain. The vast harbor is silting up. The shallow sea here is full of rising and sinking lavender-colored Siphonophora, shaped like cups with a bunch of organs or tentacles at the top. These jellyfish look like wonderful achievements in Venetian glass. . . .

"On shore. Clean, straight streets and well-furnished stores. Electric trams. Stand-pipes with supplies of pure water at frequent intervals. Everything looks very prosperous; the shops remind one much more of England than of America. The Indian kulis and the charming costumes of their handsome, nose-jeweled women. On the quay there was a group of these Indian women clad in pure, undiluted orange robes. Against a background of pale azure, satin sea, and purple-green mountains, it made a superb note of color.

"The Negroes look much as they do in Jamaica, with perhaps a larger element of 'white' in their composition, and a slightly more Spanish appearance. I like to see them going about selling demure green and red parrots, a little in the style of pages carrying hawks on the fist. The parrots are all docility till they have been purchased; then they bite!!

"Outside the town there are spreading trees of immense size draped with the Rhipsalis cactus, which so strangely resembles the utterly unrelated 'Spanish moss' (a pine-apple).

"I looked hurriedly into the Leper Asylum. It is surrounded by a tall, pointed, corrugated-iron fence, but inside there is a superb park. . . .

"On the slopes of the mountains the forest, with its immensely tall, white-stemmed trees and lavish inflorescence of the lower growing trees and shrubs—scarlet, gray-white, pale mauve, pink, cream-color, magenta—reminded me of the high woods of Sierra Leone, in January."

CHAPTER XIX

I RETURNED to England from South America at the end of February, 1909, in a brief spell of premature spring weather, so that the approach to Southampton past the white cliffs of the Isle of Wight and up the Solent in a whirl of gray and white gulls, seemed the entry into a mild paradise. A few days later we were visited by a week of winter, and all Sussex was under snow.

I spent much of the rest of 1909, writing and illustrating my book *The Negro in the New World,* which was published by Messrs. Methuen in the early part of 1910.

My health which at first seemed benefited by my American journeys deteriorated in 1910, and in the summer of that year I went to consult a specialist doctor in Harley Street. His diagnosis was grave in an indirect manner. To me he uttered a few portentous warnings; but to my local doctor in Arundel he confided the opinion that I probably had not much more than a year to live, as I was undergoing an increasing tendency to Bright's Disease. This opinion, gradually revealed to me, by its severity roused me to resistance.

I spent the late summer and early autumn on a visit to my brother-in-law in the Island of Anglesey, determined to get well. The house at Lligwy was comfortable but commonplace, but out in the gardens towards the northeast coast, had been discovered and was gradually being revealed a remarkable series of old towns or settlements one on top of the other, which as they were explored led one back from the early eighteenth century, to the period when the Romans ruled for several centuries in Anglesey, and back again beyond Roman times through the age of Druids to an origin of the settlements in some vague Neolithic period.

I certainly have seen nothing in Great Britain so interesting, interesting not only to the specialist, but to the casual observer.

Lady Johnston and her cat: St. John's Priory, Poling.

The whole island is noteworthy for its landscapes, its distant views of the Snowdon range, its own isolated hills, superb coating of heather and golden gorse, its exquisite little ports and rock basins. It also has a few fine houses and dwellings of the villa type made reputable by their nests of splendid trees, green lawns, and semi-tropical shrubs. I remember in one of our drives reaching the much-embowered portals of a house of Italian design to pay an afternoon call. Either I was not told the name of the host, or more likely soon forgot it; but the house was much concerned with the life of the excessively ugly Queen Ysabel [1] II. of Spain in the middle of the nineteenth century. I think the old lady who dwelt there must have been at one time attached to her Court. One saw primitive photographs of Queen Ysabel's family of children, all girls, except the one boy (Alfonso XII.) who afterwards secured the throne; and there were pictures of him in various costumes and uniforms, all of which made him look ridiculous and fraudulent, and of the queer little Bourbon "King," Francisco de Assis, who was their nominal father. Yet even as one turned these contemptuous phrases over in one's mind, one did not utter them because the lady of the house was evidently a champion of Queen Ysabel. Her firm insistence on that lady's rights made one wonder whether after all her progeny may not have been lawfully begotten?

Much of the winter of 1910-11 was, on account of my health, spent in warmer countries; firstly at Monte Carlo, where we gambled peacefully and pleasantly on low stakes and without loss, and listened to the music; and then on a more ambitious tour in Algeria.

The autumn before I had directed my attention to the remarkable works of Professor Auguste Pomel on the palæontology of Algeria. The facts stated therein seemed so wonderful that I wished to examine them by visiting the great collections in the University of Algiers, and above all seeing the actual engravings on rock surfaces which depicted a vanished mammalian fauna.

The University authorities were kind, sympathetic, and oblig-

[1] Ysabel is the Spanish form of Elizabeth.

ing, as were most French people before the War. I studied Pomel's wonderful collections of fossil or semi-fossilized bones, and saw amongst other sights the course of the little river which flows through the remarkably beautiful botanical gardens of Algiers to the sea in whose bed such wonderful fossils have been found.

I scanned the originals and photographs of the numerous rock engravings executed by intelligent human beings, ten, twenty, thirty thousand years ago, when Algeria was inhabited by a mass of wild beasts of African, Asian, and European affinities.

I realized that some of the last examples of this amazing fauna had been extinguished in my own day, for I had known (in 1879-80) an eastern Algeria of lions, chitas, wild sheep, hyenas, leopards, gazelles, addax antelopes, and other beasts, nearly all of whom had now become extinct.

The fossil remains and the rock drawings show that, well within the human period and the existence of *Homo sapiens,* there have existed in North Africa between Morocco and Tripoli, a remarkable collection of wild beasts, many of whom nowadays are only associated with Tropical Africa. There were in Algeria and Morocco, from the Pliocene down to some twenty to thirty thousand years ago, buffaloes with horns fourteen feet long, giraffes, a wild camel, gnus, some form of zebra, some type of eland, elephants of two or even three kinds, African and Asiatic, oryxes, hartebeests, saber-toothed "tigers," rhinoceroses, and hippopotami.

When staying with Roosevelt at Washington in 1908, I met on one or two occasions the German Ambassador, Baron Speck von Sternburg and the conversation turned in a circle, perhaps, of President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, the Baron and myself, on how Anglo-German colonial ambitions might be adjusted and the much-dreaded War between the English and the German-speaking worlds might be avoided. On the understanding that these conversations were entirely unofficial, not to be reported, we talked with the utmost freedom.

It was the period when the Eastern question had been re-

opened by the Austrian annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. It had seemed to me that the step taken by Austria and prompted by Germany was quite a reasonable one, more reasonable indeed, in appearance, than the British dealings with Egypt. However, that was not the view taken by Sir Edward Grey, and the War of 1914 was made more possible. The outline I sketched of the basis of a general agreement between Britain, France, Germany, Austria and Russia seemed to Speck von Sternburg [1] a reasonable one. He communicated the general effect of the conversation to von Kühlmann, the Councillor to the German Embassy in London, who so frequently filled in those days the leading post at the German Embassy.

Sometime in the summer of 1909 I was invited to dine with the German Colonial Society in London, and von Kühlmann was a fellow guest.

I delivered an address to the Society, in which taking advantage of my own insignificance, I dealt freely with the question of German expansion, and was listened to politely if not altogether convincedly. I raised the question of Alsace-Lorraine and pointed out that so long as this remained unsettled and these departments were not returned to France, France would always oppose with effect all schemes of German colonial expansion. But that if an accommodation could be arrived at, satisfying France, I considered there would be no serious opposition shown to an Austro-German expansion through the Balkans over Asia Minor and Mesopotamia. I had indeed said much the same in my *Daily Graphic* articles of 1904.

The speech was little if at all reported in the English Press, but aroused comment in Germany, and as one of the results I was asked by the King of Württemberg to visit Stuttgart and numerous other places in Germany, and to deliver a series of lectures on the adjustment of colonial ambitions. The project to a great extent originated with the King, but it was considerably stimulated by a remarkable Württemberger—Theodor Wanner—who had done much to found the Württemberg Geographical Society. Herr Wanner was married to an English wife, a connection of

[1] Baron Speck von Sternburg died early in 1909.

the Rumbold family. He in early life had apprenticed himself to the firm of Maple in the Tottenham Court Road, for the purpose of thoroughly mastering the question of modern furniture. Having acquired this knowledge and much else besides—amongst other things an intense interest in palæontology—he proceeded to turn a large proportion of his profits in Germany, at his immense furniture manufactories in Cologne and elsewhere, to the popularizing of research into the zoology of the past. Amongst his apprentices at Cologne he found a designer of skill (Pahlenberg?) and of extraordinary capacity for guessing at the external forms of extinct beasts, birds, and reptiles. This man he introduced to Carl Hagenbeck who employed him to design, construct and erect remarkable representations of Dinosaurs, of the Archaeopteryx or three-fingered, long-tailed bird, and of numerous extinct mammalian types. But Herr Wanner was equally interested in the development of Africa (he had traveled far up the Nile to the verge of Uganda and into the Bahr-al-Ghazal). He had been to South Africa, into nearly every country of Europe, and to the United States, as much in the study of the world's fauna, past and present, the scope of modern education, as in search of rare and useful timber, and new ideas in the designing of furniture.

So it was decided that I should start for Germany in October, 1910, and lecture wherever asked to do so, chiefly on Colonial Expansion. The Foreign Office at home was made acquainted with my intentions and approved.

I arrived first of all at Stuttgart and was introduced to the King, who presided at my first lecture. I had prepared these discourses with some care and illustrated them elaborately with lantern slides and maps. For all but the impromptu discourses, I had had German versions prepared (I spoke German very badly, but could read it fluently). My first audience at Stuttgart, however, understood English to a remarkable degree. The King made his opening speech in our language, and said if I spoke in my own tongue, I should probably be better understood by my audience than if I struggled with the German version.

He afterwards entertained me to supper with a select party, which included the British Consul and his wife. The lecture had to be repeated the next day to another audience, and on this occasion I read it in German.

I tried to bring home to the audience the remarkable rôle played by little Württemberg in the creation of British Africa and the British knowledge of Africa; how one of the greatest of African philologists, the Revd. Sigismund Koelle, had been a Württemberg missionary who entered the Church of England and established himself at Sierra Leone in special charge of the movement for emancipating West African slaves; and how his interest in African speech-forms had led him to publish as early as 1854 the marvelous work *Polyglotta Africana.*

This was the first rift in the darkness that lay over African languages.

Koelle in some six years of writing down the tongues spoken by slaves from all parts of Africa, had revealed the main features of African philology; for although he never traveled many hundred miles away from Sierra Leone, so tremendous was the movement of slave recruitment and enfranchisement (stimulated by the greed of the Southern United States on the one hand and the philanthropy of the British Government on the other) that Koelle sitting down at Freetown, Sierra Leone, had under examination natives of Westernmost, Southwest, Southeast, East, and Northeast Africa, from Lake Chad and the South Sahara, from the Zambezi and Angola, from the utterly unknown Congo Basin, from the far interior of the Cameroons, the basins of the Benue and Niger, and from innermost Guinea. Thus he was able to give us some clear idea of the form and affinities of African speech thirty, forty, fifty years before the regions in which the speakers lived were laid bare to European eyes.

Then, scarcely less in the effect of their illuminating work, came simultaneously the other Württembergers: Krapf and Rebmann, whose birthplaces in Württemberg towns I went to see, as well as Tübingen, their university.

Ludwig Krapf and Johann Rebmann were the discoverers of

Mounts Kenya and Kilimanjaro, the explorers of southern Abyssinia and the first recorders of the geography and ethnology of the Victoria Nyanza, Tanganyika and Nyasa regions. They wrote about the Bantu languages of southern Nyasa before the lake was actually discovered and properly delineated on the map.

This was only an instalment of the noteworthy names among Württemberger explorers of Africa; but apart from missionaries there was Carl Mauch, who definitely revealed Zimbabwe.

All this had gone to the building-up of the British Empire in Africa, because nine-tenths of the Württembergers were Protestant, not Catholic (although in those days of twelve years ago the Württemberg population was groaning at the defect of a male heir to their king, who was Lutheran in religion. . . . The next heir was a Catholic duke, much associated with Austria, and unpopular in Stuttgart). It was the Protestant disposition of the country which in the middle of the nineteenth century had drawn its adventurous young men and young women within the British sphere of colonization and geographical discovery.

In the eighteenth century indeed similar stories might be told of great American explorations in which the second in command, the invaluable lieutenant, was a Württemberger.

I was really astonished in 1910 and 1911 at the extent to which English was known and spoken in Württemberg. I hardly ever entered a village—and what picturesque villages they were!—without finding some one—some shopkeeper, doctor, pastor, or student, who could speak English.

Stuttgart was in any case intensely interesting to any one in search of knowledge, even more so perhaps in the succeeding year 1911, in which the great museums had been finished, and their contents fully exposed.

The royal collections of stuffed birds at the Natural History Gallery were a sight of sufficient interest and beauty alone to justify the voyage. No amount of money had been grudged to furnish material for these collections, which were in this and that example ahead of the British Museum. The birds were set up by the most intelligent taxidermist in the world—I am afraid I have forgotten his name—but he was renowned all over Ger-

many, and Americans came from the great United States museums to learn his methods. When he had set up a bird, he had not only preserved with exquisite care the colors and glow of its plumage, its wattles and bare skin, but he had previously collected and applied information regarding its attitudes and pose.

The collections of mammals were similarly remarkable, able to vie with those shown at Berlin. As regards palæontology, Stuttgart possessed one of its most renowned exponents, Professor Fraas. This man was a great artist in black and white as well as a sharp-eyed student of bone and impress on the mud-mould surface now turned to stone. His illustrations of the possible life forms of extinct fishes, reptiles and mammals, seemed in their conjoint effect with the discoveries of German palæo-botanists really to reveal the world of long ago. You could run in and out of the working rooms of these humble-minded great men in those days, examine the material from which they theorized, and criticize and appreciate their solutions.

Württemberg certainly interested me more than any other part of Germany; and in course of time, or previously I had visited the greater part of that empire, except East Prussia and Silesia. Württemberg was an almost Protestant country—only a tenth of its population being Roman Catholic—thrust southward to the Upper Rhine Valley between Catholic Baden and Catholic Bavaria. It was evidently the route through which Protestantism reached northern Switzerland. Though quite a small kingdom, only a little over seven thousand five hundred square miles in area, it had had some particularity in its palæontological past. It had been inhabited evidently by Neanderthal man, and both later and far earlier than the incoming of the sapient human species; it had possessed a marvelous fauna of astonishing beasts. Yet there was a sense of mystery about the trivial name it bore—Wirten—or Württemberg. As to this, the only explanation I could get was that the hill or mountain of Würt or Wirten, now not easily identified but said to be "near Stuttgart," was the seat in the early Middle Ages of some bandit-count whose descendants had emerged into history as the Dukes of Württemberg.

The ruler of this beautiful country of hills and forests and rushing tributaries of the Rhine, had been raised to the royal dignity by Napoleon I., and his family had furnished a consort for a Napoleonic prince whose children—Mathilde and Napoleon-Joseph—were the ultimate heirs of the Napoleonic dynasty.

Then, again, other off-shoots before and after Napoleon's time had intermarried with British royalties. Queen Mary of to-day was the daughter of the Duke of Teck, who had been the grandson of the first King of Württemberg; and Teck Castle or its ruins seemed to be every now and again pointed out to me by Württembergers, as we scudded on motor drives through the woods of fir and pine.

The King of Württemberg [1] seemed to me emphatically a gentleman. He was at that time advanced in middle age, and looked, I thought, very English in figure, face and costume. The English he spoke was so good it was difficult to realize he had not learned it in England. He was very anti-Catholic and seemed to feel bitterly the prospect (having only daughters, who by the Salic law were not allowed to reign) of being succeeded by a Roman Catholic Prince.

Whenever an open site in the town of Stuttgart was at his disposal, or came into his possession, he promptly arranged for its future as a market, a stock-exchange, or a museum, for fear, as he said, his successor might build thereon a Roman Catholic cathedral. He had, I think, only two surviving daughters from his first marriage, both of them wedded to German princes. His second marriage to a German princess had turned out seemingly an utter disappointment—as to which many stories were current, the chief of which was that the second queen of Württemberg had declined to bear children. They scarcely lived together, only appearing side by side at very special ceremonies. One used to see the Queen of Württemberg not infrequently, walking the streets of Stuttgart with two or three large dogs on a leash, and dressed very plainly.

A prominent person at the Württemberg Court, and apparently

[1] Wilhelm II.

one that was "friends all round" was the Countess (Gräfin) von Linden, widow of the Count of Linden, who had been a noteworthy Minister of State (curiously enough he had been succeeded in 1910 or earlier by the Baron or Count von Soden, who as far back as the middle 'eighties had been German Governor of the Cameroons when I was there as British Vice-Consul). The Countess von Linden was an American woman by birth, and certainly one of the persons best worth visiting in 1910 or 1911. She was greatly respected, and her handsomely-furnished house seemed to me really the center of the Court at Stuttgart. She was one of the most interesting persons I ever met in my life, and had evidently once been a strikingly good-looking woman. She was large-minded and charitable, spoke English, French and German with equal facility, and was an epitome of the history of Central Europe, during the period between the close of the Second Empire in France and the approach of the Great War.

To hear her discourse over coffee after lunch, or over afternoon tea, was to listen to some wonderful book of memoirs on Europeon History. She was the reverse of pompous: had few or no illusions. To her salons came not only Württemberg Grand Duchesses and Dukes, but the ladies-in-waiting on the Royal personages. There was one aged Grand Duchess of delightful wit and informality, who smoked cigarettes and told us bits of Court scandal. She was attended by a lady-in-waiting who always spoke of her with great precision as "My Ro-yal Meestress." Sometimes the conversation drifted into French or back into German, and then the lady-in-waiting, in the hope that I had not taken in the full purport of the Duchess's reminiscences, would attempt to give a bowdlerized version beginning with the stately formula "My Ro-yal Meestress says . . ."

The only direction in which I was likely to offend this Grand Duchess was in any criticism of Wagner. There was, of course, a superb opera house in Stuttgart—everything about it perfect, the hidden orchestra, the scenery on the stage (excelling any scenic effects I had as yet beheld in England or the United States); and I was already sufficiently enamored of Wagner's

music not to need any stimulus to enthusiasm. But the text, the plot, the acting in these operas irritated me by its complete severance from reality or probability.

The green couch prepared for the wounded Tristram, and his being allowed, when laid on it, to go on for half an hour, singing in the most exhausting way, when his wounds should have been long before examined and treated, and complete repose have been implicitly commanded, annoyed me by its absurd unreality. But I soon found that any criticism of this kind was so unpalatable to the Grand Duchess, in whose box I was invited to sit, it was better not uttered. Besides, my admiration of the scenery and the music was genuine.

My first visit to Berlin produced rather different effects on my mind from the thorough friendliness of Württemberg. I was accredited to another of the world's great men in those days—Professor von Luschan, of Austrian extraction, I believe; the husband of a charming and a learned wife who had accompanied and greatly helped him in his studies of Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, South Africa and elsewhere. The von Luschans lived in a most comfortable flat in a kind of Queen Anne's Mansions on the outskirts of Berlin; but I saw them chiefly (except for an occasional quiet dinner in their pretty suburb) at his headquarters at the Berlin Ethnographical Museum. Here, at the Museum, many an African secret had been boldly guessed at, and the solution set forth with a convincing array of evidence.

Von Luschan took me with him to the Berlin Geographical Society. It was here, first of all, that I came distinctly in contact with the "Prussian" manner. The President, Herr von Penck, though a gold medallist of our own Geographical Society, a great writer, whose works I had read and appreciated, was glacial in manner. He persisted in speaking nothing but German, and expecting answers in German, which he frequently dismissed with the curt exclamation that he could not understand me.

I also met with much military abruptness and scant courtesy from the uniformed conductors of trams (though many of them spoke English). Those were the only cases in which I could

record anything ungenial. The hotel where I stayed was the last word in comfort and luxury; and considering the perfection of its food, its orchestra and everything else, the prices charged in those days were not excessive.

It had been suggested to me by the King of Württemberg that the Emperor might possibly take the opportunity of my visit, to have a conversation on Africa; but when I arrived in Berlin he was away on some East Prussian property, and the Court officials did not apparently share King Wilhelm's interest in my journeys and my views.

From Berlin I went to Hamburg. Here I was in a great measure the guest of the Württemberg Consul, though I was lodged at a superb hotel. I thought Hamburg one of the most beautiful cities I had seen for color, for the shape and placing of its buildings, its lake-like expanses of open water and countless swans, its narrow canals bordered by many-storied buildings.

Its theaters seemed to me as good as those of London; its museums and art galleries likewise. The Plattdeutsch of its masses and the extraordinarily good English of its educated people gave it an atmosphere of home. Carl Hagenbeck was alive in those days (and in the succeeding year 1911). His wonderful zoological gardens at Stellingen were situated about six miles away from the town, but it was easy to get to them by a far-reaching tramway. Then there was the great institute for studying and teaching African and Oriental languages in which the former missionary Carl Meinhof played a noteworthy part. It was partly to see Meinhof that I had made the journey to Hamburg. For the previous ten years he had written very remarkably and illuminatingly on the Bantu languages. I wished to ascertain from him how far he had gone towards compiling a final comparative grammar of the Bantu and Semi-Bantu. If his range of enquiry and collected information nearly covered the ground, I thought I would abandon my own attempt to do this work. But I found his plans vague and not likely to result in any such final effort. His knowledge of the Bantu, moreover, seemed to be much more partial than mine. It left out whole sequences of the

languages in this, that, and the other part of Africa which I had had the luck to meet with and to study; so that my visit to Hamburg resulted amongst other things in my definite acceptance of the proposals made from the Oxford University Press.

My journey home from Hamburg in November, 1910, was effected most cheaply, comfortably and luxuriously by my securing a passage on one of the giant steamers proceeding to the United States. I embarked on this boat in the Hamburg Docks; we had one night at sea; and I was landed the next day at Southampton, and an hour or two later, at home in West Sussex.

For the one night—since it was only engaged from after Southampton—I had the use of a luxurious cabin. The meals on board were never-to-be-forgotten examples of delicious and varied food, exquisitely cooked, and the whole cost of the journey, I fancy, was under £2. So that when I repeated the visit to Germany in the autumn of 1911, I thought I would proceed from Liverpool Street and Harwich direct to Hamburg. It was an equally cheap way of reaching Germany, but one had gone back some sixteen years in time, and we traveled on a small British steamer which was the last word in discomfort—almost uneatable food, and poky, stuffy cabins.

My 1911 visit was in some ways less fortunate than that of the previous year. Wanner entertained me with every kindness and unusual comfort at Cologne, but the Prussian Cologne authorities were stiffly disagreeable. They had read the text of my previous years' lectures and the suggestions therein that Germany should seek to base her extended colonial settlement on a good understanding with France, that she should, in fact, be willing to retrocede much of Alsace-Lorraine in return for far-reaching concessions in Africa, Asia Minor and Mesopotamia. Suggestions of this kind which could be quite patiently listened to and civilly discussed at Stuttgart and Hamburg (and later at Munich) must not be whispered, even, at Berlin and Cologne. The officials therefore at Cologne tendered me a check for the payment of my lectures, expressed keen regret that they could not be delivered, clicked their heels, bowed, and withdrew.

It seemed an easy way of earning £40; at the same time it spatch-cocked my mission (which after three years' encouragement I had begun to take quite seriously) of doing a little towards preparing a general pacification of conflicting ambitions in Africa and Asia.

Wanner, however, as a Württemberger, was astonished and indignant. He telegraphed the facts to Stuttgart, and the King at once asked me to come there and give my lectures over again, under royal patronage. So there I went. This time I had brought with me my traveling servant and photographer, Mr. Greaves, with a view to obtaining good pictures of some of the marvels in the Stuttgart museums, as well as to portray the extraordinary landscape beauty of Württemberg and the wonderful villages in its forested highlands.

Then we went on to Bavaria. The museums at Munich were as interesting—in a different way—as those in Stuttgart, and their officials as civil, as English-speaking, and as fully conversant with the life of former times—the wealth of the mammalian fauna in South Germany down to about fifteen thousand years ago.

I had long realized what a varied fate had been that of southern Germany—the watershed of the Rhine and the Danube in past ages; how at one time much of Bavaria and Württemberg (and I suppose of the Rhine and Danube Valleys) had lain under a shallow sea, coming up from the Black Sea, Hungary and Austria. Extraordinary good luck had preserved in the rocks of this region remarkable fishes and reptiles, and later on amazing birds and beasts. The lion, seemingly, had only become extinct in southern Germany some ten thousand years ago, and when it flourished it had attained to a size nearly twice that of the biggest lions of to-day.

Similarly huge had been the extinct cave bear, the bison and aurochs, the woolly rhinoceros, and Megaceros stag of those days of the late palæolithic period.

Apart from these results of studying the vanished faunas of southern Germany, palæontologists of Munich had played a con-

siderable part in revealing the Eocene and Oligocene fauna of Egypt, especially in the Valley of the Nile above Assiūt.

Here they had discovered the teeth and skull of a primitive form of Anthropoid ape, and several of the links which illustrated the evolution of the whales from a large carnivorous, river-dwelling quadruped. The study of palæontology, indeed, made every one feel friendly, and this friendliness included members of the Royal Family, male and female, who were working in the museums, disguised in overalls and business-like garments.

CHAPTER XX

After returning in February, 1911, from our interesting journey in Algeria and Southeast Morocco, I was sitting one evening looking through the sketches I had made, when all at once I was unable to see them. I could see everything else in the room and the lamp-light, but if I turned my eyes down on a book or a drawing, I could not see it. When my servant came into the room I could only see half his face. If I looked up at anything it was the same; I could see half of it; if I looked down I could see nothing, only a blur of light or darkness; and at last my surroundings were fused in "catherine wheels," with zig-zag circles of gold and dark blue. In about half an hour my sight gradually steadied and returned to normality. I was very unwell during the succeeding week and had several returns of the eye-trouble; after which I recovered and set to work to finish a picture for the Royal Academy.

In the middle of April, however, I was again taken with an attack of what I called "glitters." It had the same symptoms, first of all when looking at a book or newspaper, a large multicolored star formed in place of the print. Then the star expanded to a kind of catherine wheel with a gold and purple border; this was finally dissolved in a spangle of glitters. I could really see my way about, but between me and the landscape came a shower of spangles or a much attenuated circle of "fortifications," a zig-zag border of light and dark tints. The whole seizure lasted about an hour and then normal sight returned, but with a sensation of very fatigued eyes. It may be that the trouble was an exaggeration on my part of a symptom of sight disturbance commonly met with, and had nothing specially dangerous about it. My wife ascribed it to liver disorder. Physicians and oculists have never provided any very clear explanation. I have had a

succession of these attacks ever since 1911, perhaps one, two, or even three a year, or have gone two years or more without one; and no attack so far has been as severe as those that overcame me in 1911.

But all through 1911 I was liable to periods of ill health—agonizing pains in the stomach, fits of great weakness; yet when circumstances required it, I found I could attend a long Coronation service sitting in Westminster Abbey; give a rather exhausting lecture; or make an extended and fatiguing tour through Germany. Still, discounting imagination and exaggeration I felt that 1911 represented to me a critical year with regard to health prospects. I became—or fancied I had become—so weak and shattered in May, 1911, that I went to consult the same physician in Harley Street who in 1910 had pronounced me to be suffering from Bright's Disease. To my surprise and relief after an hour's studious examination, his serious tone entirely changed. He said: "You came to see me a year ago, and I thought so badly of your condition that I warned your local doctor that you would probably not live out another year. Now I find a positive cure. This and that bad symptom" (he went into details) "has disappeared almost without a trace. If I thought last year you might survive twelve months, I think this year you may live to any degree of old age—if you are careful—eighty, perhaps, though you must not relax in the matter of diet, and must not undergo excessive fatigue."

When I think of all I have undergone since this verdict of May, 1911, I certainly agree with this revised pronouncement.

But part of the cure he advised me to undertake was a visit to Vittel in the east of France. If I could go through one or even two "cures" at Vittel, it might emphasize my recovery.

So, in August, 1911, we started for this place. Vittel is in the Department of the Vosges, though at some distance westward of the mountainous country. It is one of a series of drinking-water places such as Contrexéville and Martigny, and is said to derive its name from its discoverer and first beneficiary, the Emperor Vitellius. The town of Vittel is a very commonplace, almost ugly

Above: Sheep of the Berbers, Moroccan Sahara.
Below: The outer walls and mud houses of a Saharan town (Figig).

Lorraine *chef-lieu,* which seems actually to turn its back on the health city that has developed during the last twenty or thirty years among glorious woods and parks, in the valley of a little river. The town, a mile away, makes its money out of something agricultural—manures, vegetables, fruits and livestock—quite different to health waters. There must have been at one time a fine château and a beautiful park which have become the nucleus of the "cure." The health-giving waters are springs which gush from the rocks on one side of the broad stream valley, as indeed they do at Contrexéville, four miles lower down.

A few miles to the eastward are low, forested hills, called the Monts Faucilles. It is just where the central plain of France is beginning to rise into hills and tablelands which will become farther east the mountains bordering the Rhine Valley.

We had deferred our arrival at Vittel until the end of August, because the season only begins at the end of May; and in the first two months, even in pre-War times, the cost of residence was very heavy. But the crowds diminished as August drew to a close, and prices at the great hotels dropped considerably for the final five weeks of the cure, which came to an end altogether in October. This beautiful park in which the health city was founded was said to be absolutely deserted in the winter months and over-run with wolves. However, in the summertime and early autumn it was extraordinarily beautiful. The expensive hotels were palaces; the pavilions for refreshments, reading, rest and cure dotted about the forested stream valley were most attractive to the eye. There were superb terraces, flights of steps that seemed to confer honor and distinction on one by their use. Fountains, flower beds of scenic effect, villas which seemed built for happiness, golf courses, croquet grounds, eyots in the little river (the nesting places of wild ducks and swans), ornamental trees from every country which could stand a northern winter; and in the health town a charming theater, which had a succession of Paris companies and acted the latest plays from Paris. There were concert-halls or band-stands, where orchestras (under Louis Ganne, conductor-composer of Monte Carlo in the

winter) discoursed music of the gravest and most classical, and of the gayest. Amongst other amusements which attracted crowds of laughing spectators was an admirable Puppet-Show on the esplanade where the waters were drunk.

The doctor to whom I was recommended was also a Johnston, from a stock possibly related to my own; but he was further partly French or Jewish-French, and called himself Johnston-Lévis.[1] There were, of course, several great French physicians and specialists residing in Vittel, of whom many good things were said by grateful patients. Johnston-Lévis had a very large clientèle of English and Americans. How he made enough to live on I can not say, because his fees at Vittel for the whole cure —constant watching, examination, weighing, treating—were absurdly small in those days—just £2 or £3 for the whole treatment.

Under his directions one fixed the quantity of the kinds—three or four—of Vittel waters to be drunk daily, the number and the character of the baths, and all other details of the cure. I can not say what the Establishment is like now, but in those days the whole cure seemed to me remarkably cheap and exceedingly agreeable, and at the same time very effective in results. Possibly the Establishment got its profit out of the hotels; but these though luxurious, were by no means exaggeratedly expensive.

We seemed at Vittel to pass through the critical period of 1911. Whilst we stayed there and read daily all the telegraphic news exhibited in long placards near the Baths, the question of war with Germany seemed to grow imminent—very imminent, and then to pass the crisis, and to descend into the arrangement by which France in return for ceding Congo territory to Germany was allowed to do as she liked with regard to Morocco. During the week which preceded the acute crisis we had noticed how the

[1] Johnston-Lévis met his death in the early months of the Great War. He had offered his services to the French Army and was killed in an accident to his motor. His wife, a most charming Frenchwoman, towards whom in our two visits we felt singularly drawn, had predeceased him. Louis Ganne, above referred to, died in 1923.

good-looking, stalwart forest guards and the gendarmes had disappeared from the company of their wives and children on the Sunday promenades. A week after the crisis was over, we noted with pleasure that they had returned.

I did another Vittel cure in the late summer of 1912, but the average temperature was about twenty degrees below the glorious tropical heat of 1911. We got rather tired of the splish-splash of the rain in a very sodden September, curtailed our stay to three weeks, and passed with rejoicing into Switzerland, where the sun came back, bringing with it a beautiful second spring on the Alps and a display of wild flowers hardly inferior to that of May. On this occasion we had another driving tour over Alpine passes down into Italy, and up again to the new snow of autumn Switzerland.

In 1913 my health was very much better. I omitted to return to Vittel. My wife and I purchased season tickets on the Swiss railways for six weeks. The expenditure of quite a small sum of money (the cost has probably increased by now) enabled one to travel through scenery of incredible loveliness between the French, Italian, German and Austrian frontiers, wherever railways went—high up into the snow mountains, along historic river courses, and around lakes of a beauty that no one has been able to exaggerate; through forests where one could watch the woodcraft of the Swiss, into Berne, Geneva, Lausanne, Lucerne, Zurich and Coire, where one could study the Swiss history; or for the extra expenditure of a few francs, into Milan, Como, and Bergamo to study modern Italy. The Great War has effaced many cheap pleasures and glimpses of a picturesque past.

In 1912, owing to my improvement in health, I worked steadily at my comparative study of the Bantu. I attended the German Congress in London. I had, indeed, been rather active in getting it up, as it seemed to connect with my lectures and journeys through Germany and to open the way for an Anglo-Franco-German understanding. But the outcome of this series of meetings, paper readings and discussions in London was the reverse of encouraging for those few persons who feared the approach

of a world-shaking War, and wished to avert it. Herr von Kühlmann took an active part, but most of the German representatives, especially one or two Lutheran pastors, shocked and flouted their English colleagues by their outspoken and excessive ambitions in regard to German extension of power and colonial domain. They seemed to ignore the French and Italians altogether, and to stretch out hands to the British, offering them partnership in a world-domination instead of a settlement of all reasonable ambitions. The Congress therefore ended distinctly coldly, and some of the later meetings were poorly attended.

During 1913 I continued my now strenuous labors at the solution of the Bantu problem, having come to an understanding with the Clarendon Press with regard to publication. I had fitted up my little two-roomed cottage as a study-studio, a place where I could paint pictures occasionally and work unfettered at my Bantu researches; store and classify my notes; dictate in comfort, undisturbed by the outer world. Round the walls of the bigger room were arranged systematically on a "geographical" system my now very large library of books and manuscripts dealing with the Bantu and Semi-Bantu, and most of the other great speech-groups of Africa. I had all through these years—1908 to the end of 1917—an invaluable shorthand-secretary, Miss Avis, who at the close of 1917 passed into Government employ, in which she remained, and in which I hope she is sufficiently appreciated. But for her help, her quickness of hearing in dictation, and nice appreciation of sounds (so that she scarcely ever made a mistake in taking down and typing Bantu syllables) I do not think I could ever have passed in review the enormous mass of material I had been collecting or writing since 1882 and which gradually came to illustrate some 460 types of Bantu and Semi-Bantu tongues and dialects.

In the autumn of 1913, after leaving Switzerland I revisited Alsace-Lorraine, stayed in Strasburg and in Metz, more than ever convinced that a great struggle was about to ensue between France and Germany. I wanted to realize to what extent the longing for return to France still existed in the ceded depart-

ments. I found this feeling very evident and came to the conclusion that French was more spoken, more often heard in the streets than in my early experiences of 1878.

We carried out the final extensions and adaptation of our house at Poling between December, 1913, and the opening months of 1915. The additions to the old Priory were carefully designed by my brother Philip, every effort being made to reveal and strengthen the original structure of the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries. His design was so adroit and his materials so carefully selected, that a few years afterwards it was difficult for strangers to tell the new building from the old.

In June, 1914, I was visited by two American professors, who were endeavoring to arrange for lectures on the British Empire to be delivered at the Western Reserve University of Cleveland, a magnificent city which is the ostensible, though not the administrative, capital of the great State of Ohio. I accepted their proposition in general, which as far as I remember was a fee of £200 for a week or ten days' lecturing at Cleveland. My thoughts, however, were rather distracted by the ominous hush which had fallen on Europe, after the assassination of the Austrian Heir-Apparent. On May 14, 1914, my wife and I had received an invitation from the Foreign Office to attend a very remarkable dinner to be given at the House of Commons to the delegates assembling from all parts of the world at a great Congress convened in London. Sir Edward Grey was to preside, but his place was taken at the last moment by some other notability of the Foreign Office, more accustomed to speaking French or less nervous about it. All the ambassadors were to be there, and the general tenor was to celebrate an Agreement concluded on African questions between the great powers of the world.

It was certainly a sumptuous feast, magnificently carried out. The speeches were interesting, and perhaps the pleasantest part of the whole evening was the assemblage after dessert of all the guests on the river-side terrace, where we were joined by many members of the House of Commons. Herr von Kühlmann seemed transported with delight. On the terrace he went from

table to table of coffee and liqueur drinkers, smokers of cigars and cigarettes, congratulating the guests, some of them a little stolid and surprised and inadequate of speech. It was—he said to us, when he reached the place where we were sitting—one of the great occasions of the world's history—a complete settlement of all the conflicting ambitions of the great powers, that might, had they not been settled, have resulted in a world-wasting War. To me, it seemed, when reduced to cynical truth, a slaking of German ambitions in Africa by a division between Germany and Britain of the Portuguese Colonies, though it was also whispered that a settlement regarding Mesopotamia and Asia Minor, Persia, and the Levant had been reached between Germany and Russia; that Austria had come to terms with Italy regarding Tripoli and the Balkans; and that France, content with the retirement of Germany from meddling with Morocco, was willing to drop the question of Alsace-Lorraine which had looked very ugly six months before.

At any rate we enjoyed the dinner and the music, the spectacle and the setting of it; and these pleasant impressions of a settlement remained intact, until the news of June twenty-eighth.

On the middle day of the Goodwood Races in the last week of July, all the military or naval officers attending them were somewhat sensationally called away by telegrams to active service. On August fifth, when War had been declared, I tendered my services to the Foreign and Colonial Offices, offering to proceed to any part of Africa, where I could be useful. No answer came, so after a day or two I decided to carry out the project on the prescribed date of a visit to the United States, and deliver my lectures.

In early September, however, when I was in London, preparing to start for Liverpool, I was summoned to the Foreign Office, to answer enquiries about the American journey. I told the officials there that I was prepared to sacrifice the whole scheme if the Imperial Government preferred to make use of me, especially in Africa; but after a little consideration it was decided that I

might be more useful if I went to the United States, extended and re-shaped my lecturing course to bear more directly on the problems touched by the War, and if I included some of the Canadian cities in my tour.

So I started for Liverpool and New York on September sixteenth, having had several disappointments through the abrogation of steamers announced to start, but afterwards withheld. I took with me as before Mr. Arthur Greaves to manage the travel arrangements and the transport of the slides. Our journey was not uncomfortable though we felt occasional tremors over real or rumored submarines.

There was an interesting woman passenger on board the steamer, Mrs. Zelia Nuttall; who, apparently English in origin, had been married to an American, and had taken up her residence in Mexico many years before. She had been bequeathed by her husband, an old Spanish house near Mexico City, surrounded by a sumptuous garden, but had been excluded from tenanting this by the long succession of Mexican revolutions. She had a thorough knowledge of Spanish, and before the disorders had arisen in this unhappy country, had discovered or obtained access to remarkable documents concerning Drake, which she desired to translate and send to the Royal Geographical Society, and, I believe, did so, a year or two later. What happened to her eventually I do not know, but during the eight days of our voyage she taught me more about Mexico than any one else had done.

Arrived at New York, we hurried away, Greaves and I, to Cleveland. Here we were lodged at a most comfortable University Club, where delicious meals were served, and everything was very sanitary and very comfortable. The lectures were, I believe, fully appreciated, but the work during the ten days exhausted me; for in addition to the one *official* lecture in the afternoon, I found myself drawn into giving *un*official discourses in the morning and evening. But at Cleveland, I met some of the most wide-awake, far-sighted, specialized Americans I had encountered—palæontologists, who in conjunction with Osborn were revealing the marvelous past of North America, from the

Secondary ages down to the Inter- and Post-glacial periods; botanists; anthropologists; and ornithologists who by a conjunction of unlimited money and unlimited health and endurance had been enabled to collect and transport to the United States alive the most beautiful, remarkable, rare or eccentric birds in the world. These lived out their lives in gardens and glass houses, warmed if need be to tropic heat. They were fed at no matter what cost on the appropriate food and by invitation could be seen within easy distance of Cleveland.

In one of these private zoological gardens, hidden in a vast and beautiful park, which sloped down to the wooded borders of Lake Erie, I passed all the time I could spare from other classes and occupations. I would sit with its owner in one of his many hothouses reproducing the average temperature of the Moluccas, while beautiful Moluccan birds flew from bush to bush over our heads or settled confidently on my host's shoulders, leaning over to take from him a meal-worm, a date, or a peppercorn. Or we would pass into a partly sheltered enclosure, and a mass of flamingoes would rise, a little disturbed by our entry; or feed cranes, rheas, or bustards out in the open.

One day we zig-zagged over partly finished roads, crossing the great uplands of central Ohio, till we reached the iron-working district of Akron. Here I was to visit a millionaire, Mr. Barber(?). I believe he was the head and forefront of Bryant and May's matches. He was a courtly, handsome old gentleman of Virginian family, a widower, willing to re-marry. When in England, studying the affairs of Bryant and May, he had fallen in love with Stowe House in Buckinghamshire, and afterwards settling down at Barberton in Ohio, had ordered the erection there of a house as nearly as possible resembling Stowe.

The rough ground of hill and vale and woodland, stream and little lake had been beautifully shaped by his directions, to imitate the scenery of some great English park. He had put English wild duck on the lake, and had imported a Buckinghamshire lad to serve as duck-boy. His super-butler, footman, coachman, and maidservants, had all been imported from Buckinghamshire.

When I drove up to the palatial steps and magnificent entrance of his house, the kindly super-butler from Buckinghamshire met my tired little form on the bottom step, took my hand-bag, and directed the transference of my luggage. My host greeted me on the top step, opined that I should be glad of a rest before dinner, and issued directions for my bestowal. I passed along what might have been the picture-hung corridors of an English mansion, and was shown into a suite of rooms—a bedroom, with every possible convenience and luxury, including a little library of books, a bathroom with about eight different means of having a bath, and a charming sitting-room, looking out over an English garden. Here, on a little table near a cedar fire in the sitting-room, tea was laid for me, and soon arrived. I realized I was to be left here undisturbed till dinner-time, and thanked my host perhaps more fervently for this rest from speech, than for any other blessing. When I had had my tea, I stepped out from my bedroom into the little garden under its windows. A sunny autumn still lingered in these altitudes.

The week-end visit went off happily, and, what I felt indebted for, quietly. There was so much to see and wonder at in the house, so many rare books to glance at in the library, such wonderful meals to be eaten, without remark, without pressure or invitation, or to abstain from without excuse, if one were not hungry; there were interesting conversations to listen to. It was the sort of place where you could retire to your own suite of rooms without explanation or excuse; so it was a paradise to a tired-out man.

Amongst the interesting things to be seen were the piggeries with wonderful new breeds of pigs, a pigeonry superintended by an educated white woman, with an approximate population of thirty thousand pigeons; poultry yards, with almost every known breed of domestic poultry; duck ponds in the wild parts of the estate, where the wild duck were looked after by the Buckinghamshire boy; a swan pool, with the Mute swan and the North American wild swan with a black beak; flocks of Chinese geese and the European wild goose. The only thing in these collections which

attracted my greed was a wonderful domestic pigeon, entirely yellow in plumage. Not, of course, a saffron or canary yellow; nature had halted at this. But mainly of the color known in old catalogues of artists' pigments as "Naples yellow." Some examples, however, I thought were almost hesitating to assume a tint of chrome. Being especially fond of pigeons, and in a very modest way a breeder of black and white fantails at home, I coveted exceedingly the possibility of adding to my blacks and whites, yellow examples which might once more have carried out my favorite combination of colors; black, white and yellow. But I hesitated over the bad manners which would have been evidenced by pressing this request on my host. He died a year ago—I gathered—and no doubt his pigeon-breeding enterprise has been broken up.

From the State of Ohio I was borne by a swift railway to Buffalo (where the people were very German and pro-German, but quite pleasant nevertheless to a Britisher. . . . I noticed at the railway station how prominent was the German language, almost more in evidence than English); and from Buffalo across the frontier to Toronto.

Here I was lodged in a very comfortable, residential club, the guest of the University, and here—and hence—I gave such a number of lectures and discourses to students and to the generality, including log-cutters out in the wilds, and Cabinet Ministers, that I got quite dazed.

Then I went on to Ontario, where I tasted winter for the first time in that year. A kindly and modern-minded Canadian took me about in a motor or a motor-sleigh, clad in about three fur coats through a temperature of 0° Fahrenheit to call on the Duke of Connaught, and afterwards to see great woods under the first heavy falls of snow. I stayed at an exceedingly luxurious and architecturally beautiful hotel with a French name—Château Laurier. I visited the Dominion Parliament building, which afterwards met with a great disaster in 1916, a fire that destroyed everything save the wonderfully organized library and the Senate House. I went with eagerness to see the great museum of Nat-

ural History, which was then being directed by a clever professor from Manchester or Liverpool. He or one of his colleagues had taken part with United States professors in a series of palæontological explorations in the middle of North America, on either side of the Canadian frontier; and there were the staggering results of these discoveries to be surveyed. Apparently they ranged from the later Secondary Epoch down to the Pliocene, and my attention was arrested by the discovery of quite a number of forms of bovid related to the Musk Ox and the Takin of Tibet. The young professor who inducted me into these discoveries unhappily died in 1922. He taught much to me, I remember, on the subject of the bitter opposition still prevailing (mainly in French-speaking Canada) against palæontological research. He mentioned by name certain Senators or public men—French Canadians—who though they would juggle with stocks and shares and plunge into enterprises of dubious honesty, would nevertheless fight for the retention in elementary education of the Six Days of Creation, the limitation of the Earth's age to some reckoning of five thousand years, and the attribution of all undoubted relics of vanished reptilian and mammalian types, to the effects of the Flood. The Canadian Cardinal and one or two highly placed Catholic clerics were instanced by this professor as bitter enemies of scientific research.

I listened with some amazement, and pointed out that I had heard little or nothing in the United States of Roman Catholic obstruction to any form of science, which might disturb preconceived views regarding the interpretation of Genesis. "Yes," he said, "you are quite right, these priests and cardinals are *American,* though they may be of Irish and German stock; but they do not seek to penalize Research or to bolster up Orthodoxy by defending Genesis. But I assure you that with these French Catholics in Canada, it is very difficult and altogether preposterous, even 'un-christian.' If they could have their way in the legislature and elsewhere, they would conduct all education on early eighteenth century lines."

This association of rabid religion with shady speculation in

railways and mines, gave me a great prejudice against Quebec notabilities and their doings.

I went, however, to Montreal, and derived a pleasant impression from that town of both English and French Canada. Then I returned to New York (what a comfortable and interesting railway journey!), and found New York also beginning to look like winter. There I embarked for Liverpool, on an avowedly American steamer—United States as regards flag and rating, but managed by British officers. We were told that owing to War conditions, it was only Second and Third Class, but it was very comfortable, and the food was as good as though we had been First Class passengers. The steaming rate was slower, and the voyage must have lasted nearly ten days. All went well until we were off the south coast of Ireland. In the day-time we seemed to be steaming as near to the green and mountainous shores as was safe, and the "feeling of safeness" was enhanced by frequent meetings with British ships of war which exchanged signals with us.

But at half-past nine at night, when we must have been somewhere off Waterford, a sudden jar shook the steamer, and caused her to heel over at a dangerous angle. At the time I was reclining on a sofa in the library, reading a book. This was on the topmost deck, a favorite place of resort. Two bridge parties were seated at card-tables. Then came this sudden jar. I rolled over on to the carpeted floor, the bridge parties were dissolved into struggling heaps of men and women. Books shot out of the shelves; but just as we seemed to be going over, the ship righted itself. The cabin door was soon pulled open, and into the disordered library were brought several wounded passengers, who had been flung against the railings in the gangway. Then there resounded the voice of an officer ordering all passengers to proceed at once to their cabins. We did so, meekly obedient. Into my cabin, came a steward who wrought certain arrangements which brought armature over the port-holes and made the cabin stiflingly hot and airless. Nevertheless he shut—and I feared—locked my cabin door; and therein I sweltered for some ten

hours. Then the door was unlocked, and I was bidden, if dressed, to present myself before the officers in the saloon.

All the passengers went through some sort of an examination as to name, address, nationality, etc. Where this questioning aroused no suspicion, they were given a landing ticket. We were requested before landing to put no questions to any member of the crew regarding the shock the steamer had experienced the night before, so I can not supply any further information of this untoward incident. I know I was only too thankful to be landed at Liverpool with my baggage on a quiet Sunday morning, and to find a special train obligingly waiting to convey us and other London passengers to our destination. To our further relief we found ourselves arriving in time to catch the last train down to Arundel, so that I reached my home at Poling that Sunday night.

This journey brought me to the verge of 1915. Greaves felt bound to enlist, "to go into the fighting before he was fetched." He accordingly joined the Army in January or February, 1915, and six months afterwards he was in the trenches. He went through the "ghastly time" that was inflicted on most people fighting in France in those days, if they survived. He got injured or wounded eventually, so that one of his legs ceased to work, and in 1917, he was sent home to a Chichester hospital. He continued a cripple until 1920, and then recovered. Since that period he has lived happily at Arundel as a Town Councillor and an agent for the Prudential Insurance Company.

A former servant of mine in Tunis, and a companion on two long African journeys—Wallis Vale—who had become in 1903 an official of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, also fought through the War from 1915 to 1919, got wounded in 1918, but recovered.

CHAPTER XXI

After my return from America, at the close of 1914, I worked at home with what patience I could muster at my book which was beginning to shape itself as *two* volumes on the Bantu and Semi-Bantu languages. This work was threatening material enlargement by the realization that I must deal not only with the Bantu languages—which under my survey and searchings were growing in number from fifty to sixty to a total of two hundred and twenty-six principal forms (with another hundred dialects or marked varieties)—but also with the Semi-Bantu. When I first began this work of research and collected material for it in Africa, I had realized the vocabularies and opinions of Koelle, the forecasts of Bleek, but had been unwilling to use the term "Semi-Bantu," or to admit the close relationship between this West African group and the Bantu languages of Central and South Africa. But in May or June, 1915, I had a letter from an old (and remarkable) acquaintance, Professor Auguste Chevalier, which caused me to change my views.

Chevalier was a French Colonial official of quite remarkable botanical knowledge, who had also studied the peoples and languages of French Africa. He had written a noteworthy book about twenty years ago on the Nigerian Sudan. He had journeyed over the greater part of French West Africa. I had met him first at the French Colonial Office in Paris in 1905, where he had taken the part of a specialist in discussing Liberian questions. We had rapidly made friends, and I found that he knew Paris as intimately and discerningly as he knew West Africa. The purpose of his letter in 1915 was that a considerable army was being recruited for France amongst the regular Negro soldiery of French West Africa. In this army there were men coming from French and Portuguese Guinea, from the border-

lands of Sierra Leone and Dahomé, perhaps also from French Equatorial Africa, who spoke Semi-Bantu languages of great interest; one or two of them perhaps unknown down to the present day, others recognizable as languages imperfectly portrayed by Koelle. If I wished to make my survey as full as possible, he thought I should take this unique opportunity of studying these languages. He had therefore proposed to the French Minister of War that I be invited to join a small committee of French officials, authorized to visit the camps of the Senegalese soldiers, and study them ethnologically. I was suggested as the person who should examine their languages.

I referred the matter to Lord Bertie (Ambassador in Paris). He approved, and added that as there were some other matters in which I could give him possibly useful information, I could make my headquarters at the British Embassy and from there proceed to visit the various places in the south and east, where the Senegalese were stationed.

So at the end of the summer in 1915, with full facilities afforded me by Mons. Messimy (Minister of War), I went to France. After a halt at Paris, I established myself next at Mentone, near which place a large number of Senegalese were in barracks or hospital.

Here I met Chevalier and his colleagues, men of extraordinary interest to me, administrators and doctors who had lived for years in portions of West Africa scarcely yet delineated on the map.

Everything had been so well arranged by them in such a systematical way, that no time, scarcely an hour, was lost. Chevalier had noted down by name and number the soldiers—chiefly wounded men, who were recovering—who could inform me on this or that. Most of these Senegalese talked and understood enough French for me to question them without an interpreter, but in cases where they had not this knowledge, the interpreter was ready.

It certainly was one of the sensations of my life, an actually

fulfilled dream of the improbable. Several languages recorded by Koelle between 1848 and 1854 were heard and realized, and found to be a true story after all. And thus, between Mentone, Fréjus and Lyon, I re-wrote vocabularies not transcribed since Koelle's day, and acquired knowledge of a Semi-Bantu speech from the Upper Gambia never written down before.

A month probably covered all this work, but it might have occupied three months or half a year but for Chevalier's previous rounding-up and good management. The work had to be rather rapidly concluded because six or seven thousand of the Senegalese suffered so much from the mistral wind that they had to be shipped over to Algeria to recover.

The last part of this intensely interesting time was spent at my old friend Vicars's Consulate at Lyon, which he vacated soon afterwards to become Consul-General at Marseilles. His house at Lyon seemed like my discovery or re-discovery of imperfectly recorded Semi-Bantu languages: an incident in a dream. The house, with its hanging gardens, and screening woods, was apparently situated in the middle of the great city, high up above the rushing Saone. Yet it was a short motor drive from these quiet and beautiful heights into the busy city, just beginning to recover from the serious fright of a German occupation. Thence I returned to Paris and my quarters at the Embassy.

Lady Bertie was the daughter of the Lord Cowley, who had been British Ambassador in Paris down to the end of June, 1867, and she had, I understood, as a girl of about sixteen, been present at, or been allowed to see, the great ball given to Napoleon III. and Eugénie, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh; when the Prince of Wales came over to visit the Paris Exhibition. From what I saw and what she told me (my own remembrances of the Embassy went back to 1895) I was able to depict the scenes described in my novel *The Veneerings.*

I traveled back to London as a Foreign Office messenger, via Havre. As I carried two bags of despatches I was accorded the deck cabin on the little steamer which was to make the passage, escorted by a gunboat. Very much to my dislike and apparently

Above: Looking towards the High Atlas from the Moroccan Sahara.
Below: The barley fields of Figig, Moroccan Sahara.

on account of the despatches, I was locked into the cabin, to ensure their or my safety; which would not have conduced to it if the steamer had been torpedoed. But we rounded Spithead safely and I was congratulating myself on a very pleasant crossing, when a thick white fog descended. The steamer did not reach Southampton till the early afternoon.

During what remained of 1915 and throughout the succeeding year and three-quarters of 1917, I worked almost unremittingly at my Bantu languages, paying an occasional visit to Oxford, to watch their halting progress through the Press, halting because nearly all the Clarendon establishment was away at the War. Fortunately for me, one of the Press officials most concerned with my Bantu study was wounded or ill and came back, so we did a great deal of work together in October, 1917.

At this time the first volume was practically finished by me, and the proofs were corrected during 1918. The second volume was also shaped, and the researches necessary to its conclusion were finished. But the Clarendon Press began to fear it could not be published. The War seemed no nearer a successful conclusion in 1917, and the publication of the first volume would probably entail on the Oxford University Press a considerable financial loss.

At the same time—the end of 1917—my faithful typist-secretary since 1908, Miss Florence Avis, had to arrive at a decision leading to our separation. She finished typing the second volume of the Bantu Comparative Study, and then accepted a Government appointment which she has held ever since. I, for my part, was anxious to get back to France, and watch the War, as nearly as possible at headquarters. The Young Men's Christian Association, in conjunction with the War Office, was recruiting a body of lecturers to interest, amuse and possibly instruct the young men of our Army at the Front. They invited me to join the band. I willingly accepted, and at the close of January, 1918, found myself at the Y. M. C. A. headquarters in Boulogne.

There landed with me a very interesting man who died a few months ago: Arthur Diósy, of Hungarian origin, and the son of

a Hungarian patriot who after the struggle of 1848 had become a Minister; but when the Austrians re-conquered Hungary with the aid of Russia, he had to fly for his life. His son, Arthur, was possibly born in England. His principal education at any rate was obtained there and in France. He spoke French absolutely like a Frenchman, and English that was absolutely English, except for his velar *r*, a constant feature in Central European pronunciation.

Arthur Diósy had pursued a career in Japan, and had returned to live in England with an English wife on the modest proceeds of his service there. He developed almost naturally into a lecturer, one of the most informed and entertaining I have ever listened to. It would be difficult to find a more agreeable traveling companion. He and I afterwards found ourselves associated in lecturing under the War Office in 1919, in the occupied Rhineland. On this occasion in January-April, 1918, we faced together the excessive disagreeables of Boulogne, so excessive, indeed, that I still shudder at their remembrance.

Those which arose over the War cloud overhanging the city—the bombs, the shells, the panics and the darkness—one could not complain of; the dirt, the squalor, the rudeness of the French railway officials, one might perhaps have resented more legitimately, especially as they seemed to me to have been rather characteristic of Boulogne, both before and after the War. It is, at any rate, one of the few French towns I have consistently disliked for the last forty years. It has scarcely any feature of true picturesqueness, and it has exhibited all that was worst in the mismanagement of the old South Eastern Railway.

We were thankful not to be detained more than two nights in our miserable lodging on first arrival in January, though the misery of it was an unavoidable consequence of War conditions. We next halted at a scene sixty miles away: Abbeville. This town, which a few months later was to be shattered by German air bombardments, was then virtually unspoiled. Its beautiful cathedral was a delight to the eye; its public gardens and their fountains, its winding streets with their age-old houses were uninjured. And although the principal inn was a little antique,

it was perfectly clean, and served one with astonishingly good food for the worst year of the War. At Abbeville we received our instructions.

Diósy was ordered off in the Ypres direction; I was destined for the Fifth Army, the most southern in its extension of "front" among the sections of the British Force. A Y. M. C. A. motor with a very competent driver started off with me one morning, first to Amiens and then onward to Péronne. The journey to Amiens I thought delightful, for the fine weather of the preceding January still held.

The winter landscapes of the Somme Valley seemed strangely beautiful under the clear sunshine and were further brightened by enormous numbers of magpies. One saw them in groups of five and six, two and three, or in flocks that could not be counted. Their bold black-and-white plumage harmonized remarkably with the gray-green, yellow-green tree stems, the brown blur of leafless twigs, the mauve-blue distances of hillsides, the intense blue hollows of stream courses, the pale azure of the winding Somme, and the patches of intense grass-green of some belated crop which had survived the winter.

It was strange to me, on the following day, to realize the difference occasioned by a sudden change of weather; for after we left Amiens at mid-day on the morrow of our arrival, the weather, the temperature suddenly changed; brown-gray clouds filled the firmament, a terrific easterly wind blew them forward, and a snowfall descended, almost I should think, characteristic of Siberia. In the space of two or three hours the roads became filled, their direction almost obliterated with snow, and we reached Péronne under circumstances nearly tragic. It was a town of ruins almost ironically veiled by snow. Yet this violent change of weather found the British soldier singularly unperturbed. Our car reached some point at the entry to the town where papers and passports had to be scrutinized and (though the order was seldom obeyed) gas masks donned. I pointed this out to my driver, who had one but who scoffed at the idea of putting it on. I did not obtain a mask until a few days later.

We passed on up a High street with deplorable ruins on either

side, ruined churches, ruined theaters, ruined town halls, auction-rooms, repositories and shops. The only consoling element was the always cheerful-looking, red-cheeked, helmeted British soldier. Only small bodies of men returning from service in the trenches wore gas-masks.

The car entered a dismal lane of high ruins and stopped. More confabulation of a kindly character and I was invited to enter a dark yard, and pass along a dark passage into a house half-ruined. There was a cheerful sound of voices within and I entered a ramshackle hall rather blocked by tables and chairs, and saw five or six persons seated, eating cold beef and ham and good white bread, and drinking tea. One of these was a Y. M. C. A. agent who played the part, more or less, of host. He apparently expected me and so showed me quickly to my quarters up very rickety stairs whose constitution had been undermined in a bombardment. However they were warranted safe. Up them I reached the bedroom allotted to me. It was a tiny space, separated from a much larger room on one side by a flimsy partition, and on the other looking out towards the northeast and the German lines, already becoming fearful yet weirdly beautiful in aspect by the usual evening bombardment. What, however, struck me with more dismay at the time was the incoming of the northeastern wind and snow through this side, which must have been struck by some projectile and had most of its brickwork knocked out. Its place had been supplied by strands of American cloth, shiny-black on the inside.

However, this was not the time to criticize or grumble, and I was thankful for the few feet of privacy, and the fact that there was some kind of a bed to sleep on, and a very inadequate washing apparatus.

I stayed some ten days on this first visit to Péronne and grew gradually almost to like it. I was taken out—sometimes far away—on motors to lecture to tired and resting troops. At all these places there were magic lanterns available, and I had brought with me three or four hundred slides. I just talked about anything likely to amuse the men and distract their

thoughts. I found, on the whole, my experiences in Africa, my researches into its natural history, its strange beasts and birds, more acceptable than anything else. I do not think I once delivered any one of the typed or printed lectures I had deposited with the authorities. One felt too over-excited to fix one's eyes on a sheet of paper and read; and any discourse with too much formality wearied the men. It was best to distract their thoughts from the War by giving picture after picture on the screen, and trying to be—if one could—humorous in one's descriptions.

Sometimes shells burst outside, close to the half-ruined, tarpaulined lecture hall and drowned the sound of one's voice; while one's heart stood still at an occasional shriek of pain or yell of surprise. My audience always seemed to me strangely calm. When I had been about a week in these quarters at Péronne, the Germans apparently renewed their bombardment, or their shells fell more often in the quarter where I was lodged.

There came or drifted into the house—I think he was a sharpshooter, recovering from a wound which still caused him to limp —a type of man I never have had fully explained, but who aroused in me a particular interest because I seemed to have met him or his type at different stages during the War—quite possibly the same individual throughout. At a lecture, or rather an easy-going discourse delivered by firelight to a group of timber-cutters near Lake Huron in October, 1914, my attention was attracted to a man who seemed to be the leader of the camp—tall, strong, well-mannered, good-looking, whom I guessed to be an Ulster Irishman. This same man or his twin brother turned up in Péronne in February, 1918, and in some way or for some reason, was told off to the Lecturers' house, possibly to replace the other military guardian who had rejoined his regiment.

In conjunction with the Y. M. C. A. representative, he took on himself a much more active rôle in regard to providing for our safety. He led us down first of all, into the principal cellar which was reached by winding steps. Péronne seemed to have been built in ledges. There was a street below our first floor, which floor projected in an asphalted terrace outside the room in which we

ate and read. The cellar extended below this to a considerable depth and had on one side a dark opening said to have been made by the Germans. You passed through this opening down a winding descent of rough steps cut in the rock, to a lower cellar full of empty or broken wine bottles and vestiges of beds of herbage left by the German soldier occupants, who had abandoned the town in 1917. Our Ulster-Irish-Canadian sharpshooter, in spite of having a wounded leg not quite healed, scrambled down these rocky steps with an electric lamp, and exhibited the hewn-out space below the official cellar. More than this, his keen ear detected faint sounds of movement and footsteps in the street and he declared that there had been an opening in the rocky wall and an exit into the street below the house. We got down pick-axes and other implements, and under his direction dug a short tunnel which let in daylight and afforded a discreet exit to the occupants of this lowest cellar. The sharpshooter advised us not to push our investigation too far in case we exhibited to passers-by in the street (from which we were only separated by rusty shattered iron railings) this retreat from shell-fire. Here and in the cellar immediately above we had found a safe retreat; for if the house was shattered above us, we had here a protected exit into daylight and the open air.

I had another stay at Péronne later on in March, only a few days before the German break-through on March twenty-first, after which the town was re-occupied by them for some months; and I several times spent a night sleeping soundly in these subterranean retreats.

But my lecturing took me in the interval to the banks of the Oise River, along which a good proportion of the Fifth Army was stationed. On my second visit I was picked up by a General, whose name I have forgotten—if I ever knew it—at a pretty little place called, I think, Sincény. He was to take me on in his motor to Chauny. On our way thither we had to pause for half an hour to permit of a shell-burst in the road being mended; and we gazed across a little stream at the ruined and abandoned town of Tergnier, at whose railway station I had so often paused for

refreshments, going to or from Switzerland. The General here was very anxious to indicate to me the German lines, distant possibly not more than a mile. I was not at all anxious to see them outside the car, because there were vague alarms of gas, and my gas mask seemed impossible of correct adjustment, so that I felt half-stifled, wholly shut off from sound, and with my vision much obscured. However, at last the hole in the road was sufficiently mended for the car to pass across it with the aid of planking. As we hurried ahead over the roughened road, the masked General pointed to the fleeing road-menders, who were apparently running before some alarm of gas. We crossed the Oise and entered Chauny, coming for the moment into a scene of comparative peace. Beautiful trees screened the town and had not seemingly been under shell-fire. The General's car drew up in front of an ugly but respectable building which had been some kind of ecclesiastical establishment—a monastery—a college, but which had been fitted up as a hospital by both the Germans and ourselves. The surgeon came out to see us and spoke of a gas attack having just occurred, apparently on the road over which we had passed.

Here were cases of men staggering in to be treated. Some while before our arrival I had preferred the possible chance of being gassed to the certainty of being suffocated by my mask, so I appeared with an ordinary head and shoulders without this disguisement and instinctively went to help the surgeon undress and relieve the gas cases, four in number. As I stooped over their bodies, I smelled the nasty fumes of mustard gas. The surgeon ordered me to desist, but not before I had been "gassed" to some extent. The General, realizing this, took me in his car to the camp where he commanded about a mile to the north on a cleared space inside a really beautiful wood or forest. All sorts of things were given to me to drink and inhale, and I recovered entirely from the sense of stupor that was stealing over me.

I even attempted to eat some kind of a dinner at the evening meal, served in a large summer house (apparently) on the edge of a wood in which the ground was covered with blooming snowdrops. As we sat down to dinner, the lights suddenly went out,

and while we remained silent in profound darkness, we heard the crashes of the shells which were to blow up a good deal of Chauny. It seemed an extraordinary conjunction of strange dreams rather than realities. I could not eat, as I felt too sick, but I tried to talk in an ordinary way with the neighbor on my right. He turned out to be a certain Major Hanbury—a nephew of the owner of the wonderful villa of La Mortola on the Franco-Italian Frontier, where I had visited the unique collection of cacti in 1915. I told him of my crime of having picked off or picked up pieces to transplant in my home collection, and asked him to intercede with his aunt for my forgiveness. Vicariously he forgave me, in between the bangs and spells of darkness, and actually (I am glad to think) survived the German attack just about to take place, and the War generally.

Then, when the meal was over, and the German bombardment left off for a little while, I tottered to the very comfortable quarters assigned me for the night, to find a soldier servant in waiting, told off to look after me. His face so reminded me of Sussex, that I said, when he was unlacing my boots, "You must be a Sussex man." He replied, "I am, sir; I come from near Worthing." His home was a village only eight miles from Poling.

The next day, however, I was too ill to do any more lecturing, and the General, amid all his distractions, told off a car to convey me to the town of Ham, where I had been several times before. The surgeon at the military hospital there was just about to enter me as a patient and have me put to bed, when strange news reached him. He altered his plans; gave me some treatment which afforded temporary relief and packed me into a small Ford car driven by an old friend of mine in the service of the Y. M. C. A. (a man soon afterwards decorated for his bravery and the efficiency of his car service). I felt too stupid and with my mind too much inclined to wander to ask for any explanations; I only gathered that the car if possible was to take me a hundred miles back to Abbeville.

Here I was landed that same day and put into the military hospital a mile outside the town, on a breezy down. My temper-

ature when tested seemed to cause the doctors some anxiety as it was decidedly below normal.

I found myself being deftly undressed by a male attendant and put into one of the sick beds of a hospital ward, the others being occupied by one other lecturer and four officers, most of whom, like myself, were suffering from gas attacks.

The first day and night in hospital seemed like part of a bad dream, with purges which acted like emetics, and emetics which behaved like purges; and many other disagreeable things consequent on the efforts to get the gas poison out of my system.

Very soon, however, I was feeling brighter and better. My appetite was coming back to be met and welcomed by really delicious hospital fare. The great surgeon and two lesser assistants had some knowledge of my work in Africa. The supreme matron of the hospital, a personage of awe-inspiring rating, ranking, I think, with a General, had a most impressive uniform and the smile of an archangel, inclining one at once to reverence.

My gas symptoms gave way to an attack of bronchitis in which I felt every now and then near to stifling. The east wind of the past six weeks still blew, and my bed was next to a window, perpetually open at the top. I thought at last that either the window must be shut or I should expire, so I tottered out of bed one night and with infinite labor unfastened the cord and closed the window. Almost immediately a chorus of thanks went up from the other five beds, the sufferers averring that I had probably saved their lives, if only I could "stick it" when the Matron came on her round of inspection.

I slept a sound sleep and awoke rather late for the morning toilet and the delicious breakfast which followed. Suddenly I was aware that the Matron with her suite was in the ward. She smiled at me like the kind mother she was, probably, in other phases of life. Then her face stiffened and she asked in icy tones, "Who—has—closed—that—window?" Summoning up my courage, I replied, "*I* have, because of my bronchitis." Her eye fell on me. It softened, and she said, "Oh, well; if it is *bronchitis*, I forgive you." So the window remained closed till the

wind shifted and a vote of the ward was passed unanimously for its re-opening. The later days of my stay here (except for the unhappiness of realizing the German advance) were rendered pleasant by a recovery which permitted my dressing and walking about through the paths of this great field hospital, the open spaces of which were rendered touchingly beautiful by the planting of flowers now out in blossom. There were departments which attended to Indian soldiers and African helpers. I even did a little Bantu word collection among the South African road-workers!

Then I began to feel restless, and the surgeons detected certain tendencies which required medical examination and treatment of a more deliberate kind. They thought I was well enough to proceed home to England; moreover they spoke apprehensively on the need for closing down this field hospital because of increasing bombardment from German aeroplanes. A few weeks later in May this was done, because Abbeville town was half wrecked by the discharge of bombs.

So one beautiful April morning I was put into a car which motored me sixty miles—or thereabout—into Boulogne; for the railway at either side of Abbeville station had been smashed up. I had to spend two nights at the Boulogne hotel through a terrific air bombardment which was said to have killed a hundred persons at the French military headquarters of the town. Then I made the passage to Folkstone through a wonderful lane of shipping, escorted to my home in Sussex by a nurse who, in one of those coincidences occurring so often in War-time that it is annoying to mention them, turned out to be a young lady and an old friend, whose parents lived within a mile of my home near Arundel.

Afterwards followed some uneasy months at home with a growing health trouble, which seemed to have been started by the mustard gas. My attention was diverted from the problem of how to get cured of this by the violent illness which attacked our neighbor, Sir Hubert Parry, an old and a dear friend, and one of the most interesting men I ever met, whose expositions of this

and that point in music used to interest me greatly. He had apparently injured himself internally by some fall in bicycling. Although about seventy years of age, he still looked so young that it never seemed incongruous to see him flying about on a bicycle through the Sussex lanes, when he was not motoring at twice the regulation speed along the main roads. He was attacked by hernia and before any remedies could be devised, he was apparently too far gone for an operation, and so died.

Partly to assuage my grief, partly to distract my thoughts from my own health troubles, which I was always inclined to exaggerate, I went down to Easton Glebe to stay with H. G. Wells.

My remembrances of Wells dated far back to the early 'nineties, when I used to hear of him through W. T. Stead and Harry Cust. He had been contributing some clever articles about an "uncle," dinner-table decorations and menus, to the *Pall Mall Gazette;* and then gave to an astonished world the brilliant story of *The Time Machine.*

My much younger brother Alex, bolder than I, had written to Wells some time before the War, to comment on one of his stories, and to his surprise had been asked down to visit him in Essex. This had paved the way for our acquaintance; but I met him first at an extraordinary meeting conducted by Sir Ray Lankester and others in May, 1915. Ray Lankester had become astounded at the mistakes made in high quarters over the conduct of the War, and was instrumental in calling together a great concourse of people, more or less connected with Science, at the rooms of some scientific society at Burlington House.

Wells was amongst the invited, and I was fortunately early in the number of those who were invited to speak; fortunately, because the concourse was enormous, about three times the number estimated. The atmosphere on a very warm day in May became unbreathable. Men fainted and were carried out. Wells and I almost gravitated without introduction, shook hands and staggered out to some neighboring club, where after washing and gasping and hair-brushing, he offered me a restorative cup of tea.

Soon afterwards I went down to stay at Easton Glebe and

visited him every now and again to record my War experiences or to listen to his when on the Italian Front. In between my medical consultations I paid him a visit at Easton in September, 1918. We talked about the War, about Hubert Parry, and this, that, and the other thing, whilst the other week-end guests were there. They were all to leave on the Monday morning. Wells said: "You can stay on till to-morrow, so that we can have a quiet talk; and in the afternoon I will take you to see Lady Warwick's garden."

As, after lunch, we crossed from his Glebe into her grounds and strolled along balustraded terraces to the pools and willows of the wild duck haunts below, he said to me, *à propos* of nothing in particular, "Why have *you* never written a novel? Every man who has been out in the world and seen the world ought to write at least *one* novel." I gasped, with the remembrance of how many times since 1915 I had felt impelled to speak to Wells on this subject, and how each time I had been restrained by a very proper reluctance to disturb another writing man over my troubles with publishers. "Let us sit down," I said, "and I will tell you."

We found an imitation time-worn seat picturesquely placed by the duck-haunted water. "I wrote," I said, when he was ready to listen, "my first story about an African explorer when I was fourteen. I think it was largely influenced by the work of Winwood Reade. Long afterwards, I tried to charm away lonely hours in the Cameroons or Old Calabar by sketching out and writing down ideas of novels. One of these, *The History of a Slave,* I carried through to completion and prepared some forty-eight drawings to illustrate it, most of them done from actuality. The *Graphic* had the courage to publish this in 1889, and paid me well for it. It was a terribly realistic story which roused a volume of protest from the mild mannered *Graphic* readers, especially from school-masters who thought the episodes of the tale might be re-enacted by their scholars. Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Trübner published it as a book in 1890, but in that direction it was a dead failure. A few years later I received

a commission from a newspaper agency in the North of England to write short stories, and perpetrated six of these, which attracted no attention whatever. Frank Harris published one story in the *Saturday Review* and asked for a second; but when I sent it to him, he lost it, and I had kept no copy.

"Then in 1904 I began to work at a theme which has greatly interested me. It was to be—don't shudder!—a sequel to Dickens's *Dombey and Son.* I have proposed the idea of publishing this to four publishers in succession, all of whom have brought out other works of mine and have probably not done so badly by their enterprise. But each in turn has viewed very gravely, almost sorrowfully, my desire to write fiction. So-and-so" (I mentioned the name of a firm)—"have had *The Gay-Dombeys* under consideration, but have returned the typoscript with sad advice to confine myself to works of science, travel or politics; I have also shown it to —— of the *Cornhill.* He said if I would change the theme and characters into a sequel of one of *Thackeray's* novels it might just have a chance; but Dickens ——!"

"Well," said Wells, "he may have been right; he is a good man, I know, and his father was a really great one. But I'll tell you what . . . is the story finished?"

"Not quite, but three-quarters of it is carefully typed and you can more or less guess the end, or at any rate I could send you notes as to how it will terminate."

"Well, forward all this to me. Go into hospital and have your operation, and whilst you are getting well, I will show the material to a friend or several friends who are publishers, and try to get it accepted; unless, of course, I find, as happens occasionally, that it *is* silly rubbish, unworthy of you. For *that* is such an extraordinary thing. I have known men of real greatness in this, that, or the other direction, who were beset with writing works of fiction—a kind of secret vice. However, you send your story, and I will promise to spend some time reading it."

I thanked him with a few fervent expressions, and then we retraced our steps to the house, and he motored me to the little station of Easton Park whence I took the train to London.

During October, of that year, feeling iller and iller, till at last I looked forward almost with relief to the thought of the menaced operation, I typed the remaining chapters of *The Gay-Dombeys* and sent the whole book to Wells, and then went up again to London to consult Sir Peter Freyer. He fixed a day early in November, and engaged my room at a Nursing Home near Harley Street. I returned to Sussex in an agony of pain, but without much apprehension, as I was told that with a strong heart there was very little danger of an unfavorable result. I spent my last day at Poling in an invalid chair, directing the re-arrangement of a rockery, and on the morrow had to proceed in a hired motor—but most kindly and carefully driven by a sympathetic chauffeur, and with my wife inside to look after me; and in this way, arrived at the door of the Nursing Home. I was carried up-stairs by nurses, undressed and put to bed, and at last found relief from the agonizing pain of several previous days.

But the pain had brought on fever, and Sir Peter deferred the operation for more than a week. I had never taken chloroform before, or had any operation more serious than the extraction of a tooth; but everything was managed with such kindness and forethought that I experienced little apprehension. I think much of the preliminary shudders were obviated by the administration of drugs which induced a dreamy disregard. When the moment came for action, I felt that it offered a somewhat humorous resemblance to a State execution. I was invited to ascend and recline on a raised couch. The anæsthetist gave me a small oration on the subject of inhaling the chloroform without resistance, and almost at the moment that he placed the mask over mouth and nose I was "off."

I found myself some time afterwards moist and damp with blood, and very immobile, but conscious. Just occasionally there was a shaft of pain too staggering to be borne had it lasted more than a second. One of the two ladies—both of them angels—who conducted this Nursing Home—was bending over me, and assuring me that everything was going to be all right in the future. She would soon get rid of that pain, and she gave me a

teaspoonful of something to drink, which abolished it. Thenceforth my recovery was rapid, as soon as I got rid of the nausea left behind by the anæsthetic. In four days' time my appetite became phenomenal, and all interests were subordinated to the meals—the early breakfast; the "nice little something" at eleven; the lunch of roast chicken (or an equivalent equally good) at one; the tea at four o'clock; and the delicate dinner at seven. Never, I think, has my palate been more attuned to tasting and my appetite keener than during the four or five weeks which followed the operation, and bore my wife and myself over Christmas and into 1919, in East Marylebone.

About a fortnight after the operation I received a business-like letter from Wells stating how he had placed *The Gay-Dombeys* with Chatto and Windus, on such and such terms for publication in Great Britain, and how he had negotiated a similar arrangement (but more opulently attended) with The Macmillan Company for Canada and the United States. The agreements were enclosed to be read and signed when approved, and the first proofs would follow in a few weeks. Could anything have been kinder?

Sir Peter Freyer was one of the most interesting and regardful men I ever met. He was emphatically an Irishman with a distinct Irish accent, and a strong Home Ruler of a reasonable kind. His early medical life had been spent in the service of the Government of India, and on that score *nous ne tarîmes jamais,* for the last days of his stay in India coincided with the time of my visit to that country of a thousand interests.

As soon as I had recovered from the first operation (I had to undergo another in the following April, 1919) I often went to his house in Harley Street to lunch or dine, or to have tea with him —tea and a talk. He was—most unhappily—beginning to fail in health himself. He had done tremendous surgical work during the War in France and England, and this went on for a year after the Armistice. I think it wore him out. At any rate to my regret which verged on dismay, this great surgeon who had cured and given an extension of life to thousands of men and

women, died with some sudden collapse in 1921. Besides giving me a further spell of vigor and activity when I seemed done for, he opened up so many new avenues of interest in his speculations and conjectures regarding human anatomy, the origin of man and the future developments of the human species that converse with him was a wholesome stimulant to the brain.

The Gay-Dombeys was published in the spring of 1919, just as I was re-entering the Nursing Home to undergo these subsidiary operations which were not thought to necessitate anything so serious as an anæsthetic. They caused me more pain and apprehension, however, than the *coup de maître* of the previous November. But they completed the cure, and I returned to Poling at the end of April, 1919, feeling healthier, stronger and better than I had done since the opening of the War in 1914. This sense of "wellness" did not last in its completeness beyond the close of 1920, after which year I was apt to feel excessive fatigue with too much talking, too much walking, too much writing or exertion or emotion of any kind. I therefore took to living more continuously at Poling and confined my foreign journeys to nestling in Switzerland at some period of the summer between May and September.

I gave up dinner-parties and any late meal solid enough to be called a dinner. I ordered my visits to London with my wife in such a way as to avoid public meetings and assemblies, and we confined ourselves as much as possible to the quiet pursuit of our own pleasures and interests. Quiet evenings at the play or the cinema, quiet evening meals, the avoidance of bores (how difficult!), and the shedding of family duties.

Between 1919 and the time of finishing this story, I have written and published four novels, most of them projected long ago, and one volume of twenty-one short stories.

I concluded my War Service by a somewhat adventurous and wholly interesting journey up and down the Rhine Valley in the summer of 1919, as one of the War Office lecturers to the Army of Occupation. This journey enabled me also, as I was accorded the rank of a French officer by the French War Office, to visit the

The restoration of the lizard-like bird of the Secondary Epoch, *Archæopteryx lithographica,* in Carl Hagenbeck's Stellingen Gardens (Hamburg).

French sphere. I quickly passed through the American-occupied portion of the Rhineland, whose authorities did not show themselves so meticulous as to rank and nationality. I traveled in trains packed with American soldiers who frequently took me for a German because I had asked questions in German from the German railway officials. But explanations on my part resulted in gusty friendliness, and some of the American "boys" from Texas were amongst the nicest persons I ever met. I found the "mothering" of the American women at Coblentz a little tiresome, though well meant. It was difficult at that time to obtain good food and other necessaries of life without going to some American Y. M. C. A. establishment. It was so, possibly, in the British sphere; there the Y. M. C. A. people were business-like and not too affectionate. But the American "mothers" and "sisters" were so bubbling over with Christian charity and kindliness that they were not contented with selling you a bun; they deprecated your paying for it, and seemed to wish to embrace you in addition.

In the French sphere on the other hand, every one entering who did not wear a French uniform or look an out-and-out Frenchman, was received very churlishly. I resented this, after my long, long acquaintance with France, but at the same time it amused me. They generally concluded I was a German spy, or a German in some way out of place; they sought to baffle me by replying in Alsation-German to my questions or observations in good British-French. The final production of my papers staggered them, with the assignment to me of a French rank. The same papers when shown extorted the civility and hospitality of the various Officers' Clubs. I obtained, however, some relief from French disagreeableness by a visit to Wiesbaden. This was also within the French sphere, but French military control had either been softened by its beauty, its comfort, or its helplessness, or by the effect of its waters. It was certainly difficult to believe this place had ever been connected with a War.

The shops displayed such wealth and variety, such beauty and fitness in the things they sold at much reduced prices; the music at the Baths was divine in the full beauty of early summer, either

out of doors or within palatial concert rooms. The meals at the hotel, the ices, the fruits, the coffee, chocolate and tea at the Baths seemed better than anything I had tasted for years. One of my delights on the fresh mornings at the end of June was to walk up the stream-valley, which for a long, long distance seemed to be part of the Baths' domain. At first the walk was like traversing a sumptuously beautiful wild garden, then by degrees it became real, wild, forested Germany, and so one went on, or could go on, through woodlands of exquisite beauty till one reached the summit of mountains two to three thousand feet in height.

This stay in the Rhineland enabled me to get into touch with German workers at Bonn and elsewhere who before the War had been discussing with me theories concerning the Bantu languages. The Oxford University Press had published the first volume of my work on the Bantu at the end of June, 1919; and I was already revising for the Press, the second volume, published in the early summer of 1922.

Mr. Percy Molteno came forward about this time, and by his generous assistance, on top of an offer by the Rhodes Trustees, the African Association of Liverpool, Mr. Leo Weinthal of the *African World,* and one or two private individuals, he induced the Oxford University Press to effect the publication of the second volume. With the revising of proofs therefore between my return to work in the autumn of 1919 and the spring of 1922, I was kept sufficiently employed at Poling down to about the time when I commenced the compilation of these memoirs.

The second volume of my *Comparative Study* having been prepared for publication, I applied myself after 1919 to the correction and amplification of the first volume. Thanks to the assistance of officials in the Gambia Colony, in Sierra Leone, Togoland, northern and southern Nigeria; to the renewed researches of Dr. Bernhard Struck of Leipzig; and the gallant help of Archdeacon H. W. Woodward in East Africa and Mr. W. J. B. Chapman in Angola, I have filled most of the gaps in the first volume's vocabularies; and hope this revised volume may attain

publication before long in a second edition. The additions to its information are of considerable importance. They constitute a remarkable confirmation of Sigismund Koelle's researches, undertaken between 1848 and 1854.

The mention on a previous page of the Rhodes Trustees has aroused a request from one or two critics of this book in proof sheets for more explicit information concerning my latter relations with Cecil Rhodes. It is obvious that I quarreled with him: how, when, and why?

I had arranged terms with him on a new basis in 1893 for the complete subjugation of the Arabs in Nyasaland which took place in 1895-6. In 1893-4, however, he cabled to me asking me to join a section of his police force in southern Rhodesia in attacking the Portuguese and driving them down to the coast of Manikaland. I replied that such action was impossible without the direct orders of the Foreign Office. He then announced that he repudiated the new agreement I had entered into at Cape Town, and revoked all further monetary assistance. I was therefore threatened with a complete loss of revenue, and was compelled to lay the whole situation before the Foreign Office, early in 1894. The Chancellor of the Exchequer—Sir William Harcourt—at once came to my relief. He offered a subsidy of £30,000 a year (Rhodes's increased subsidy was only £17,500), and proposed the withdrawal of the northern Zambezian territories from the Chartered Company's control. Eventually in London, when Rhodes came there in the summer of 1894, a compromise was agreed to. Northern Zambezia, west of the Lake Nyasa Basin, was to be independently administered by the Chartered Company, and Nyasaland became virtually a Crown Colony. A surface reconciliation was patched up by Earl Grey between Rhodes and myself, but even at that meeting he said he never wished to see me again—and he never did. The quarrel however never extended to the London directorate of the Chartered Company, and with Rhodes himself was solely based on my refusal to join his forces in attacking the Portuguese.

CHAPTER XXII

Looking back over my active life, the difference of opinion which has been growing, expanding between myself and most of my countrymen, and of many Europeans and Americans, is on the matter of Religion. From the time of my own awakening to the logic of facts and discoveries from 1880 onward, it has been a source of growing amazement that intelligent men and women, careful students of real history, followers of the teachings of Astronomy and Geology, continue any longer to believe the theological nonsense generally understood by the term "Religion." The *human* side of religion, which has had so little power behind it—that defined by St. Paul as "charity," though "charity" in English has come to possess a sneering signification—has seemed to me indisputable in its importance. Unless Mankind as a mass sticks together, helps Mankind; all that is human in our race may well perish in the struggle against the blind forces of nature. Whereas there is just a hope, a faint struggling hope that Mankind, united in purpose, striving to create and maintain better and better control over this Planet, over the fate and welfare of its own species, may stave off eventually annihilation, may even make itself (millions or billions of years ahead) master of the Solar system. Farther than that I need not project my thoughts.

But that is not the religion of the many. The many, the mass of thinking humanity (and chiefly of poorly-thinking humanity) believes or pretends to believe in a Deity; in a Trinity; or in a larger number of divine powers.

Millions of black, brown, and yellow peoples in India contemplate in their thoughts a great assortment of Gods, of spirits that may—or may not—be enshrined in grotesque forms, mostly images of Man's construction. But the divinities of nearly three

hundred millions of Indian people, of such Melanesians or Polynesians as are not converted to Christianity or Muhammadanism, of fifty millions of Africans not as yet captured by Christian or Islamic missionaries, and of a few million Amerindians or Mongols are little more than Earth spirits, who are not credited with having done more than create this planet or some tiny portion of it, or in most cases have no higher status than that of a king or queen ghost, the spirit of some dead chief, medicine-man or witch. The old religions of Egypt, Greece, Rome, Pontus or ancient Persia were little different. The earth on which we dwell was everything in their outlook. The stars were amusing lights in the firmament, doing very little to mitigate the inconvenience of darkness.

The Jews, beginning with a Tribal God of a crabbed nature thoroughly reminiscent of the scenery of Mount Sinai, gradually developed the idea that this Deity might be a universal power, creator of the earth, and also of everything outside the earth—the "everything" in those days of limited knowledge not amounting to much. Christianity and Islam in their theology were developments of the Jewish idea, with some borrowings from other faiths and superstitions. But Christianity arose from a desire to make public the teaching of a remarkable personage, Yeshu or Yeshua, surnamed after his death by the Greek word Christos ("anointed"), and miscalled (owing to defects in the Greek rendering of Yeshu), Iesous or Jesus. This man, so far as we can guess, from the very little information we have which is not mythical, was so remarkable in the beauty, originality and truth of his utterances, that he seemed to some of his followers divine, or at any rate something more than merely human.[1]

The major part of Christ's teaching as recorded in the first two, least-tampered-with "Gospels" falls on the ear with refreshing effect, as being singularly attractive, true, and of lasting, world-shaping importance. But in the years which succeeded the

[1] Divinity was frankly and easily attributed to remarkable or benevolent personalities all over the Eastern World from Rome to Indo-China down to the fifteenth century A. C. especially in India.

Crucifixion the utterances of Jesus Christ were combined more and more with dreary, tedious beliefs, traditions, and ceremonies of the Jews; and as the centuries succeeded, His Gospel absorbed and refurbished this and that tenet, costume, custom, practise of old Eurasiatic faiths quite incompatible with modern beliefs founded on the evidence of Science only.

In the ignorance in which we are purposely educated, as little as possible is taught us about the Jews during the hundred years which preceded the date guessed at as marking the birth of Jesus. How much do Christian children know about the great Jewish teacher Hillel, who died when Jesus was (presumably) ten years old, and whose recorded sayings are, over and over again, anticipations of some of the striking utterances of the Christ himself? And Philo of Alexandria, who died about ten years after the conjectured date of the Crucifixion?

Reading what Hillel is credited with having said or written one comes to understand that the concepts recorded of Jesus the Nazarene were not quite so isolated as they seem in their language and nature.

The Christ was the releaser of thought and a stimulater of new ideas in the three years of His manhood during which He came under public notice. He shared, of course, some limitations of knowledge existing in His age. He knew nothing—apparently—about the rotundity of the Earth, its character as a planet of small size encircling the sun; and He believed emphatically in God as a fatherly personality. But His principal mission He gradually determined as an appeal on behalf of the universal brotherhood of Man.

Perhaps in this respect He was the first human recorded to have held and uttered such beliefs. He aroused consequently more virulent hatred among the educated and highly-placed Jews than in the minds of the Romans. Life, however, was cheaply regarded in those days, and Pontius Pilatus (or Pileatus), the Roman Governor, probably held that the handing over of the body of Jesus to the fanatical Jews for execution, was at most a regrettable incident, to be forgotten in a week's time, and cer-

tainly not to haunt him during the remaining years of his life in retirement, where it had no more cause to be remembered than the thousand other deaths he had ordered or permitted in Palestine.

Jesus, however, to whatever extent He really lived and suffered, had an enormous effect on the after history of Mankind. Though it is remarkable to note that His Gospel was taken over, partly practised and believed in, not by the people of His own race or lineage or His own family, but by the population of Europe; who afterwards becoming vastly predominant, carried the religion founded on the Christ's teaching into Asia, America and Africa.

Morally, socially, one can be a Christian—even fervently so—without attaching a vestige of belief to, or anything more than a little contemptuous interest in the Jewish, Greek, Mithraic, Egyptian, Roman or Keltic myths and cosmogonies which have clustered round and become attached to the simple, beautiful and true teaching of the Nazarene.

The nearest approach to a true sketch of the life of the Christ was written by a Jew, Israel Zangwill; and if I believed one particle in the idea of "inspiration" I should call this sketch "inspired," so truly does it read. But it had to be published with other matter, not necessarily congruous, in the one book of Zangwill's which did not succeed, yet the one containing the finest things he has written: *Italian Sketches.*

The only other writers who have grappled with the subject in any way adequately, with any local study properly applied, have been Ernest Renan and the Irish novelist, George Moore. Moore's *The Brook Kerith* gives a very probable picture of the real life of the Redeemer, though it is written through a coarser mental medium and is marred by carelessness in reconstructing the aspect of Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, when there was no "prickly pear" in its landscapes. George Moore forgot that America had first to be discovered and Mexico to be reached by the Spaniards, its products to be exported to the Mediterranean world, before the accursed Turks could (somewhere about 1600 A.C.) transport this cactus to the semi-desert hills of Palestine.

So much for my views on Religion. The inward holding of these views and even some modest exposition of them (when provoked) have never prevented, in the majority of cases, my getting on exceedingly well with priests and pastors, bishops and missionaries. Either they too had their doubts in the age in which we live as to the strict truth of the Old Testament and the value of the Book of Revelations, or the worth of three-quarters of the Psalms (the remaining quarter being remarkably poetical); or they were sufficiently interested in real, practical, enduring Christianity to welcome my adhesion in this direction and excused me from professing any love or veneration for, or belief in a Deity: which if it assumed in the imagination of a Moses the character of a fussy and fidgety old man, anxious about the colors of his curtains and the construction of his Ark; or instigated the persecution of Paulicians and Protestants in the early and late Middle Ages; must also have been, as the one and only God, the malign creator of Tyrannosaurus and a hundred other peculiarly cruel, monstrous reptiles of the Cretaceous Epoch, and the devisor of endless and useless grotesqueries in the great age of mammals; and even, in the putting-forth of Man, the Force that hesitated unduly over the proliferation of the genus.

Thinkers like Cardinal Newman never spent time or thought in considering these points. Newman, though he was born into the nineteenth century, when great revelations were occurring regarding the past history of the Earth and of life on the Earth, believed still, fanatically, in the Six Days of Creation, the truncated life of our planet in five thousand years, and all the other Hebrew-Babylonian myths.

The staggering truths and discoveries revealed in Astronomical research and the study of Geology have taken a very long time to penetrate human consciousness, imagination, and religious ideas. Let us turn round and think to what extent.

In 1860, six hundred millions of Asiatics, one hundred millions of Africans and almost the entire population, then, of the New World (sixty millions) except about fifty thousand educated inhabitants of the United States and Canada; and all the millions of

Europe, barring another fifty thousand scientific thinkers in Britain, the Netherlands, Germany, Scandinavia, Russia, Austria, France and Piedmont believed—when they thought about it at all—that the Earth was the center of everything.

The Christian child was made to sing "Twinkle, twinkle, little star—how I wonder" (very feebly) "what you are. Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky." It really did not, as a matter of fact, wonder or think about it at all; it pondered over what it was going to have for breakfast the next morning and whether it would get through its school lessons without punishment.

All through the periodical newspaper literature sixty years ago, in what we call the civilized world, it was assumed almost without question that the age of our Planet only went back about five thousand to six thousand years, and that all life on its surface, save what was conserved in the Ark, had been drowned by a dissatisfied Deity and proliferated again in three or four thousand years. This measure of destruction accounted for the fossils in the rocks.

The six hundred millions of Asia never thought about the matter at all, except in a series of inchoate nightmares. To this day it is said, in the newspapers published in the English language, that five or six millions of Baptists in the United States believe on the lines of the Six Days of Creation, and are threatening physical violence towards the thinkers who may differ from them as to the age of the Earth and its relative importance in the Universe.

I only wish they were right, and that the discoveries and deductions of astronomers, mathematicians, chemists, and metallurgists did not force me to part company with them and to conceive of this Planet, this world on which we dwell, as a mere grain of dust in the vast, visible Universe. This is not necessarily too contemptuous a deduction, for grains of dust as we measure them can be very important, more important in their effects than a haystack or a hill. The Earth is at any rate solid, or practically so, like Mars, Venus and Mercury: and not mainly gassy like the Sun and the larger planets. Some of these when their matter

has concentrated and cooled down may not be larger than the Earth to such an incredible degree as they are at present. Still, there is the situation, as Science determines it at the present day.

Mankind has grown in the past million years to be in each individual an intelligent amalgam of countless specks of living matter, a real analogy to a State, a nation, with a governing power concentrated in the brain, a single Will emanating from the conjunction of the millions of atoms contained within our skins.

There *may* be no other thing like us in the Universe. For aught we know it may have been only on this speck of a Planet that intelligent life has come into existence by some fortuitous accident. We—Mankind—*may* be the germ of a Deity, which, as Du Maurier half guessed, shall grow up and expand on this Planet in the course of millions of years to follow; rule the Planet, get control over all its forces within and without; then rise superior to its atmosphere, dominate other planets and the Sun itself. It is quite as permissible to let one's thoughts wonder over such a possibility, as over entering unplaced Paradises of gold and silver, agate and jasper, chrysoprase and jacinth, with eternal chanting of oriental forms of adoration before a God who is only a very superior Sultan.

But the outcome of my own deductions long ago was the resolve to turn my thoughts, my mental outlook, away from the Deities generated in the imagination of Neolithic and Iron Age Man, and foisted on us by the conservative mind of those who still rule us from the Church, the Synagogue, the Mosque, and the Editorial offices of the Press.

Muhammad and Muhammadanism.—One of the worries of my life has been an almost vain effort to get the name of the Arabian prophet properly spelled in English. In no direction has European perversity been more strongly shown than in the rendering in Latin letters of this name. I suppose it originated in the intense dislike felt by Western Europe in the Dark Ages for this rising of the southern Mediterranean peoples against Christianity. The Spaniards, French, Portuguese and Italians posi-

tively disdained to listen when Muhammad's name was pronounced in their hearing so as to render it correctly. They turned it into Mafoma, Mahound, Maomet, Mahomet; and the English of the early nineteenth century followed with "Mohammed."

There is no "o," there is no "e" in the Arabic language; though, I should think "Mohammed" was composed by conscientious Anglo-Indians wishing to get nearer to the truth.

In Arabic, the name is supposed to come from an ancient root, H'amada—"the praised." The initial Mu- is a common Arabic prefix, giving generally a personal character to the noun formed from the verb-root, so that "Muhammad" would mean "the praised one," "the bepraised."

The Turks have been in their way almost as silly and as wanton in their mis-pronunciation of the Prophet's name. Thus we have had forced on us "Mehemet Ali" instead of "Muhammad Ali," the Viceroy of Egypt one hundred years ago.

But throughout thirteen hundred years of history the name has always been spelled similarly by the Arabs or those using the Arabic alphabet: محمد. This rendering can be simply and easily transliterated and pronounced as *Muhammad.*

Somewhere about 1868 this spelling came into use in Britain amongst authors who gave a first-hand study to Arabian or Muhammadan questions. By the close of the nineteenth century Muhammad was the form adopted by the various Government offices of Great Britain, India and Africa. But the British Press (and still more the American) remained steeped in ignorance; and since the close of the Great War this ignorance has been strengthened into audacity. Printing firms in Great Britain and the United States when charged with the production of my books have gone out of their way to mis-spell Muhammad as "Mahomet" and "Mohammed."

If challenged they refer to the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* which in the ignorance of the eighteenth century started with "Mahomet," and has been chained to that perversion ever since, unable to revert to the correct form of the name in Arabic. The Arabs retort by mis-spelling the name of the founder of Chris-

tianity as Issa, instead of Yeshu; but as we pronounce this name "Djizăs" we are not much nearer to the truth. I shall go down to my grave still fighting, still insisting on the only right rendering of the name—Muhammad.

Otherwise, though I struggle to secure a right interpretation of Muhammad's name in Latin letters, I have the greatest contempt for his theology, for the religion he invented or adapted from the corrupt Christianity of the seventh century or the crabbed Judaism of that period. This has now become the "faith" of sixty millions in the Indian Empire, thirty millions of Javanese, ten millions of Borneans, Celebesians, Sumatrans and Philippine Islanders, twenty millions of Malays, some forty millions of Arabized Chinese in southwestern China, thirty to forty millions of Turks, Tatars, Afghans, Persians, Syrians and Arabs; and about forty-five millions of Arabized Lybians, Egyptians, Hamites, Fulas, and Negroes in Africa—two hundred thirty-five millions of Dark Whites, Negroes, Mongols, and Mongoloids.

The food tabus enforced by Muhammadans (as by the Jews) bore little or no relation to questions of wholesomeness, but were promulgated for totemistic reasons we should describe as "nonsense." Muhammad denounced the drinking of the fermented juice of the grape—no distilled spirits were known in his day—and his denunciation checked the growing drunkenness of the Arabs; but Persian influence redressed the balance; and many a Muhammadan dynasty in Persia, Turkey, Syria, or Egypt has come to ruin through its bibulous habits. The faith of Islam is almost a burlesque, a grotesque copy of Judaism; just as Judaism, combined with the influence of other ancient faiths and superstitions in Asia Minor, the Balkan Peninsula, Constantinople, and Italy, has done its utmost to render the teaching of Yeshu bar Mariam (or bar Yosef) unacceptable by sensible, educated, enlighteded people of the present generation.

My Garden.—This has certainly played a large part in my bodily and mental activities since 1906. It seemed to me in earlier years pitiful that I could become so absorbed in the dispo-

sition and planting of four acres, when not long previously I had concentrated my interest on the acquisition for British control of four hundred thousand square miles in various parts of Africa. But after all, I suppose, it may be accounted for midway between the infinitely great, which is often very vaporous and lacking in concentration, and the infinitely little which requires an eye-tiring microscope for one's intellectual revels.

I found the house where I live a farmhouse which had begun existence in 1180 as a monastic building, inhabited by the Knights of St. John, possibly even the Templars. About 1577, the three resident knights being Roman Catholics were chased away or discreetly withdrawn, and the neighboring farmers were said to have plundered the very solid little building as far as they could. It was more likely the out-houses that they pulled to pieces. One sees fragments of their plunder built into neighboring barns and farmhouses. The grounds were brought into order at the end of the eighteenth century, when for a hundred years and more the house resumed the title of "St. John's Priory," and became the residence of a yeoman family (the Blundens), of some note.

The interior of the house was however rendered hideous and vulgar, the beautiful Tudor casements (pictured in early illustrations of the house) were replaced by cheap nineteenth century French glass-doors and exceedingly ugly bedroom windows; and much of the garden had become meadowland or fowl-runs.

The house I restored as much as possible to its old condition and appearance. Much of the hideosities were accretions, and when removed the old Sussex flint or chalk was there to be seen, or the Elizabethan brickwork of the fire-places, or the garden walls, or the stone arches of Plantagenet days.

But the garden—three-quarters of it—had to be recreated, or made for the first time. Belts of trees were then planted to act as they grew up as wind-screens, shielding the tenderer parts of the garden from the fierce Atlantic gales. Carmichael Thomas (retired from managing the *Graphic* to a wood on a Kentish hill-top) sent me many birches, which now look as though they had always lived with us. I planted oaks and elms, horse-chestnuts, willows, hawthorns, ashes, almonds, lilacs, firs, pines, yews and

cypresses. Various forms of Pyrus which flowered in February, March and April, strange apples from Central Asia (bursting in May into magenta blossom), wild cherries and tame and Burbank's Wonder (a hybrid between plum and apricot, and truly a wonder for its early blossom and its gorgeously colored fruits, a blend of gold and mauve). I inserted numerous laburnums—golden-yellow and flesh-pink—along the banks of the tiny stream which was my eastern boundary. I revived, recovered, re-invigorated great bushes of quinces along the course of this tiny stream, forgotten when we first came there in the maze of a disorderly jungle.

We have of old time deodars, a few tall firs, gigantic Japanese yews, and a Virginian "cedar" (which is not a true cedar at all—how few people realize that no real cedar comes from anywhere but the Himalayas, Lebanon, and the Atlas Mountains?). We have larches, Scotch pines from Bournemouth, spruce firs from Switzerland; and Ilex trees which have lived here for a hundred years.

My sister-in-law, Lady Boston, sent us many years ago five kinds of daffodil from her Anglesey garden. They have populated since all the appropriate spaces of our four acres; and there are in addition, which I tremulously guard from tourist-raids, patches of wild Sussex daffodils—growing, increasing, multiplying, in our two orchards. I remember when I first took over this house and ground they grew in the farmers' meadows outside; they grew and blossomed deliciously in the Duke's woods across the road; grew throughout much of the landscapes of Sussex. But about 1906 the accursed Gypsies, who, ever since, have been destroying the charm and color of Sussex landscapes for paltry gain pounced on them in the woods and fields, dug them up, and wheeled them away to sell in Brighton, Worthing, Littlehampton and other mushroom places. The farmers raised not the slightest objection to the trespass or the despoiling. The only person besides myself, who minded or who took any notice indeed, was the Duke's agent, who died on military service in the War.

I have to be content mainly with the beauty of flowers and

Upper left: The Honorable Lady Johnston, O.B.E., in 1919.

Upper right: The author at St. John's Priory in 1914.

Below: Poling Corner on a winter's day.

foliage, the evidence of history contained within the limits of my four acres; for I have lit on Sussex at an evil period, when all sense of beauty in detail has been lost to the townspeople of Arundel and of the mushroom coast cities and conglomeration of villas; when the Gypsy, (off-scouring mainly of East London) does as he likes in the country lanes and on the commons, provided he does not steal *too* much game; so that perhaps appropriately as I grow old, I restrict my gaze within the tiny limits of my own domain.

Gypsies.—One direction amongst others in which I have been soured in my old age and have parted company with public opinion in Sussex is on the score of the Gypsies. The original Gypsies who entered this country during the Middle Ages were descended from a nomad tribe or tribes which invaded Persia and Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries and which came from India, from the lands bordering the Indus River. They made a considerable stay in Mesopotamia when the Turks were oppressing the Arabs.

They played a noteworthy part in Central Europe—Hungary, Bohemia and the Rhinelands; they passed through France into Spain; through Mesopotamia into Egypt; and from France they made their way into England and Scotland early in the sixteenth century.

They were always more of a nuisance than anything else; still, in the early nineteenth century they stirred the attention of the romantically-inclined English novelists, and so had a glamour of romance thrown about them which they did not deserve. Yet, it is to be admitted that the earlier type of Gypsy man and woman was usually a good-looking creature.

In the second half of the nineteenth century they frequented with avidity the race-courses, especially those connected with petty racing and fraudulent betting in Sussex, Kent and Essex. They were joined in this pursuit by a section of the East End population of London which was beginning to find life in Whitechapel, Limehouse, Shadwell and Wapping unbearable.

The Gypsies of Sussex have resulted from a mixture of these

two strains; the old Romany, the scurvy, low-down, uneducated, lousy, unkempt, refuse people of Eastern London, drawn to the Sussex race-courses and engendered there in a new brand with the Romany mixture. Twenty to thirty years ago they were little noticed. They attended the races and did not conduct themselves worse than the rest of the riff-raff. But about twenty years back in time the English world began to awake in a pitiful, perverse way to the beauty of wild flowers. The idea penetrated to the Gypsy mind that in the spring months it was an easy way to make a little money to ravage the woods, lanes, downs; pluck the wild flowers wholesale and dig up their roots and offer them to the town-dwellers and tourists.

Thus by degrees during the past eighteen years I have watched the daffodil, primrose, and bluebell being gradually exterminated from the Sussex landscapes as they are from those of Surrey, Kent, and other Home counties; and anywhere near Birmingham, Bristol, Manchester, Liverpool, manufacturing Yorkshire, Leicester and Northampton. Gradually these flower shows are being extinguished everywhere on unenclosed lands to which public access is possible. And of course the amount of property in Sussex that is guarded from the Gypsy by enclosure within high walls is very small.

The Gypsies live in unbelievable filth; ninety per cent. of their children grow up absolutely illiterate. They are such a prey to vermin—lice of three species, bugs, fleas—that their offspring are not tolerated in the State schools for fear of infecting the other pupils. Their parents make enough money, however, to live on, at the race-course, and by the sale of wild flowers and poached game in the seaside towns.

During the winter months they live in hovels on the outskirts of Chichester, Brighton, Bognor, Horsham, Shoreham, Lewes and Hastings. For the rest of the year they lead a rather enjoyable life as slow-moving nomads on the downs of South Essex, and in the woodlands of Central Sussex.

For some inconceivable reason they are adored by the mass of the Sussex townspeople and by journalists who do not know

them; they are only disliked by a few sensible old ladies, by myself, and by the Sussex police, who know them too well.

Occasionally they establish a reign of terror in little-visited districts to the north of the South Downs. One hears vague rumors through the police; but the rumors find little sympathy in the local Press; and farmers are silent on the subject because, although the Gypsy may be a nuisance in the winter, he furnishes cheap and handy labor between May and October; and I have never met a Sussex farmer yet who cared one snap of the fingers for the local flora. The thing which moves the Sussex farmer to deep vibration of enthusiasm is Corrugated Iron, which he thinks a beautiful as well as a useful material.

Sussex, indeed, is tending to become a Corrugated Iron county. It has no public institution of control which objects to the ugliness of corrugated iron and strewn paper, no effective body of citizens which has ever formed or been able to enforce any opinion on the preservation of scenic beauty, with due regard to making proper use of the soil. An educated public opinion in Sussex has to be created and to acquire then the force requisite to eschew ugliness and punish the needless destruction of landscape color and form, and of objects of historical interest. Such a degree of educated public opinion would negative the erection of surpassingly hideous, corrugated iron, road-side garages for speculative motor hirers, or any one else, the arched monstrosities one now sees every five miles or so along the country roads, projecting to the very edge of the roadway.

Such a concentration of cultivated minds, backed by the force of the law, might save the more effective wild flowers from extermination or transference to private gardens, might save the heather year by year from being burned and charred for acres or square miles by Gypsy fires. Such a force might in time be strengthened to tackle the Augean stables of suburbs surrounding Brighton, which are threatening the amenities of the county for ten miles round.

The Sussex Archaeological Society or its members, independ-

ently—have made surprising discoveries of late years, revealing with specimens (ever fewer and fewer as one retreats in time) the history, fauna and flora of the county a few hundred, a few thousand, one, three, five hundred thousand years ago. Few divisions of England have had a more interesting record than Sussex, back to the time when Great Britain and Ireland made up a fantastic peninsula joined by a short, broad isthmus with France and Belgium. Sussex ranks with Java, the Rhine Valley, and Central Zambezia as having been the abode of early distinct genera and species of the human type. Unless and until the bones of *Eoanthropos* are found elsewhere, Sussex deserves to be regarded as the first of English counties, not a mere camping ground for frowsy Gypsies, something better than the back garden of raffish Victorian Brighton. This wen should be forbidden to extend any farther. Its road-side and its field advertisement-boards of pickles and gherkins, bicycles and patent medicines, nursing milk and whisky should be destroyed, banished. Similar measures should be taken with other ugliness-breeding coastal towns—Hastings and its suburbs, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, and the staggering accretions that have grown up round Selsey Bill. Of all the counties of England, Sussex must be saved from the hands of the speculative builder, the low-down racing man, the Gypsy, the motor-manufacturer, the flower-picker, paper-strewer, and the user of naked corrugated iron.

THE END

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

List of Sir Harry Johnston's Books (as apart from newspaper and magazine articles).

My letters on the Tunisian Question appeared in the *Globe* newspaper between January and June, 1880, but were never re-published in book form as has sometimes been alleged. I never completed and published as a book my studies of the Regency of Tunis in 1880, but they are given here pretty much as they were written.

In the British Museum Library Catalogue the first published work attributed to me is a Report on the Natural History of Angola.

This is bound up in a volume with entirely incongruous articles on Biology by other writers. It was drawn up for the information of the Earl of Mayo when he was preparing his exploring journey undertaken shortly afterwards. The Report or Article has no value at the present time as it was compiled from earlier authorities and was written before I had any personal acquaintance with Angola.

My first published book (re-published in a later edition in 1894) was The River Congo (Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston). This appeared at the beginning of 1884; there followed:—

The Kilimanjaro Expedition. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1886.)

The History of a Slave. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1890.)

Livingstone and the Exploration of Central Africa. (George Philip & Son, 1891.)

British Central Africa: the Territories under British influence North of the Zambezi. (Methuen & Co., 1897. Later edition 1904.)

A History of the Colonization of Africa by Alien Races. (Cambridge University Press, 1899. Later and enlarged edition 1913.)

The Uganda Protectorate. (Hutchinson & Co., 1902. Later edition 1904.)

British Mammals. (Hutchinson & Co., 1903.)

The Nile Quest. (Lawrence and Bullen, 1903.)

Liberia. (Hutchinson & Co., 1906.)

George Grenfell and the Congo. (Hutchinson & Co., 1908.)

A History and Description of the British Empire in Africa. (National Societies' Depository, Westminster, 1909).

The Negro in the New World. (Methuen & Co., 1910.)

The Opening up of Africa. (Williams & Norgate, 1911; Henry Holt & Co., America, 1911.)

Views and Reviews: from the Outlook of an Anthropologist. (Williams & Norgate, 1912.)

Phonetic Spelling. (Cambridge University Press, 1913.)

Pioneers in West Africa; Pioneers in Canada; Pioneers in India; Pioneers in Australasia; Pioneers in Tropical America; Pioneers in South Africa; A Record of European Discovery and Conquest. Six volumes. (Blackie and Son, Glasgow, 1912-14; republished 1923.)

Common Sense in Foreign Policy. (Smith, Elder—transferred to John Murray, 1913.)

East Africa. (In the Oxford Survey of the British Empire —Clarendon Press, Oxford—1914.)

A Gallery of Heroes and Heroines. (Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co., 1915.)

The Truth about the War: Lest We Forget. (*Review of Reviews,* 1916.)

Science and Religion: A Generation of Religious Progress. (Watts & Co., 1916.)

Impero e Libertà: Preface to work on British Empire by Commendatore Carlo Paladini. (Bemporad, Florence, 1916.)

An Introduction to Trade, Politics, and Christianity in Africa and the East, by A. J. Macdonald, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co., 1916.)

The Black Man's Part in the War. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, 1917.)

International Interference in African Affairs: Portion of the *Journal of Comparative Legislation and International Law.* (John Murray, 1918.)

Comparative Study of the Bantu and Semi-Bantu Languages. Vol. I. (Oxford University Press, 1919.)

The Gay-Dombeys: A Novel. (Chatto & Windus, 1919; The Macmillan Company, America, 1919.)

The Backward Peoples and Our Relations with Them (Oxford University Press, 1920.)

Mrs. Warren's Daughter: A Novel. (Chatto & Windus, 1920; The Macmillan Company, America, 1920.)

The Man Who Did the Right Thing: A Novel. (Chatto & Windus, 1921; The Macmillan Company, America, 1921.)

The Veneerings: A Novel. (Chatto & Windus, 1922; The Macmillan Company, America, 1922.)

The Comparative Study of the Bantu and Semi-Bantu Languages. Vol. II. (Oxford University Press, 1922.)

Introductory Chapter to Barotseland by D. W. Stirke. (John Bale, Sons, & Danielsson, 1922.)

Little Life Stories. (Chatto & Windus, 1923; The Macmillan Company, America, 1923.)

The Story of My Life. (Chatto & Windus, 1923; The Bobbs-Merrill Company, America, 1923.)

I also wrote as an expression of my opinions a rather long preface to a new edition of Winwood Reade's Martyrdom of Man, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Trübner somewhere about 1910.

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